POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 19 • 1963 20c

Let's be honest with ourselves
By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
A new movie spectacular on the life of Christ

Hollywood's version of a Biblical scene

Hospitals Why they cost so much / **Germany** Beginning a new era

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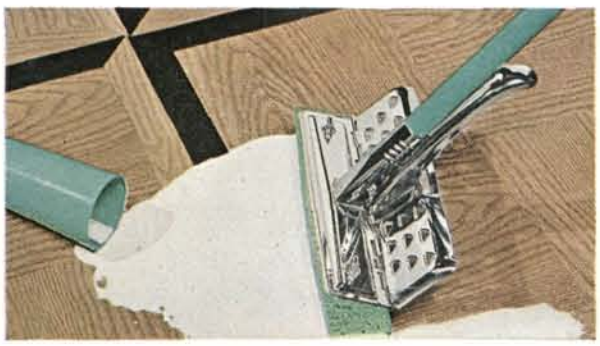

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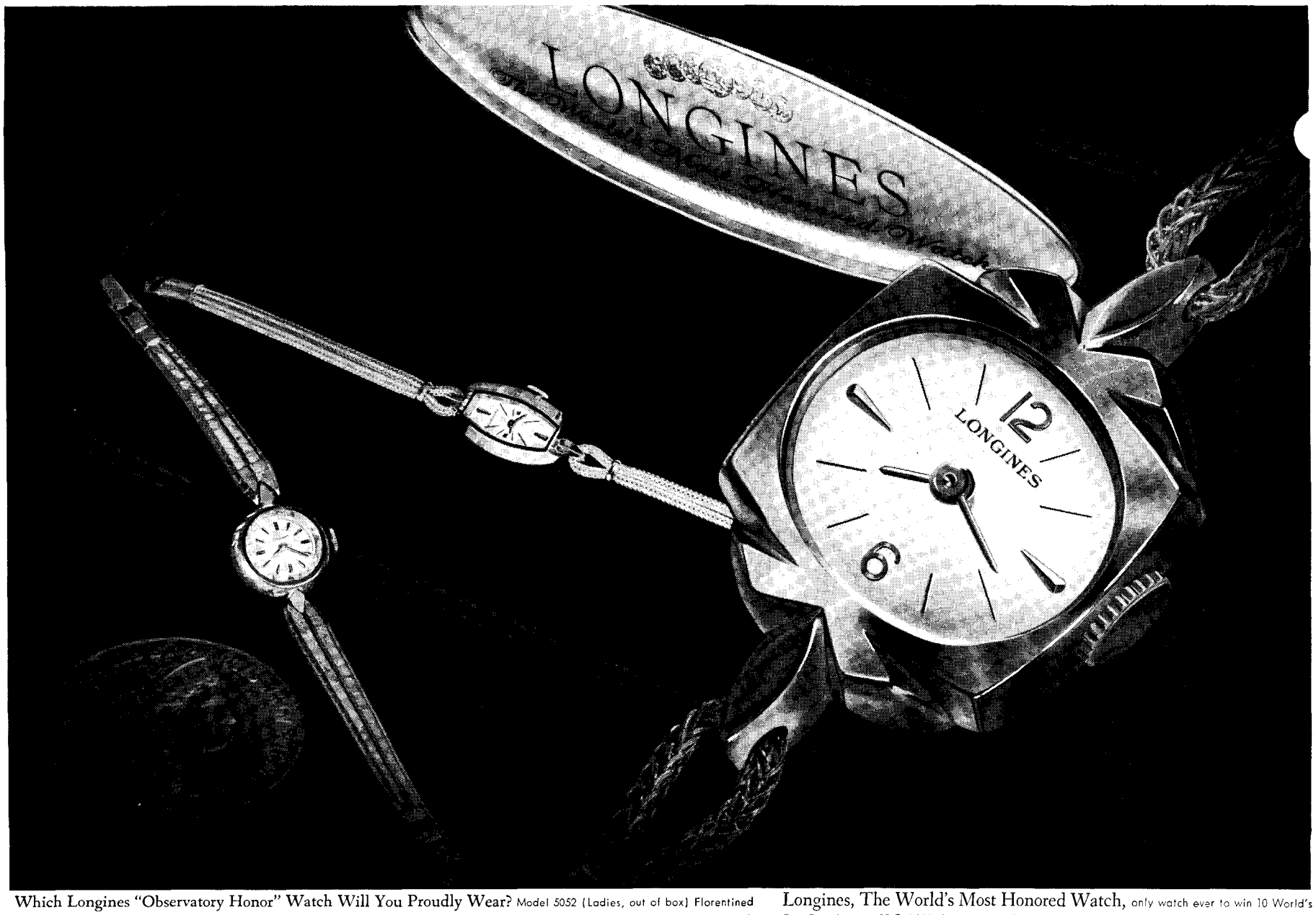

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POST

OCTOBER 19, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 36

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Let's be honest with ourselves (Part 1 of 2) . . . . *by Dwight D. Eisenhower* 23

During his eight years in the White House, Dwight D. Eisenhower remained circumspect on civil rights. This week, in the first part of a searching examination of domestic and foreign problems, he warns Negroes against seeking "a new kind of un-American discrimination," job quotas; tells whites that the struggle for equality is a vital moral issue; and advises the Administration on the first step it should take in the battle. General Eisenhower also attacks "featherbedding," which can bankrupt industry, and the superpatriots who judge the patriotism of others.

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The authors. *Post* writer **William R. Shelton** spent hectic days observing Chicago's controversial school superintendent at work and following him on his rounds. . . . To penetrate New York's famous hotel for women, *New York Times* reporter **Nan Robertson** became a Barbizon girl for one week, kissing her journalist husband good night in the lobby and hurrying upstairs for her firsthand view. . . . Also living on location for his article, contributing writer **William Trombley** was occasionally entertained by the bongo-drum recitals of his next-door neighbor, Sal Mineo. . . . **Don Forst,** of the New York *Herald Tribune's* editorial staff, was the first reporter to get the detailed story of the new life and comeback plans of wheeler-dealer Eddie Gilbert. . . . Contributing writer **William Saroyan** offers a nostalgic vignette from his boyhood in Fresno, Calif. . . . **Birgit Nilsson,** star of this week's Metropolitan Opera opening, takes the *Post* on a backstage tour. Her collaborator, **Martin Mayer,** frequently covers the musical scene. . . . Berlin-based writer **James O'Donnell,** who analyzes the rise of Ludwig Erhard, first met the future German chancellor 17 years ago. . . . **Daniel Schorr,** CBS correspondent in Germany, spent 20 hours interviewing outgoing Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. . . . This week the *Post* concludes a condensation of a new novel by England's **Rumer Godden.**

The cover scene from the forthcoming motion picture *The Greatest Story Ever Told* was photographed in Glen Canyon, Utah, by **John Launois.**

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IT'S A HEARTBREAK when you have psoriasis. Heartbreaking, too, if you do nothing about those first signs of crusty patches of scaly skin.

Now! Relief from the itching and scaling that cause the

HEARTBREAK of PSORIASIS

New fast-acting formula works 3 ways to relieve these symptoms of PSORIASIS

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when psoriasis leaves your skin rough and scaly. A heartbreak when medications fail to bring even temporary relief!

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Unique triple-action cream

TEGRIN is a fast-acting cream that can be used as often as needed, even on the scalp! It's pleasant, easy to use—no lingering medical smell or stain. It's extra effective because it works three ways:

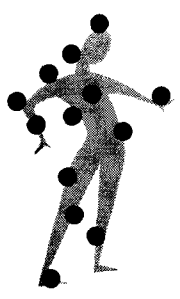
1—Special *soothing* action speeds relief of that persistent and tormenting itch.

2—Special de-scaling action works fast to remove embarrassing scales, without harmful skin irritation.

3—Helps control recurrence of new scales with continued use on the affected area.

Dramatic relief reported

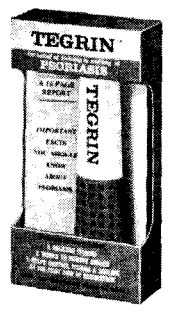
Tests prove TEGRIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced relief in so many cases—that we guarantee TEGRIN will leave your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother or we will refund every penny you paid. So why suffer from the itching and scaling that cause the heartbreak of psoriasis? Whenever these symptoms appear, get new TEGRIN!



Psoriasis symptoms—
13 common trouble spots:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) *arms*
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) *feet*

No matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings guaranteed relief.



LETTERS

Home, sweet costly home

Arthur M. Watkins's excellent article WHY NEW HOUSES COST TOO MUCH [Sept. 21] is a much-needed lesson in what can happen when worn-out building codes, obsolete methods and sharp practices join forces with inflation to make home-owning a lifetime headache for American families.

EARL MULITZ
Hyattsville, Md.

• Consumer groups are forming across the country, and their voices should be brought into one central body to demand reforms that are badly needed all along the line in the building industry.

WILLIAM LUMPKINS
La Jolla, Calif.

• I live in a "quality prefab," but this did not save me from most of the pitfalls mentioned in your article. The price was high. The quality of workmanship seems poor.

ELMO M. ROBERDS
Carbondale, Ill.

• What is needed is not another performance code, but a national committee on building-code uniformity and improvement to advise municipalities on building-code problems.

NORBERT H. BROWN
New York, N.Y.

• I am outraged at the distorted picture that emerged from your article. The truth is that our Association for years has waged a campaign to modernize building codes. We have also been conducting a substantial program of technological research to find ways to build better and more economically. Holding prices down is very much in the builder's interest: the lower the price the more qualified buyers.

W. EVANS BUCHANAN, *President*
Nat'l. Assoc. of Home Builders
Washington, D.C.

• Thank heaven a *big* voice has been added to that of the little man, whose complaints are lost due to official indifference.

HERBERT L. PATTERSON
Berwyn Heights, Md.

I'm so witty, cha-cha-cha

I enjoyed your article on Woody Allen [by William K. Zinsser, Sept. 21] but wish to correct the impression that I developed a "sense of humor" for the first time twelve years ago. This is my fiftieth year as a dancing teacher. Practically from the beginning I have employed press agents to credit me with witty remarks for various newspaper columns. Once, during a fallow period, I even called my publicity man to ask, "How come I haven't been funny lately?"

ARTHUR MURRAY
New York, N.Y.

Get ready, get set

Louis E. Lomax's YOUNG NEGROES AREN'T READY [Sept. 21] has hit the nail on the head. His policies, if fo' lowed, would render a great service blacks and whites alike. He's not only intelligent, he's smart!

MEL A. WAITS JR.
El Cajon, Calif.

• Mr. Lomax is right on target with his reference to the "murky lava known as 'teachers education.'" This condition knows no racial lines; it is well-integrated.

EDWARD L. STROHECKER
Macon, Ga.

• When the efforts of Negroes to secure improved education in state-supported schools and colleges are met with mob violence, it is naïve to speak of unpreparedness as though it were willful.

JANE M. JOHNSON
Milwaukee, Wis.

• As a white American who would rather see his countrymen bestir themselves than cry, I was glad to know that this country has Negroes with the guts and reasoning of Mr. Lomax.

F. BELDON FIELDS
Orange, Calif.

The poet's prayer

I want to thank you for printing the letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer ["TO PRAYER I GO," Sept. 14]. They provide one of the best insights into the personality of the man that I have seen anywhere.

WILLIAM C. PRATT
Oxford, Ohio

• The letters revealed such rare wisdom and understanding, tempered by true humility. After reading and rereading these letters, I have nearly stripped the local library of his poems.

SYLVIA MILLS
Hollister, Calif.

• The wisdom one can gain from these letters is worth the price of a year's subscription and more.

MRS. GEORGE SALMON
San Diego, Calif.

Significant paradox

Gwyn Griffin's A SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE [Sept. 21] is a magnificent piece of prose. The author's gift for crystallizing the paradox of man's capacity for reason, yet his stubborn obedience to irrational will, gives us a stark and perceptive view into the irony of the eternal human situation.

LILA J. COHEN
Flushing, N.Y.

• Count my letter in the "pro" stack. It is a great story—the kind I can't bear to read, but do.

MRS. EVELYN EGBERT
Minneapolis, Minn.

• Mr. Griffin's is a disgusting story of sadism and an unnecessary experience.

MRS. GINA M. CAHN
Berkeley, Calif.

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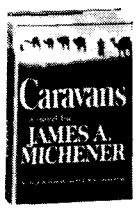

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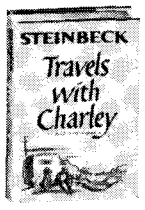

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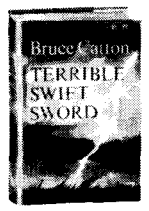

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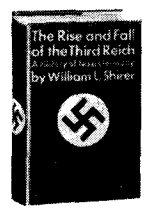

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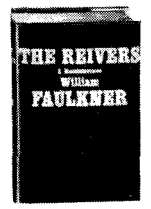

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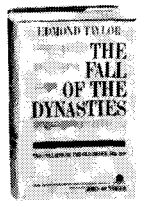

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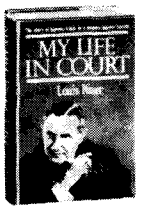

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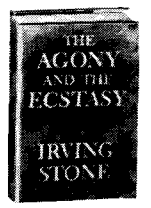

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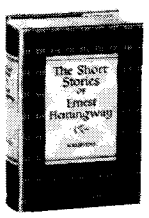

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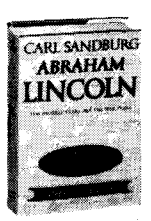

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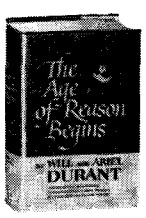

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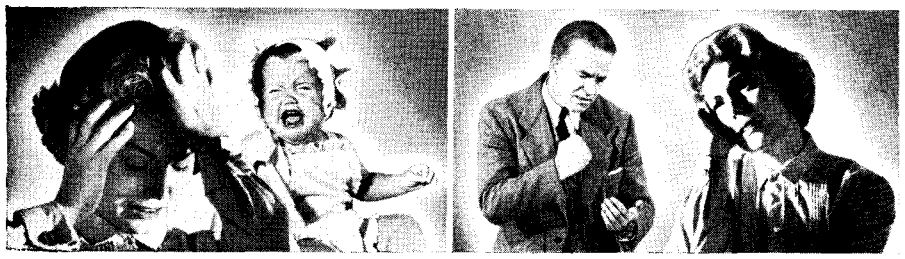

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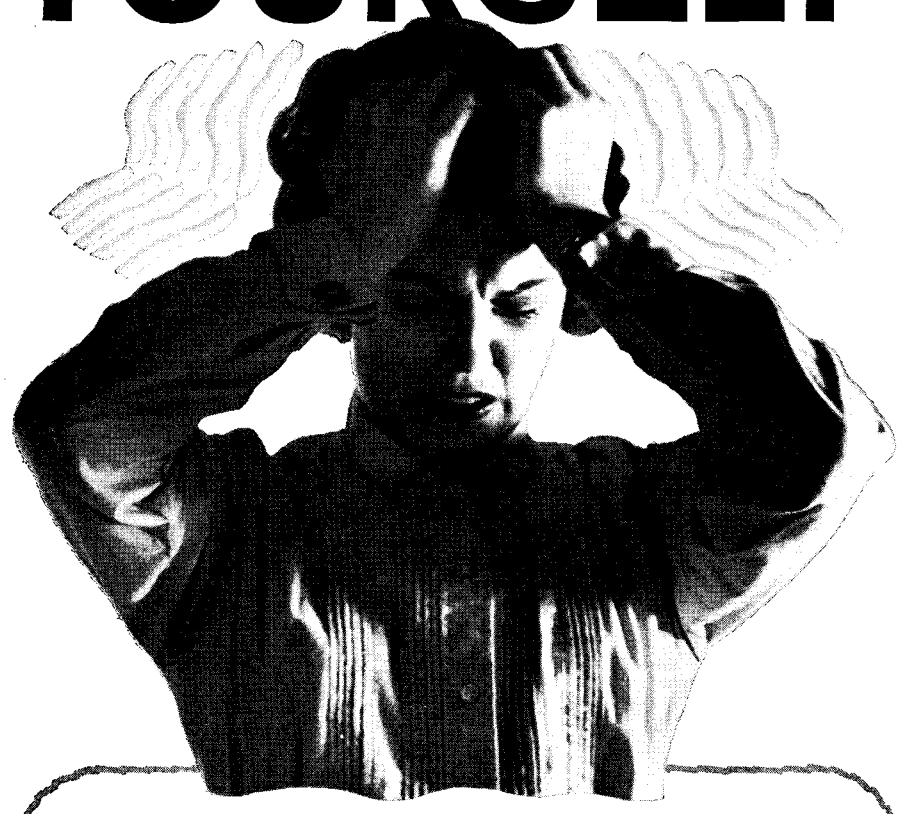

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Contains the pain reliever doctors recommend the most

LETTERS

Innocent abroad

After reading James R. Phelan's THE AMERICAN IN A MEXICAN DEATH CELL [Sept. 21], I firmly believe that Dykes Simmons, guilty or innocent, is being held purely on circumstantial evidence, and this alone is certainly unjust.

MRS. MERLE SPARFVEN
Providence, R.I.

• I am shocked that someone in the U.S. government hasn't shown more interest in Mr. Simmons's plight.

MRS. ANNE M. REBIC
Philadelphia, Pa.

• This is an excellent example of the "protection" offered by the State Department to American citizens abroad.

JOSEPH F. CANNON
Hampton, Va.

The minister's mission

Robert K. Massie [CHAPLAIN TO THE NEW FRONTIER, Sept. 21] describes St. Paul's Episcopal Church of East Cleveland as an industrial mission. In his spare time perhaps Dean Francis Sayre fought the evils of slums and industry, but as rector of St. Paul's he ministered to a typical Episcopal parish, founded in 1843, and still doing its middle-class best to help all who come to it.

MRS. FRANCES A. BENZ
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Even money

I was glad to find a voice of your stature denouncing the shame of horse-race betting [THE THIRD WORLD OF THE TURF, by William B. Furlong, Sept. 2] The trail of broken homes and waste lives that starts at the $2 window is a long and sordid one.

SIDNEY REICH
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• We take our fun at the track as others take theirs at a nightclub or baseball or football game—and maybe gamble on the outcome. So, what's the difference? It's all entertainment.

MRS. J. C. BOSLEY
San Diego, Calif.

Murder in St. Paul

Donald John Giese's story [WHY WAS CAROL KILLED?, Sept. 14] states that Mrs. Thompson was insured for $1,061,000, the annual premiums for which came to $1,908.15—or about $1.80 per thousand. Now this just can't be so. At her age, the best rate she might have secured would have been around $10 per thousand for a short-term policy.

LEE K. FRANKEL JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

• With such a premium, this would have to be accident insurance, which would give the prosecutor quite a different angle from which to work.

MERLE TYNER
Butler, Mo.

(A substantial portion of the total amoun was in travel and accident policies. The figures cited by reporter Giese were drawn from a statement made public by T. Eugene Thompson last March. Ed.)

COMING SOON...in The Post

Are parochial schools obsolete?

How Jackie redecorated The White House

In color

"Let's be honest with ourselves"/II

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

ON TOUR WITH THE RUSSIAN CIRCUS

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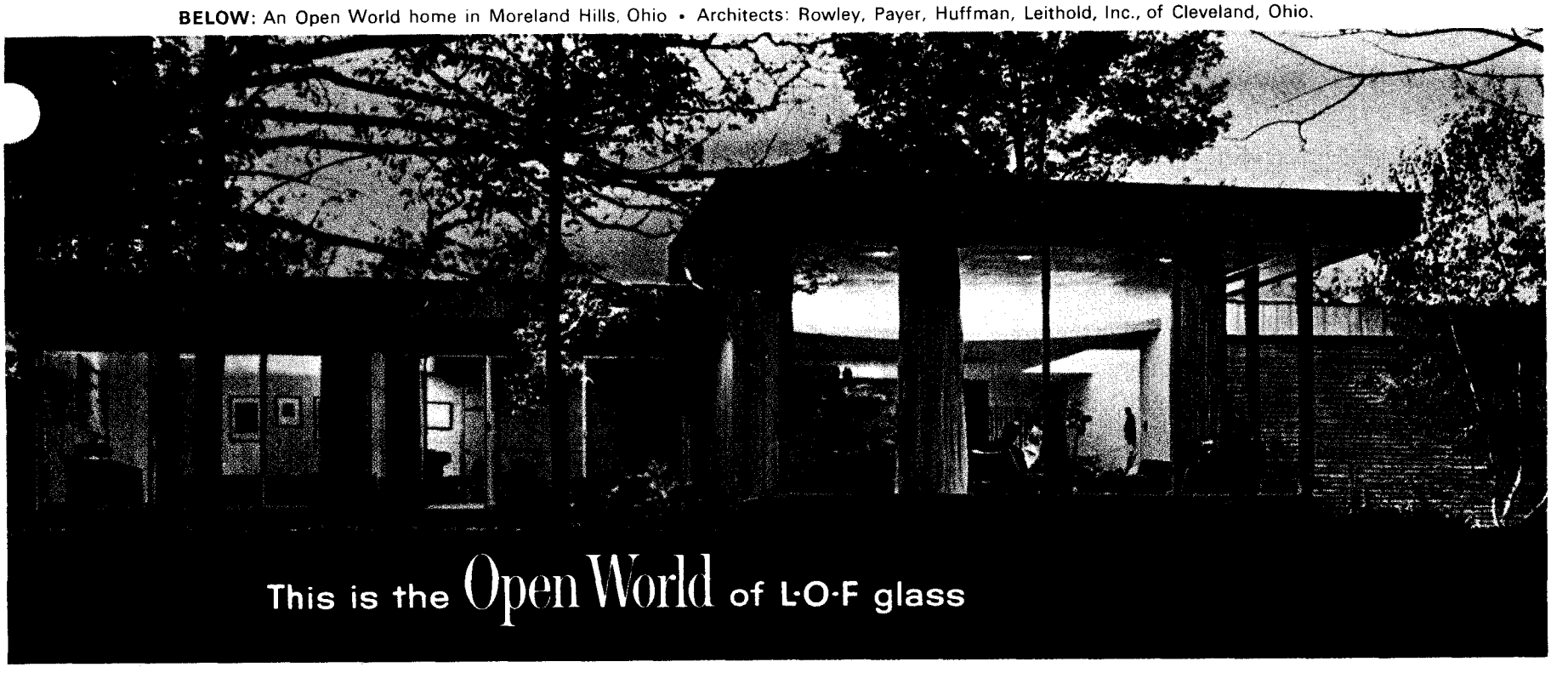

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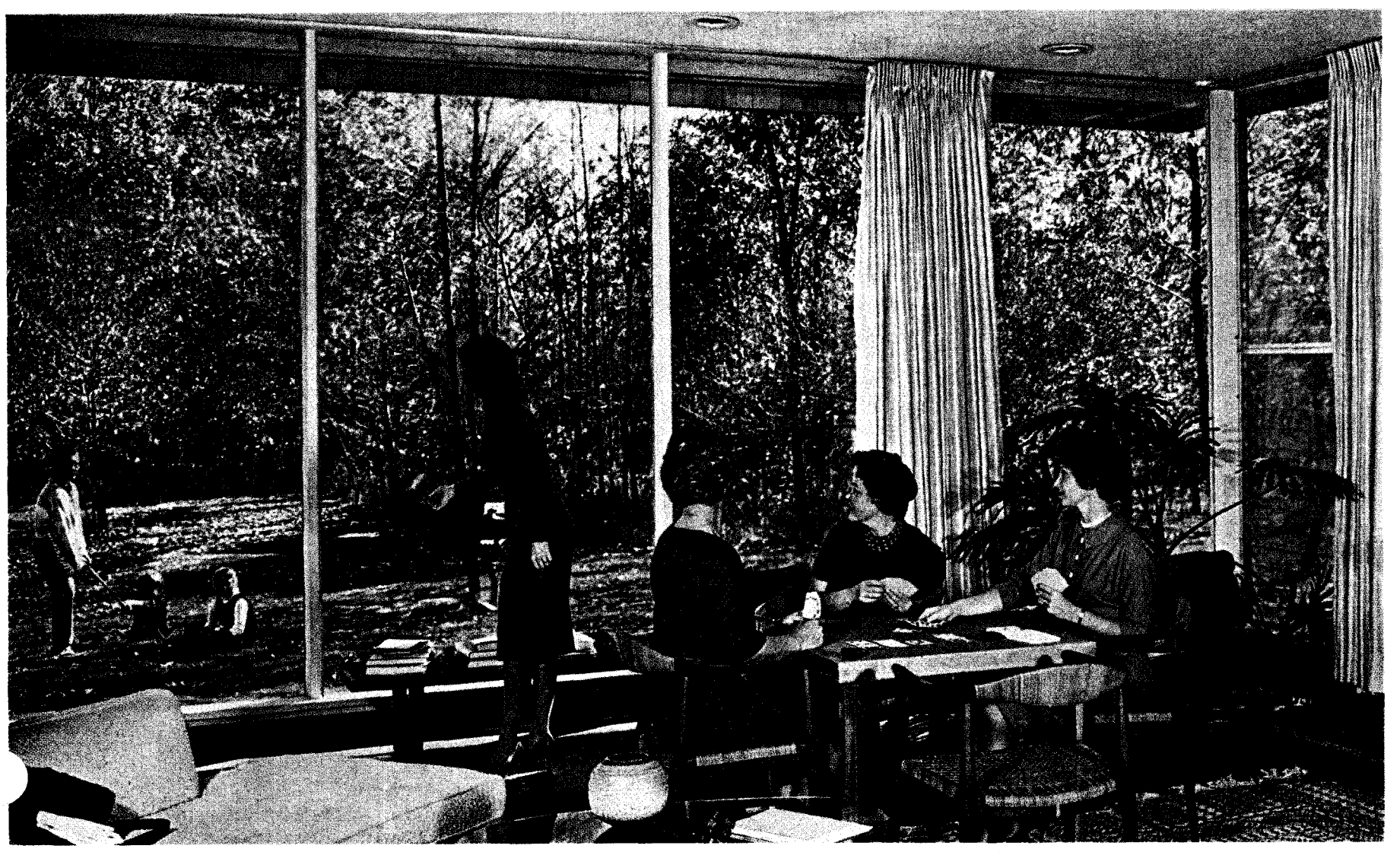

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New trends in performance, quality, styling, value—For 1964, Sylvania has taken giant steps forward in stereo high-fidelity. New high quality components. New range of acoustic controls. Here are some of the most outstanding advances created to bring you more satisfaction in sound.

New Acoustic Level Control—actually shapes the sound to match the acoustics of any room size. Whether you plan to enjoy stereo in a very small room or a very large one, you'll enjoy sound at its realistic best. Combined with Sylvania's Power Balanced Components, it makes sure you hear sound that's dramatically alive at every listening level.

New Supersensitive tuner—engineered expressly to meet the more stringent demands of FM-stereo. Among the finest tuners found anywhere...including those found in costly component equipment.

New Push-button controls—handle up to ten functions with unsurpassed precision and ease.

World-famous Garrard Changer—in all new models, indicates the component quality inherent through the Sylvania Stereo collection.

High compliance cartridge—"floating action" protects your precious records and your listening pleasure. Sure tracking at minimum correct force—less than ⅛ oz. See keyed captions below for specific model features and more exciting facts about Sylvania stereo.

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(D, F) New Sylvania Portable Stereo—delivers performance and features far beyond other sets at the price. Smart "luggage look," Garrard Changer, tilt-down turntable. (F) features detachable speakers. (D) styled in charcoal brown. (Coordinated stand optional.)

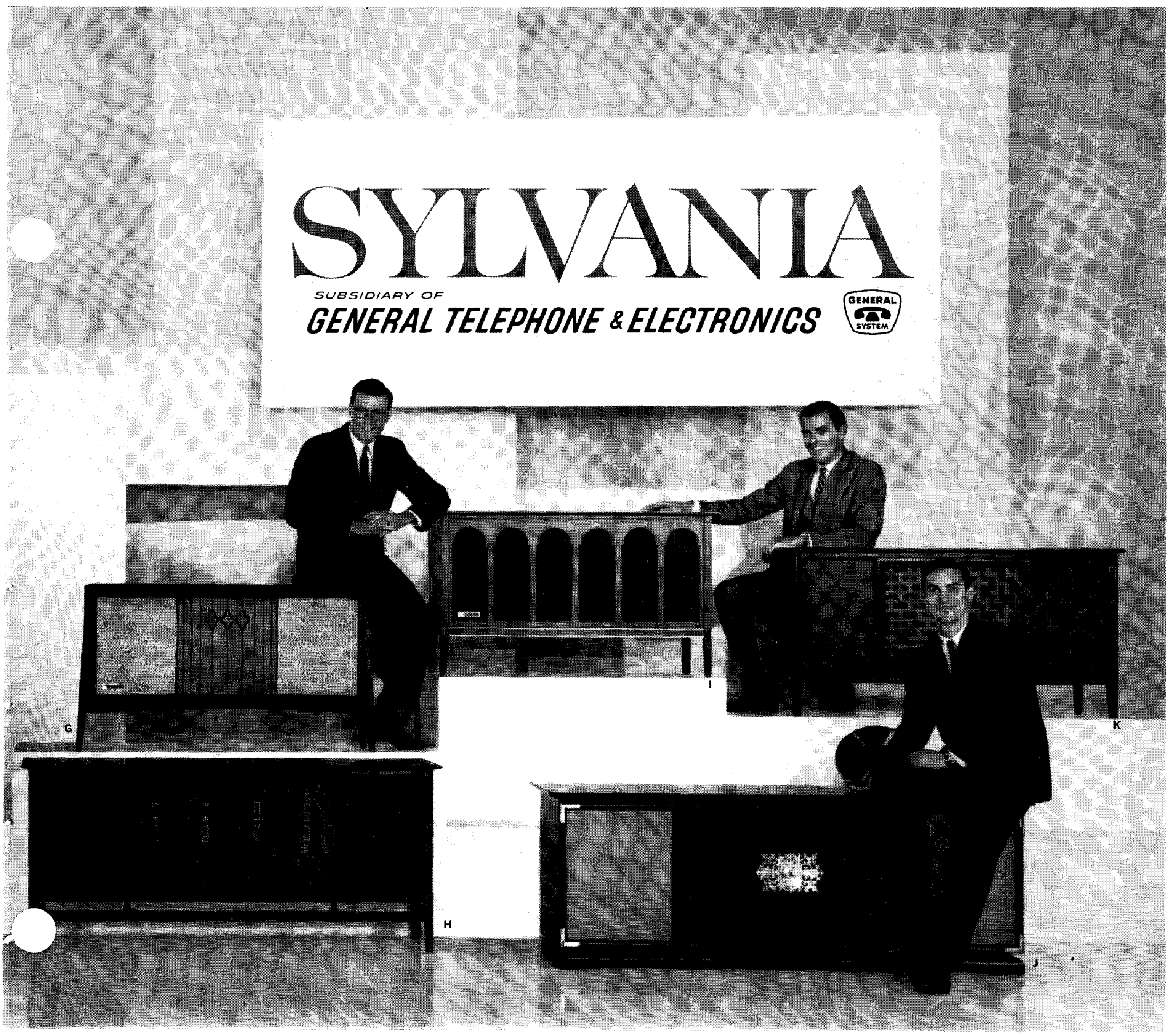
(C) New Sylvania Cocktail Console Stereo—the all-wood cocktail table stereo that really lives up to your living room furniture. Beautifully detailed in genuine maple. 18-watt peak power. Garrard Custom Changer. Power Balanced Components.

(B) New Sylvania Bravo Stereo—masterful performance at a moderate price. Supersensitive AM-FM, FM-Stereo tuner. Garrard Custom Deluxe Changer. All-wood cabinet, Early American styling, in genuine maple.

(G, I, K) New Sylvania Allegro Stereo—slide-rule dial. Precision flywheel tuner with Garrard Custom Deluxe Changer. Supersensitive AM-FM, FM-Stereo tuner. Remote speaker and headphone attachment. (G) contemporary styling, walnut veneers and hardwoods. (I) traditional styling in exciting Antiqued Green finish. (K) contemporary styling, distressed Mahogany.

(A, E) New Sylvania Concert Master Stereo—8 push-button control center. Acoustic level control. 6 speakers. Deluxe flywheel tuning. Deluxe ceramic high compliance cartridge. Supersensitive AM-FM, FM-Stereo tuner. Garrard AT6 Changer. (A) Contemporary styling in walnut veneers and solids. (E) American Classic, distressed Cherry veneers and selected hardwoods.

(H, J) New Sylvania Maestro Stereo—perfection, for the man who wants the ultimate. Combines all the Sylvania advances noted above and many more: (H) 10 push-button control panel, magnetic cartridge, transistorized preamplifier, tuned speaker-enclosures. (J) all the above with Type A Garrard Changer. It takes a booklet to cover all the details. Send 25¢ in coin to Sylvania Station C, P.O. Box #7, Buffalo, N. Y. 14209.



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ANNOUNCING '64 RAMBLER CLASSICS, 6 or V-8 — Fresh new spirit of '64. Beautifully balanced—big inside, trim outside. Smart new hardtop, station wagons and sedans!

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Totally new! See the compact economy kings with all-new beauty, all-new room and ride!

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NEW! Exciting hardtops, convertible, sedans. **NEW!** Station wagons with big loading and carrying space. **NEW!** Amazingly smoother, quieter ride on an all-new suspension system. **NEW!** Advanced Unit Construction, solid, rattle-free. More rust-fighting galvanized steel. **NEW!** 33,000-mile or 3-year chassis-lubrication interval.

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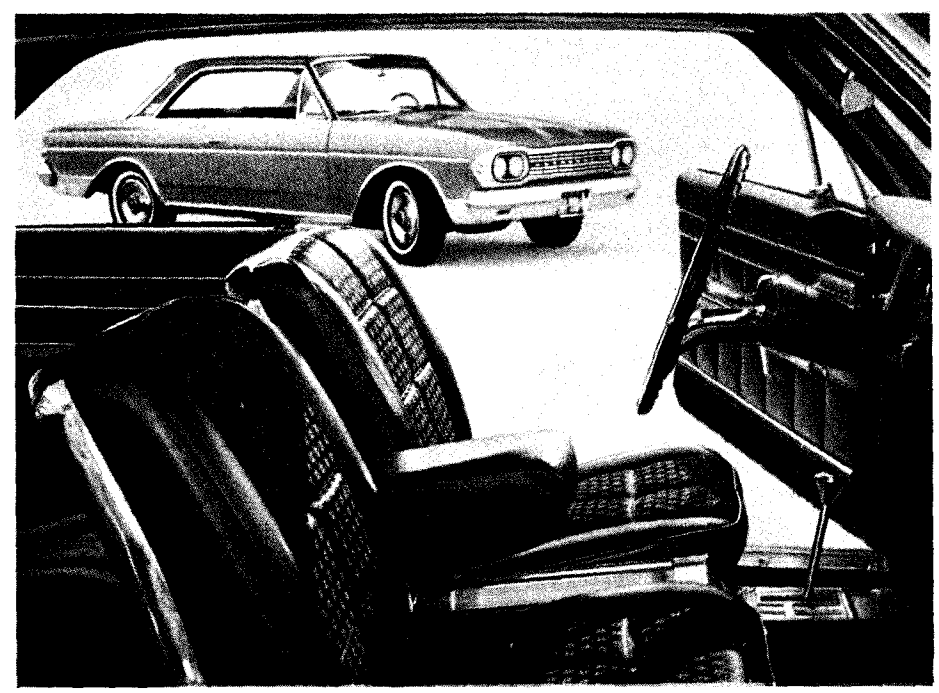

ANNOUNCING '64 RAMBLER AMBASSADOR V-8—Luxury hardtops, sedan, wagon!

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SPEAKING OUT

An expert on medical economics, Mr. Metcalf is chairman of the New York State Senate's public-health committee. Many states have imitated legislation that he has authored.

Hospital rivalry costs you money

By GEORGE R. METCALF

In a scramble to outdo one another in prestige, many hospitals are building expensive, unneeded facilities, says this pioneering legislator. The result is a drastic rise in hospital prices, perhaps to $65 per day within four years.

Hospitals are competing with one another as though they were rival supermarkets trying to steal one another's customers. As a consequence, the cost of hospital care is skyrocketing while the quality of care is falling.

Instead of concentrating on serving the community, many hospitals are preoccupied with outdoing one another in size and prestige. If one hospital builds a new wing, the other hospitals in town soon follow suit, whether or not the extra beds are needed. And as soon as one hospital installs an expensive open-heart-surgery unit or a costly cobalt-treatment facility, the other hospitals in the community quickly find money to duplicate the high-priced equipment.

An investigation recently revealed that six of the eight hospitals in a Midwestern town were equipped to do open-heart surgery. The elaborate apparatus for each unit costs more than $100,000 and takes a staff of 10 highly skilled persons to run it. Yet a survey of the town's needs showed that only two or three patients a week required such surgery, a number that could be cared for by one operating unit. The five other units, useful only to bolster the hospitals' prestige, increased hospital bills for everyone in the community.

A short time ago a tabulation showed that hospitals in 17 southern counties of New York State were constructing rooms for 4,047 beds and definitely planned to construct rooms for 3,686 more. Hospital planning experts, who would have cheered if these new facilities were replacements for some of the outmoded ones still in use, urged the hospitals not to build these units because they were unnecessary. The president of the New York-area Blue Cross, J. Douglas Coleman, declared that if the hospitals went through with the overexpansion, hospital costs to the people in those communities would increase by $80 million. Not a single hospital offered to cancel or change its construction plans.

Overbuilding of hospital facilities not only increases costs but also encourages unnecessary hospitalization and lowers the quality of care a patient receives. The American Hospital Association made this graphically clear when it recently analyzed the case history of a town that had overexpanded its hospital facilities.

This community of about 100,000 inhabitants in the Southwest had three nonprofit, voluntary hospitals, built without any regard for the town's actual needs. Consequently, there were 800 beds in the three hospitals, although normally a town that size would need about 400 to 450 beds. Thus the town had an excess of more than 300 beds. And since hospital construction costs run about $20,000 a bed, those extra beds represented an excessive expenditure of more than six million dollars—a bill that every person in that community would pay, whether he was a patient or not.

But that's not all. Normally there are 128 hospital admissions for every 1,000 population every year, but in this town the rate soared to 213, or nearly double. Even this excessive rate of hospital use did not permit the hospitals to function economically. For maximum efficiency, experts say, hospitals should maintain an 85 percent occupancy rate. The best that one of the hospitals in town could do was 65 percent. The daily operating costs of that hospital amounted to more than $3,800. Divide this cost among the 122 patients a day—the number of patients at 65 percent occupancy—and the cost per patient comes to $31 a day. However, if the hospital had maintained the normal 85 percent rate of occupancy—158 patients—the cost of hospital care would have been $24 a day. Thus, overexpansion of hospital facilities in this community raised hospital costs from $24 to $31, or nearly 30 percent.

Higher hospital bills were not the only penalty the people of that community had to pay. Because so many beds were available, the three hospitals were overly anxious to have doctors admit as many patients as possible. The usual strict discipline that hospitals maintain over standards of medical care was forgotten in the hospitals' zeal for more revenue. Excessive use of laboratory tests was encouraged. Physicians were not pressed to maintain medical or surgical records of their patients' daily progress, laxness that often reflects poor patient care.

These are not isolated instances. Practically every community throughout the country can tell a similar story of hospital waste and useless competition. The cost of hospital care has outrun every other element in the cost of living. Since 1949, consumer prices have increased 27 percent; but hospital room rates are up 123 percent, or nearly five times that amount. Six years ago the average rate for ward or semiprivate care was $26 a day; today it is $38. And experts say that in another four years the cost may reach $65 a day. The cost of hospital care is outrunning our ability to pay for it.

Although many factors contribute to this rise in hospital costs, unplanned hospital construction is a major cause. At a recent legislative hearing which I called to inquire into the rising cost of medical care, Dr. Ray E. Trussell, director of the School of Public Health and professor of administrative medicine at Columbia University, testified that five factors were inflating hospital costs. He listed them as: (1) technical advances in medicine and surgery, (2) increased salaries to personnel, (3) unnecessary hospital admissions, (4) over-utilization of hospitals, (5) unnecessary hospital construction and duplication of hospital services.

The first two, explained Doctor T sell, who is on loan to New York as its commissioner of hospitals, are inevitable and probably will continue to produce further increases. As the practice of medicine becomes more scientific, hospital care becomes more expensive. Doctors order more tests on their patients. Thus hospitals must provide better-equipped laboratory facilities and personnel. Surgeons attempt more-difficult operations requiring more operating-room personnel and elaborate equipment. And because of the shortage of nurses and the higher wage scales being paid even for unskilled labor, this item of cost—probably the largest—will rise.

But the last three factors can be controlled, Doctor Trussell asserted, and many authorities agree with him. Actually, the latter three are interrelated, and if a community can control the key one—unnecessary construction and duplication of services—the two others will practically vanish. There is ample evidence to prove that when hospitals build more beds than needed or duplicate expensive services the quality of hospital care goes down but the price goes up.

Experts have tried to discover why nonprofit community hospitals compete so senselessly with one another. Many believe the basic fault is uncertainty over who runs the hospital. Control is supposed to be vested in the hospital's board of trustees, composed of the town's leading nonmedical citizens. They are supposed to make all decisions concerning the hospital. The director or superintendent is hired to carry out the trustees' orders. But there is also a medical board composed of physicians on the hospital's staff. The function of the m cal board is to advise the trustees medical matters so that when the trustees make a decision they can take into consideration the medical facts involved.

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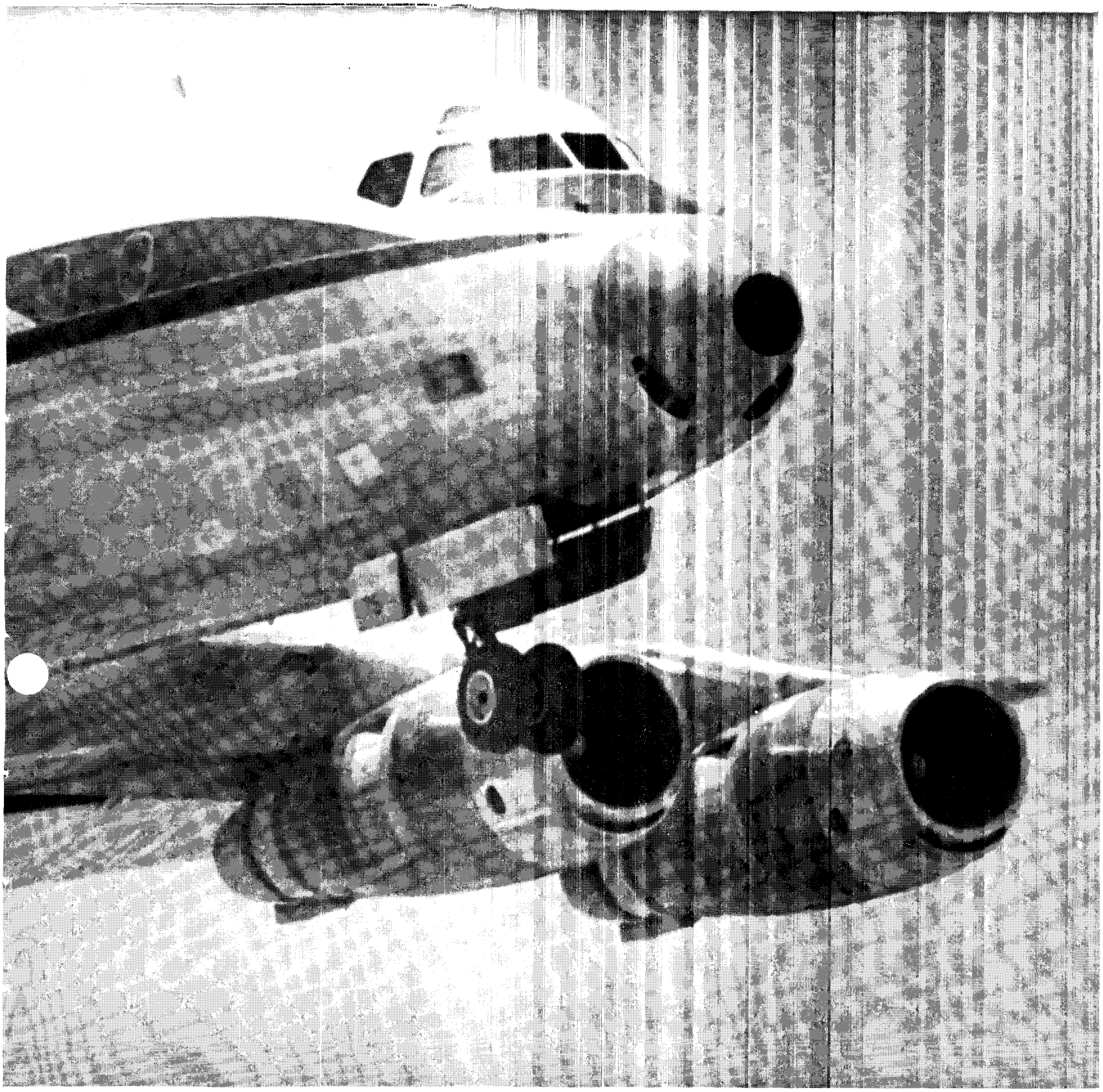

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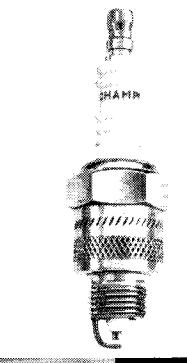

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Last winter thousands of cars in every part of the country were analyzed to find out what caused starting failures. Results showed worn spark plugs were the No. 1 cause. In fact, cars with more than 10,000 miles on the plugs had three times more starting failures than cars with good plugs. So, avoid a "no start" morning this winter by installing a new set of dependable Champions now!

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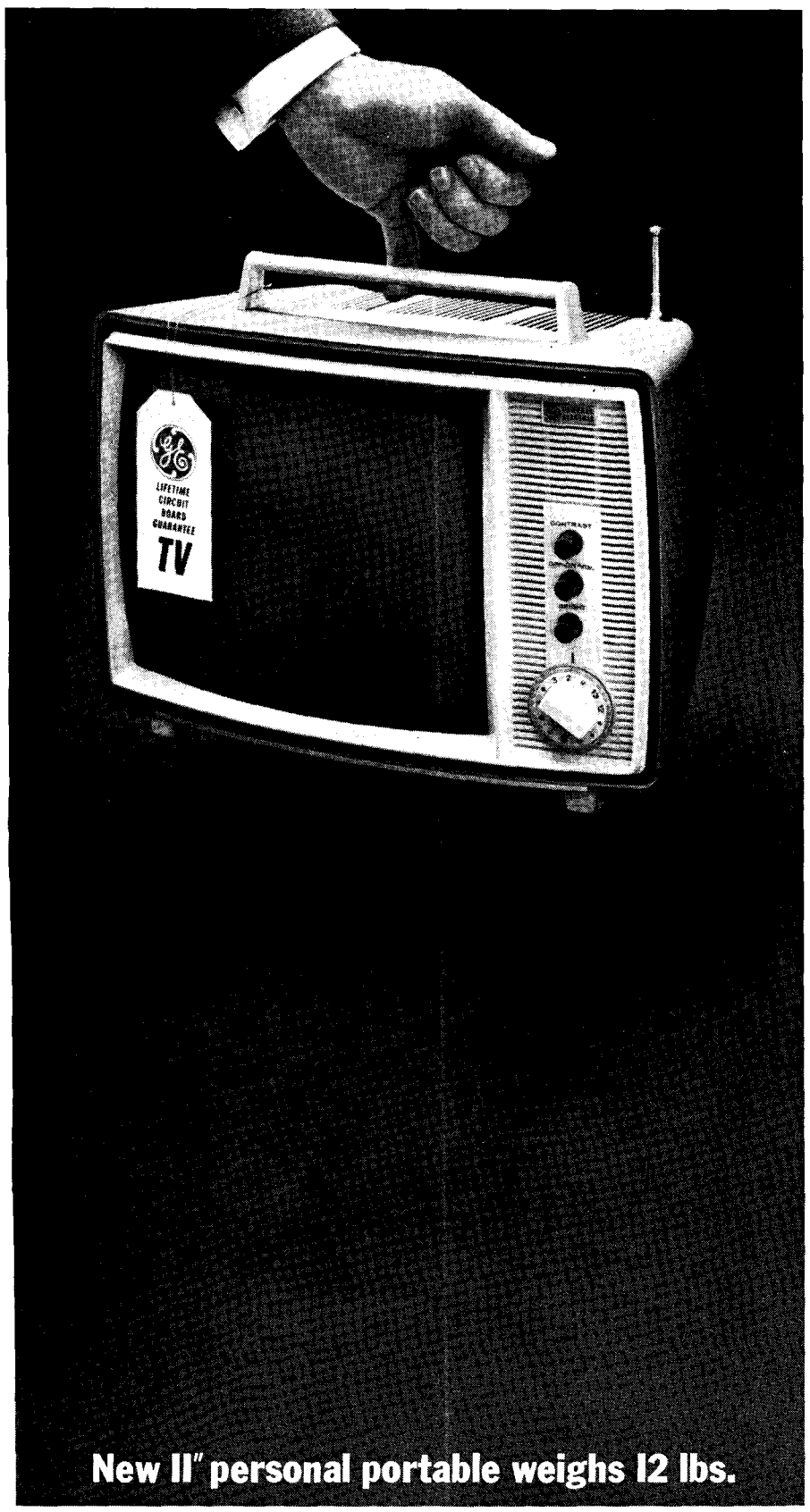

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SPEAKING OUT

That is the way the system is supposed to work, but too often it breaks down. Frequently the medical board overwhelms the trustees and, instead of making recommendations, makes decisions. The trustees find themselves relegated to the task of getting money to pay for whatever the medical board orders.

In commenting on the conflict between the hospital's board of trustees and its medical board, Professor Samuel Levey of the State University of Iowa's Department of Administrative Medicine says that physicians usually resent any type of control and rarely will permit laymen, even hospital trustees, to make any decisions involving medical matters. When it comes to hospital affairs, physicians tend to place their own interests above those of the community.

Traditionally, doctors regard a hospital as their personal workshop and feel that, as such, it should meet their needs and convenience. And since, in the doctor's view, the hospital is designed for him, then embellishing it—with extra wings and costly apparatus to outdo any other hospital—adds to the doctor's prestige in the community. One hospital trustee who was queried about this ruefully remarked, "If we left it up to our medical staff, we would have every new piece of medical equipment under the sun."

Other observers of the conflict lay the blame directly on the trustees. "Too many persons," one said, "regard hospital trusteeship not so much an opportunity for dedication and service as a chance for added stature, authority and 'contacts' which may prove helpful in social or business relationships." There are also cases where a hospital is strongly identified with one family or one man. Perhaps his father or grandfather provided the original donation that made the hospital possible. As a reward, the donor was appointed to the hospital's board of trustees and, ever since, he or a descendant has not only served on the board but dominated it. The hospital becomes his own monument. If building a new wing helps his ego, then the hospital will get a new wing, even though the community doesn't need it. As remedies, some critics suggest limiting the amount of time a trustee can serve and also adding members to the board to assure a broader representation of community interests. As things stand, rarely, if ever, is a representative of labor chosen.

The most effective solution to hospital waste and competition is community hospital planning. Since 1960 a joint committee of the United States Public Health Service and the American Hospital Association has been advocating area-wide hospital planning councils. Such councils survey the town's hospital resources as well as its needs and spell it all out in detail. In the limited number of communities where planning councils are functioning—perhaps two dozen in all—few have achieved success. Refusal of all the hospitals to abide by the recommendations of the council can break down the program.

Several years ago a medical audit of California revealed that, although the state had more than twice the number of hospital beds its population called for, there was actually an acute shortage of beds in many areas of the state. The audit also showed that hospital costs were higher in California than elsewhere and that much of the rise might be attributed to the fact that in the Los Angeles area alone more than 90 hospitals, most of them private, had been built in the last 10 years. The auditors estimated that, with proper planning of hospital services, Californians could save $650 million.

In 1961 the California legislature established two regional planning councils, one to serve the San Francisco basin and the other for the Los Angeles area. It is too soon to pass judgment on their effectiveness. The Los Angeles council points out that many of the area's hospitals fail to heed its recommendations.

Other councils have been more fortunate. Columbus, Ohio, was one of the first cities to initiate community planning, fortunately with full support of the townspeople. By analyzing the number of days patients spend in various hospital services, the council has developed a unique set of figures which provides optimum occupancy rates for a variety of services. These data provide an accurate guideline for determining a community's hospital needs.

An end to rivalry

Rochester, N.Y., is a prime example of what strong, knowledgeable leadership and broad representation mean to a community planning council. When Rochester's council got under way several years ago, it was headed by Marion Folsom, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and an executive of the city's largest industry. He quickly enlisted to serve on the council the representatives of the town's hospitals as well as the other key people involved in the community's health services. Thus the Rochester council became not only a planning council but also an action one as well. Cooperation from the area's hospitals has been so good that they not only abide by the council's advice on construction and services but also have joined to set up a common laundry service. Under consideration is a central laboratory to perform the major tests for the city's hospitals.

What has been accomplished in Rochester can be achieved in other areas, when the will exists. It *is* possible to control hospital costs and improve care. Community planning can do it. It is up to the people of every community to decide; if they want it, they can have it.

So far the forces of progress usually have been thwarted by the individuals who guard the past. These self-proclaimed "experts" killed legislation I introduced at the last session of the New York Legislature to regulate hospital construction through statewide community planning. The powerful Teamsters union group in New York City, representing 167,000 workers and their families, discovered too late what was happening. Through their president, John O'Rourke, they called the bill's defeat a "disaster" and foresaw as a result an "inevitable" increase in Blue Cross rates. Clearly, as the largest purchaser of medical services, organized labor has the largest stake in the success or defeat of community planning of hospital services.

Commenting on the failure of voluntary hospitals in the United States to accept planning, Ray Brown, former president of the American Hospital Association, said, "It is not necessary for our voluntary system to be a random one in order to be voluntary. It is becoming increasingly clear that it must be a planned system if it is to meet its responsibilities and remain voluntary." THE END

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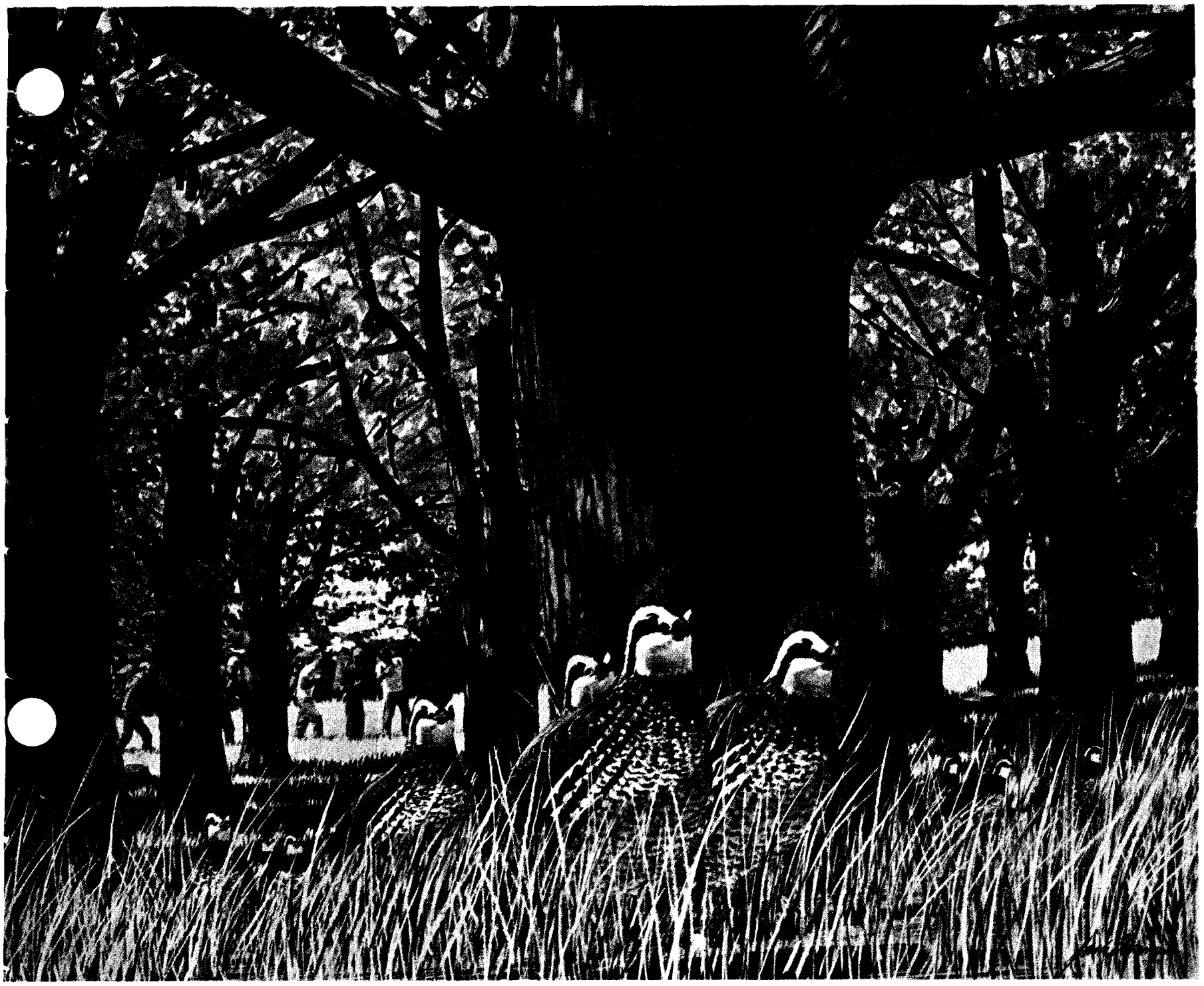

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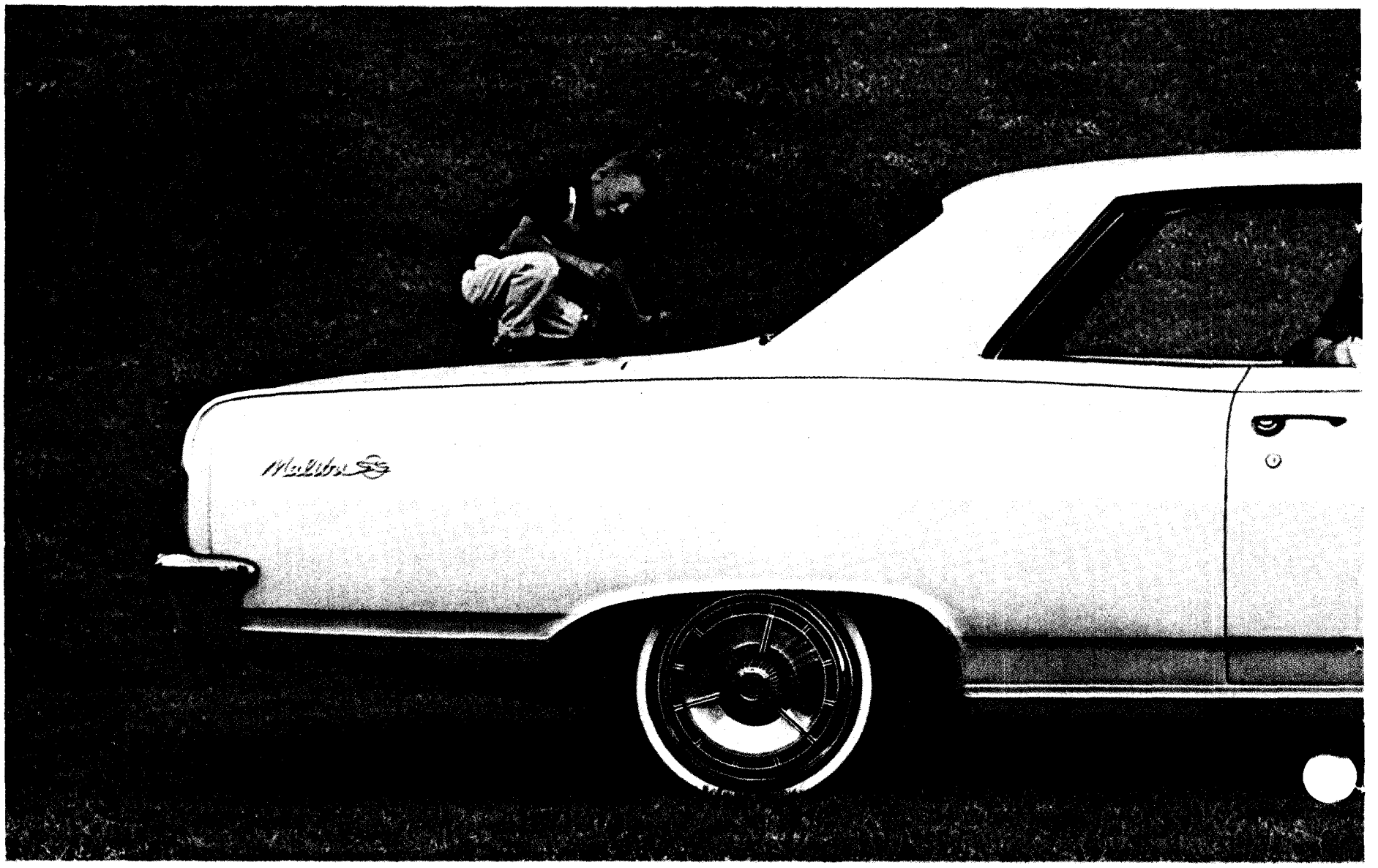

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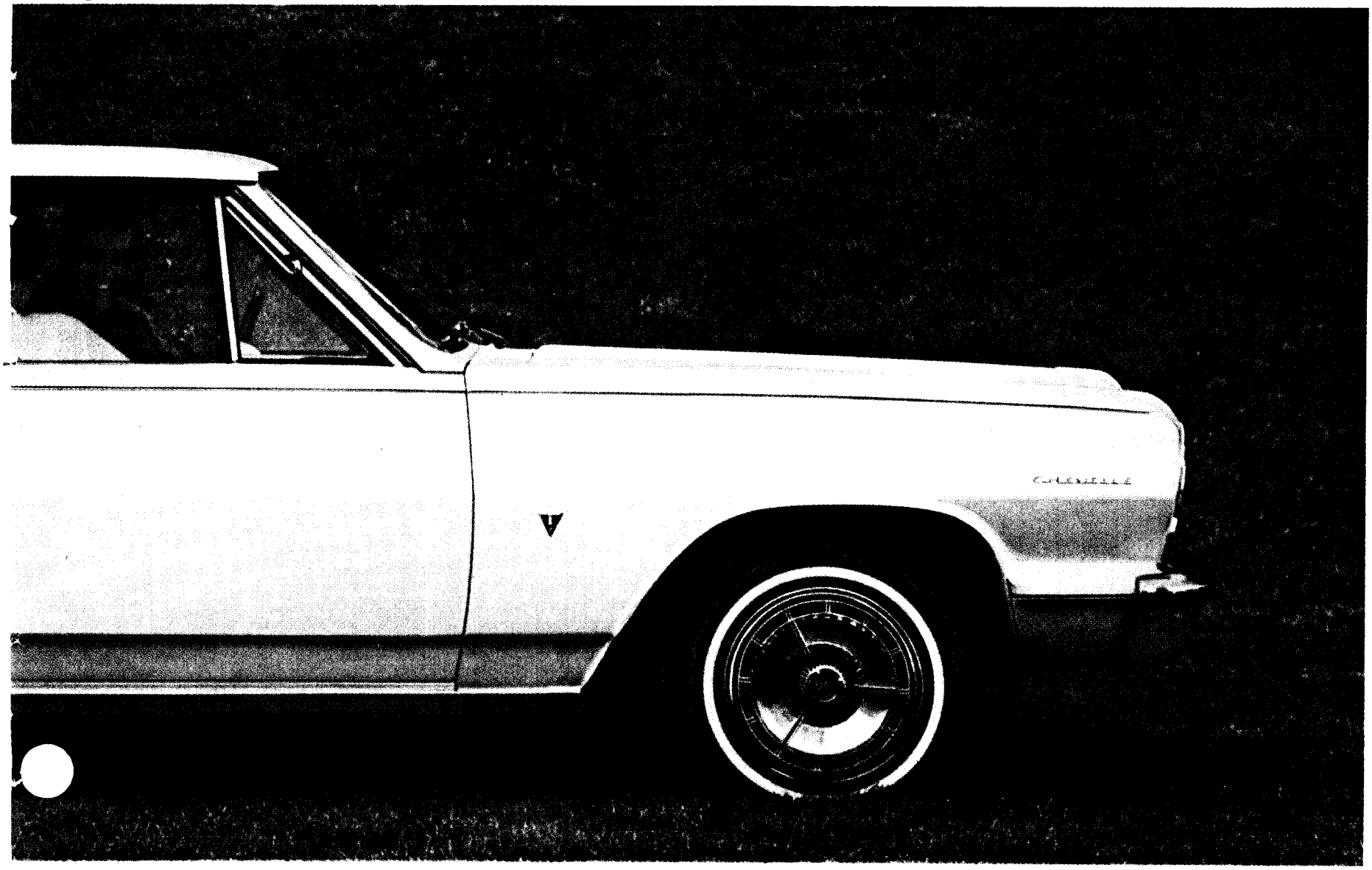

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AFFAIRS OF STATE by Stewart Alsop

The tiger will bite

THERE has been a change in Washington. The nature of the change was first brought fully home to this reporter, oddly enough, by a clicking noise Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara recently made with his teeth.

The change is simply this. Last year, and the year before that, and indeed right back to the Berlin blockade in 1948, the men in the Government who must make the final decisions have proceeded on the assumption that there was a real danger of war between the United States and the Soviet Union. Now it is assumed that there is very little danger of such a war—in the immediate future, no danger at all.

No one discounts the danger of another sort of war, especially in the Far East. But a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is the only sort of war that could destroy civilization. And suddenly there is an official consensus, clearly reflected in recent public statements of the President and his chief lieutenants, that a war between Russia and the United States just isn't going to happen.

Why this consensus? I asked to see Secretary McNamara to put that question to him. He agreed that the change was real, and that there was now less danger of a general nuclear war than there had been for a long time. But he was laconic and unrevealing, so I tried the old reporter's trick of putting my own opinions in his mouth:

"Don't you think Mr. Khrushchev himself may have given the clue to the real change in our situation? You remember, when the Chinese Communists accused him of cowardice for backing down before the paper tiger—meaning us—and Khrushchev replied that the paper tiger had nuclear teeth. Maybe the real difference is that he really knows now about those nuclear teeth."

"No, that's not the difference," McNamara replied with his usual brisk incisiveness. "He's known about those nuclear teeth for a long time. The real difference is that now he knows that, if necessary, the tiger will bite." At that, the Secretary of Defense brought his teeth together with a sharp, clearly audible click.

Somehow, the words and the click together carried a total conviction. They left no doubt at all that if vital U.S. interests are threatened, the nuclear weapons will be used, come what may.

The Kennedy Administration has had rather more than its fair share of failures, from the Bay of Pigs to the mess in Vietnam. But the Administration has had one success which transcends all failures. Khrushchev has been persuaded that "the tiger will bite." Thus "the problem of credibility" has been solved.

This is a great achievement. The problem of credibility can be simply defined. A great stockpile of nuclear weapons is useless if your adversary believes that you will not dare to use them. Thus as soon as the American nuclear monopoly was fully broken, the Soviets had somehow to be persuaded that in certain situations the United States would use the nuclear weapon, in full awareness that the weapon would in turn be used with devastating effect against the United States.

From the time he took office, Secretary McNamara has been almost obsessed by this problem of credibility. In an interview I had with him for the *Post* at about this time last year, he returned to the subject again and again. "Given a nuclear capability on the other side," he said, "you *must* have a credible deterrent on your side. And you can't create a credible deterrent by threatening an incredible action. . . . The nuclear weapon becomes a rational weapon only in relation to situations in which the weapon might rationally be used—those situations in which the alternative might be even worse than the risk of nuclear war."

But what are "those situations"? In the past the danger of nuclear war lay in the chance that Moscow's answer to that question might differ from Washington's. Until recently, that danger has seemed to the policy makers entirely real.

Khrushchev's campaign of nuclear blackmail began as long ago as 1956, when he announced casually, in a speech in Birmingham, England, that only a handful of Soviet thermonuclear bombs would be sufficient to obliterate Britain. But the campaign reached a crescendo in the first two years of the Kennedy Administration. Khrushchev made a habit of announcing jovially just how many bombs it would take to destroy one NATO country or another. And he returned again and again to the same theme—it was a "fairy tale" that even the Americans were "crazy enough" to risk nuclear war for Berlin.

The danger was obvious—that Khrushchev believed Khrushchev. In that case war was probable. Khrushchev had to be persuaded that we were indeed "crazy enough" to risk nuclear war rather than abandon our vital interests. The job of persuasion fell largely to McNamara.

McNamara chose various means of persuasion. When he took office, the size of the American nuclear stockpile was the topmost of Top Secrets. Boldly and deliberately, McNamara found means of conveying to the Soviet intelligence, in a way that could not be doubted, the vast size of the American stockpile. Khrushchev thus knew how sharp were the teeth of the tiger.

As the Berlin crisis became more acute in 1961, McNamara warned, quietly but emphatically, that the tiger would bite. "We mean to defend Berlin," he said, and "if necessary *all weapons* will be used for that purpose." And he clicked his teeth for emphasis, as it were, by alerting the Strategic Air Command and making sure that the Soviets knew it.

But the real persuader came a year ago, when Khrushchev challenged the United States in Cuba. Aside from the President, McNamara was the chief architect of the American response to that challenge. The American meaning came through to Khrushchev loud and clear: "We don't want a war, but if you do, let's have it now." This response, which certainly took Khrushchev by surprise, was the beginning of what McNamara calls "the real difference" in our situation.

Until rather recently there was a good deal of doubt that the difference was real. Now there is very little doubt left. All the signs, especially the circumstances surrounding the test-ban agreement, are read the same way. Khrushchev will not again knowingly risk war with the United States.

This does not mean that peace on earth has replaced the Cold War, or that Khrushchev's heart is filled with goodwill for men. It does mean—or the best minds in Washington think it means—that the specter of global nuclear war has receded, and that the world can breathe a bit more easily, at least for a while. "For this relief, much thanks"—and a generous share of the thanks should go to McNamara, who clicks his teeth in such a remarkably convincing way. THE END

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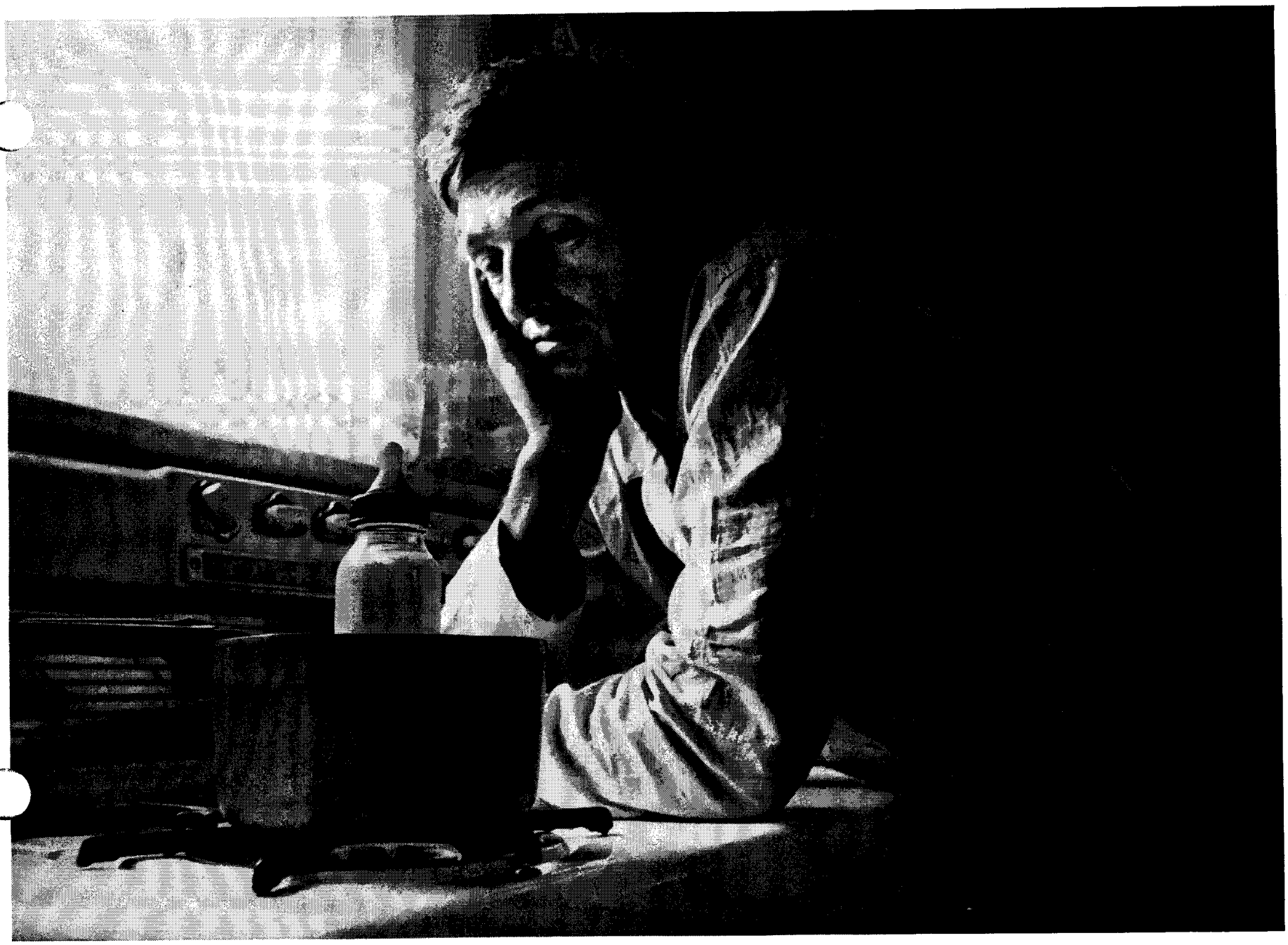

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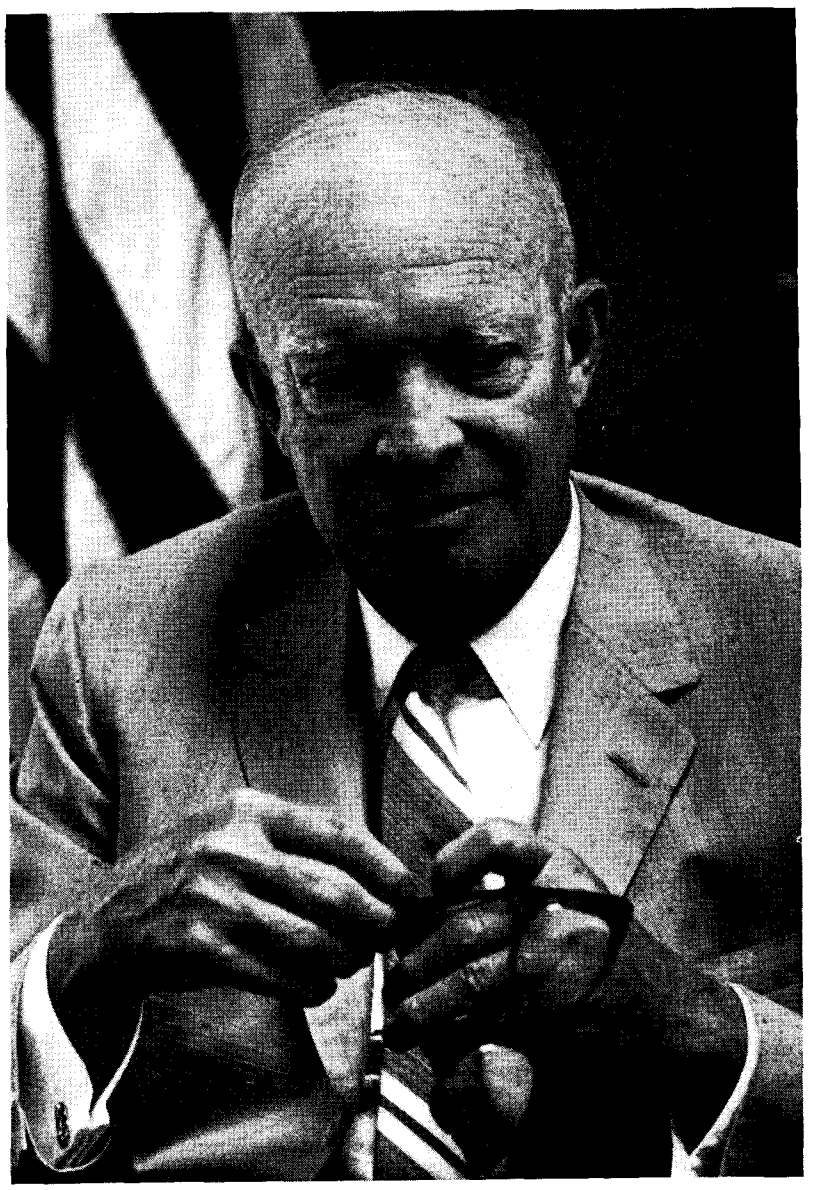

LET'S BE HONEST WITH OURSELVES

The ex-President takes a firm stand on civil rights.

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Almost three years have passed since I became a private citizen, but I find it impossible to forget or ignore problems, national in their scope, that concerned me deeply and daily during my White House years. This concern is apparently shared by most people I meet; rarely does a conversation fail to bring up such subjects as the Cold War, the possibility of nuclear conflict, labor-management difficulties, the struggle for civil rights and, most often of all, federal taxes and expenditures.

Of course, discussion rarely develops a solution unanimously acceptable to the participants, yet I think it is good that we persistently study and talk about them. Indeed, as a self-governing people we must find timely and reasonable answers to these and

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"The federal government should

other vital issues of our times; it is our responsibility, collectively and individually, and we cannot escape it.

This obvious truth was brought home to me afresh when I visited the invasion beaches of Normandy last summer. Nineteen years ago, fighting in Europe, there was no question in our minds as to what was at stake and what the answer had to be. The United States and her allies were locked in a life-or-death struggle against Hitlerism. If we failed, the light of self-government would remain darkened throughout Europe. And last August, as I looked over those beaches even now littered with scattered relics of battle, I realized that a new generation had grown into its teens since that fateful D day. On the bluffs above Omaha Beach the silent military cemetery, where lie thousands of young Americans, reminded me that the final obligation for perpetuating freedom, for beating back the forces that would enslave us, does not rest abstractly in the hands of a few political or military leaders, but in the very life of the citizen himself. Realizing this, the first requisite is that we be honest with ourselves.

The importance of the individual is too often obscured these days by the increasing complexity of our civilization and its newfound capacity for self-destruction. Beyond this, the marvelous technical progress of the machine age plays so large a part in our lives and thinking that we sometimes forget the simple human realities. We expect to banish physical drudgery with mechanization and automation, to make circumnavigation of the earth a matter of a few hours in supersonic airliners—we even make a costly game of racing to the moon. Yet we must, at the same time, live with global insecurity. Monolithic Communist regimes control one third of the world's peoples and persistently scheme to extend their domination. The Cold War precludes genuine peace; we live in an uneasy truce, maintained in part by the common knowledge that nuclear war could be a civilization-destroying holocaust. Beyond this, humanity is endangering its own future with a population explosion which, if not controlled, will outpace all economic progress to bring hunger, misery and tension.

These are somber but not unsolvable problems. History shows us that the human race always has lived in peril and yet has managed to survive and advance. However, it is not surprising that some people, baffled by the problems of this age, jump to the conclusion that there is little they can do except "go along for the ride," with somebody else at the steering wheel. Such an attitude is at least partly responsible for the fact that as many as 36 percent of our eligible citizens fail to vote in national elections. Indifference provides much of the opportunity for the extremists and the demagogues to advance "easy," irresponsible proposals for producing a perfect existence—some even plan to "protect" America by dictatorial methods.

We know in our hearts and our minds that there is no such thing as an easy way. Today, as throughout our history as an independent nation, the key answer for Americans remains the same: to be true to ourselves, to look to our moral strength, to our dedication to American ideals. These are not nebulous things; on the contrary, they are the specific forces that have made America what it is. They have their roots in our founding documents, in our family life, in our religious beliefs, in what we teach our children, and in the judgments we make in exercising our precious political and economic rights. In sum, as applied by 190 million people in their daily lives and political decisions, they determine whether or not the United States will continue to stand out as a great leader of the free world, capable of meeting its responsibilities at home and abroad.

A legal and moral problem

If we believe in our own doctrines and destiny, we know full well that the task of being responsible Americans starts right at home—and it starts by meeting our most troublesome issues squarely and fairly, by hammering out *workable* solutions which strengthen rather than divide us as a people. Only thought, decision, work and, where necessary, individual and collective sacrifice can build the road to a good future.

The present, much-confused struggle over civil rights for our Negro citizens is such a vital issue. It is a legal problem; even more, it is a moral one. We know that it concerns all of us, no matter what the color of our skins or the area of the country in which we live, because it deals directly with the basic rights of *all* of us. *Anytime we deny any citizen the full exercise of his constitutional rights, we are weakening our own claim to them.*

Now, I am sure that every right-thinking citizen who examines his conscience must admit that we have not fully lived up to the great phrases of our Constitution when by legal loopholes, intimidation or subterfuge we have deprived our Negro citizens of their full rights. Having recognized this, it is up to each to do his duty fully, not simply as a matter of justice for any deprived group—although that, too, is important—but because in the long run it is essential for the preservation of self-government. And at the bottom of all American needs is that of preserving, strengthening and improving self-government and the institutions through which it works.

At the same time, all Americans, and particularly those groups who now are demanding proper respect for their rights, have a special responsibility for keeping their *legitimate* goals clearly in focus. The Constitution defines those goals; it clearly intends that every citizen shall have equal standing before the law, equal voting rights, equal access to publicly supported facilities, and equal opportunity to advance intellectually, politically and economically according to his abilities.

Every fair-minded American must have great sympathy for the Negro or any other race which in practice has enjoyed less than these legitimate rights or opportunities. I wish them complete success in their drive to obtain justice. However, in all fairness, I am disturbed by certain individuals who, in the name of civil rights, seek to go beyond constitutional goals and thus would transgress the rights of others. Those who advocate "overcompensation in opportunity" for past neglect, or who seek to impose arbitrary racial quotas on employers, are actually weakening the cause of the Negro, in my view. Such policies would simply establish a new kind of un-American discrimination.

Also, I have little respect for the doctrinaires who seek to use civil-rights legislation as the basis for some sort of forced-draft social revolution. As much as we might deprecate class consciousness, snobbery or lack of racial tolerance, our private associations are not properly a matter of legislation or government concern. Common sense should tell us that when assured of exactly the same rights as other Americans, no more and no less, our Negro citizens will find paths for advancement in our social structure, just as have other groups in the past.

The older I get, the more wisdom I find in the ancient rule of taking first things first—a process which often reduces the most complex human problems to manageable proportions. In the matter of civil rights, I seriously doubt that the most effective approach is to be found in proposals for a barrage of federal laws seeking to pinpoint and eradicate in one great sweep every

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concentrate first on assuring that no qualified citizen is deprived of his right to vote."

possible item of discrimination. Such a program further complicates and emotionalizes an already highly charged issue; moreover, I repeat that laws *alone* cannot produce the full result we need.

Let us keep in mind that for 58 years, from 1896 until 1954, the "separate but equal" doctrine applying to our schools was sanctioned by the Supreme Court. Whole systems throughout the South—and in many northern cities—grew up around that legal doctrine, and we could not expect an entire region to change its attitudes and traditions overnight. Progress now is being made, and we can expect it to multiply more rapidly year by year. Meanwhile, it seems to me that federal effort should concentrate first on assuring that *no qualified citizen is deprived of his right to vote by any legal loophole, subterfuge or intimidation.* This is near the heart of the whole civil-rights issue. A law, passed six years ago, recognizes that protection of voting rights is a proper federal responsibility. However, additional legislation is needed to assure satisfactory execution of this law. I would hope that with federal laws spelling out this authority and responsibility, every state voluntarily would provide equal access to the ballot—but if any failed to do so, the Federal Government would have to take necessary action.

With this primary step taken, I am convinced, first, that many of the problems of discrimination and inequity which now loom so large would begin, noticeably, to fade away and, second, that such other laws as might prove to be necessary could be more readily enacted. The total effect would be to assure equal educational and economic opportunities for Negroes and respect for their constitutional rights.

The recent threat of a nationwide railroad strike illustrates another area—that of private interest as compared to public interest—in which we must put our consciences to work if we hope to remain strong and free in this hazardous world. One of the most difficult decisions the individual in a democracy faces is whether or not he should forego an immediate personal gain or advantage for the good of his country. To me this was the meaning of the controversy between the railroads and the unions—and the public interest was too much ignored.

There is no denying that, strictly speaking, the unions were within their rights. I know that those rights have been hard-won. I have only to remember the long hours and sometimes heartless working conditions which prevailed almost everywhere during my boyhood to realize how much organized labor and collective bargaining have done to improve and dignify the life of the worker and to increase the strength and prosperity of the nation. Nevertheless, here was a case in which the desire of union leaders to retain outdated, inefficient work rules prevented any reasonable compromise and brought the nation to the brink of economic crisis. During the long and fruitless negotiations during which the union leaders persistently rejected the findings of two presidential commissions, it was difficult for me to believe that any organization would *want* to plan its future on so-called "featherbedding" practices. Sooner or later these inefficiencies could bankrupt the very industry that provided the union members with jobs. Although the country heaved a sigh of relief when Congress acted to prevent the strike, we should recognize that the nation suffered a serious moral loss in the damage done to our cherished institution of free bargaining. The outcome was a serious setback for our belief in individual responsibility and sets an unfortunate precedent for future intervention of the Federal Government in the affairs of labor and industry.

A victory for self-reliance

The foregoing example was somewhat counterbalanced, I'm happy to say, by one in which the public interest won a healthy victory. This was the decision of the nation's wheat growers, voting in a referendum last May, to turn down a government scheme which promised them a huge subsidy—high, guaranteed price supports for the grain they market, plus payments from the federal treasury for keeping much of their land idle. The catch was that the subsidy would be accompanied by strict government control of their production and markets. Although the bureaucrats emphatically warned farmers that turning down the plan would mean one-dollar wheat instead of two-dollar wheat, the farmers still voted "no" by a large margin. Thus, in one area, at least, individual responsibility and self-reliance were strengthened and the trend toward increasing centralization of power in Washington suffered a badly needed setback.

During the Revolutionary War, Thomas Paine wrote, "These are the times that try men's souls"—and he could have added that democracy, so long as it exists, will forever challenge and test Americans to meet our trials with courage and integrity, to resist being led astray by those who clearly have little faith in the common man. One problem always with us is that of the demagogue. Political extremists come with many labels these days, but whether far to the right or to the left of our traditional beliefs, they seem to me to have much in common: Both advocate drastic government actions which, they claim, will immediately solve most of our pressing problems. To the left, they wish, for example, steadily to control or even nationalize industry, socialize medicine and use the taxing power to redistribute the wealth. To the right, they may want to abolish income taxes, outlaw labor unions or put the government in the hands of an "elite" group, by which they invariably mean themselves. Both sides may pose as superpatriots—or, at least, as judges of the patriotism of others.

Fortunately, most Americans have the good sense to recognize extremists as a lunatic fringe which either despises the American democratic system or fails to grasp its essential truths. As long as we know the extremists for what they are, they hold no great danger, except as their impractical theories tend to confuse important issues and make it more difficult to find sound middle ground on which the majority can agree.

Many, seeing themselves in the mirror of egotism, deride the middle or central position as weak and wishy-washy. How wrong they are! First of all, the center is always exposed to attack from both flanks—it takes stamina to maintain it. Let us remember that in life we travel on a one-way road only. It leads on into the future; there is no traffic going back. The middle-of-the-political-road does not define a path so narrow that it could not possibly accommodate any except those whose political views are in detailed conformity. It denotes all the solidly based and practicable parts of the broad highway; it accommodates every shade of opinion that is guided by common sense. This is the area where constructive progress is possible; by definition it merely excludes the gutters on either side. These are reserved for the extremists on both flanks, but the highway itself provides ample running room for a Nixon, a Rockefeller, a Lodge and a Goldwater.

Actually, all history shows that reasonable compromise and cooperation are two of the essential ingredients of self-government, at all levels. They are, in fact, the complete opposites of the basic terms of any authoritarian rule—absolutism and conformity.

(This is the first section of a two-part article by Mr. Eisenhower. Next week he talks frankly about our foreign problems, criticizing some of our allies and calling for caution on the test-ban treaty.)

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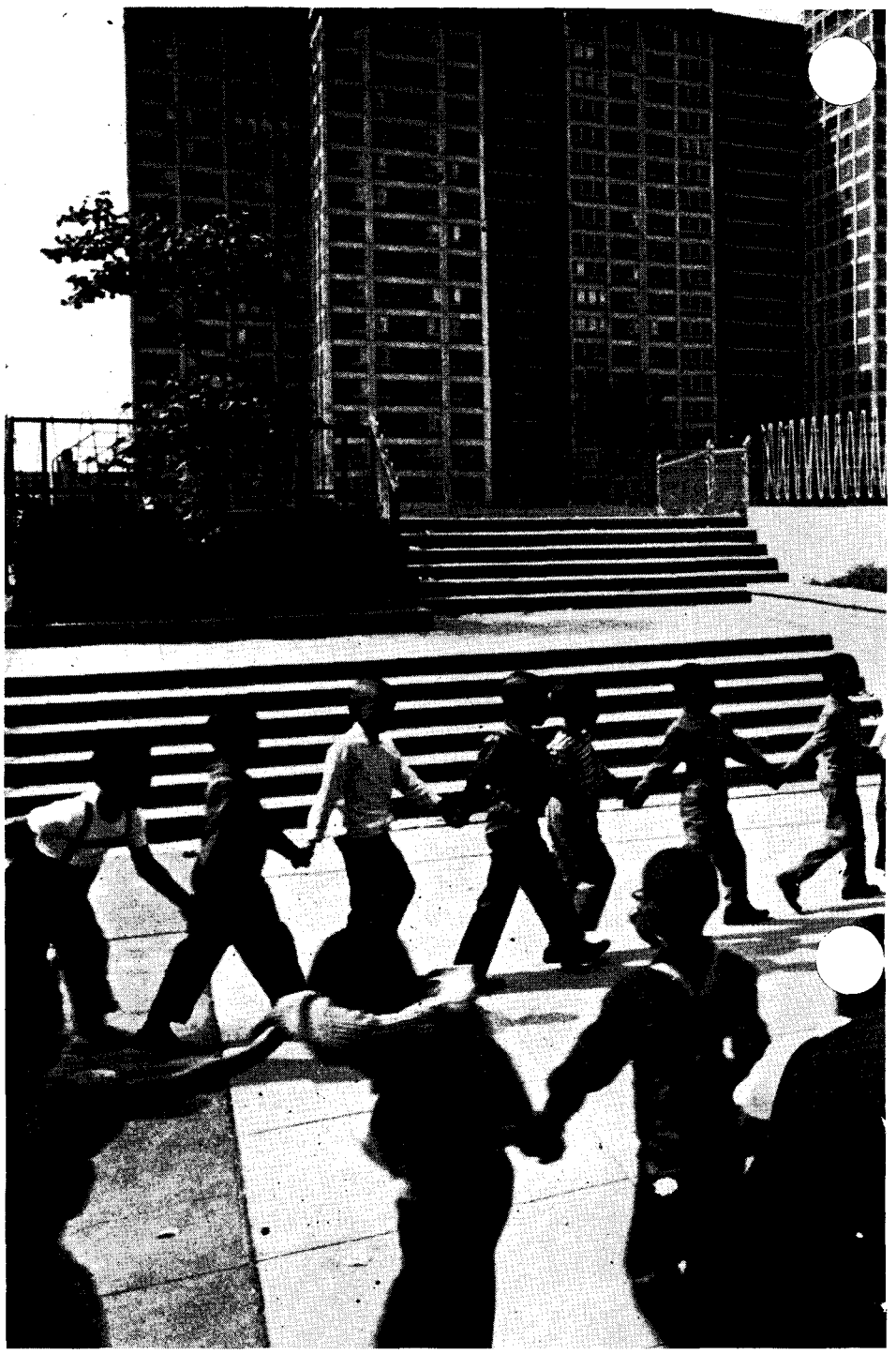
By William R. Shelton

The embattled boss of Chicago's schools



Willis visits the modern Byrd School in a former slum area. As the neighborhood

The highest-paid superintendent in the world, strong-minded Ben Willis has built scores of schools in a decade, nearly doubled teachers' salaries—and made himself a lot of enemies.

In a profession in which controversy is endemic, there are today few more controversial figures than Dr. Benjamin Coppage Willis. A large man with distinguished graying hair, a button chin and the drive of a Marine Corps general who sees each hour as another landing on Guadalcanal, Willis is superintendent of Chicago's schools, a job which few men would care to tackle. During a typical day he is required to display the skills of a financial genius, a logistics expert, an authority on curriculum and instruction, a maintenance specialist, real-estate agent, architect, builder and contractor. As head of Chicago's school system, he watches over 21,000 teachers and 500 principals who educate 576,000 pupils in 564 schools, at a yearly cost of $300 million. Of this sum, $48,500 is the salary paid Willis, making him, at 61, the highest-paid school administrator in the nation. Among public officials, only President Kennedy, Governor Rockefeller and New York City's Mayor Wagner receive larger salaries than Willis.

Despite his ability, which is considerable, Ben Willis has often been the target of heated criticism. He is hated by many Negroes, some of whom regard him as an outright segregationist. In protests against Willis and his policies, civil-rights groups have picketed his apartment building and the city's schools. There have been mass sit-ins, and violence has erupted in the streets. Furthermore, some of Chicago's newspapers, while backing him in many things, find him evasive and dictatorial. According to the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Ben Willis "tends to forget that he is a public official, answerable not only to the members of the Board of Education but to the public that pays his salary."

Yet in 10 years as superintendent he has done much to give Chicago a modern school system. He has not only eliminated the double shift but also cut the average class size from 37 to 32.5 students—and this during a period when school enrollment in the city increased by over 170,000. Without any of the scandals that plagued some of his predecessors, Willis has fostered a building program that reached its height last year, when a new school structure or addition was completed every five days. In addition he has purchased or rented 200 mobile classrooms, which can accommodate some 60,000 grade-school pupils, to help temporarily in overcrowded areas.

Bringing down the roof

He has also managed the amazing feat of lowering school construction costs in the face of generally rising building expenses. Willis, who prides himself on being able to read complex blueprints, once told an architect to lower all ceilings in a new school building from twelve to nine feet. The savings to the school budget—$60,000. "There is no law against it," he later explained. "Nine feet is a perfectly good height."

In addition, Willis has been responsible for nearly doubling the salaries of school employees, making Chicago's teachers among the highest paid in the nation. Even before Sputnik, moreover, he beefed up the standards of the high schools by making four years of English and three years of social studies mandatory for all students and increasing emphasis on math, science and foreign languages. Even his critics concede that Willis was the driving force behind all these reforms.

Born in Maryland, Willis learned the meaning of work at an early age when he labored as a plowboy on his father's farm. Nor were there any frills in his education at a one-room country school. He worked his way through George Washington University and, in 1922, began the long climb to educational command. After serving as a teacher-principal

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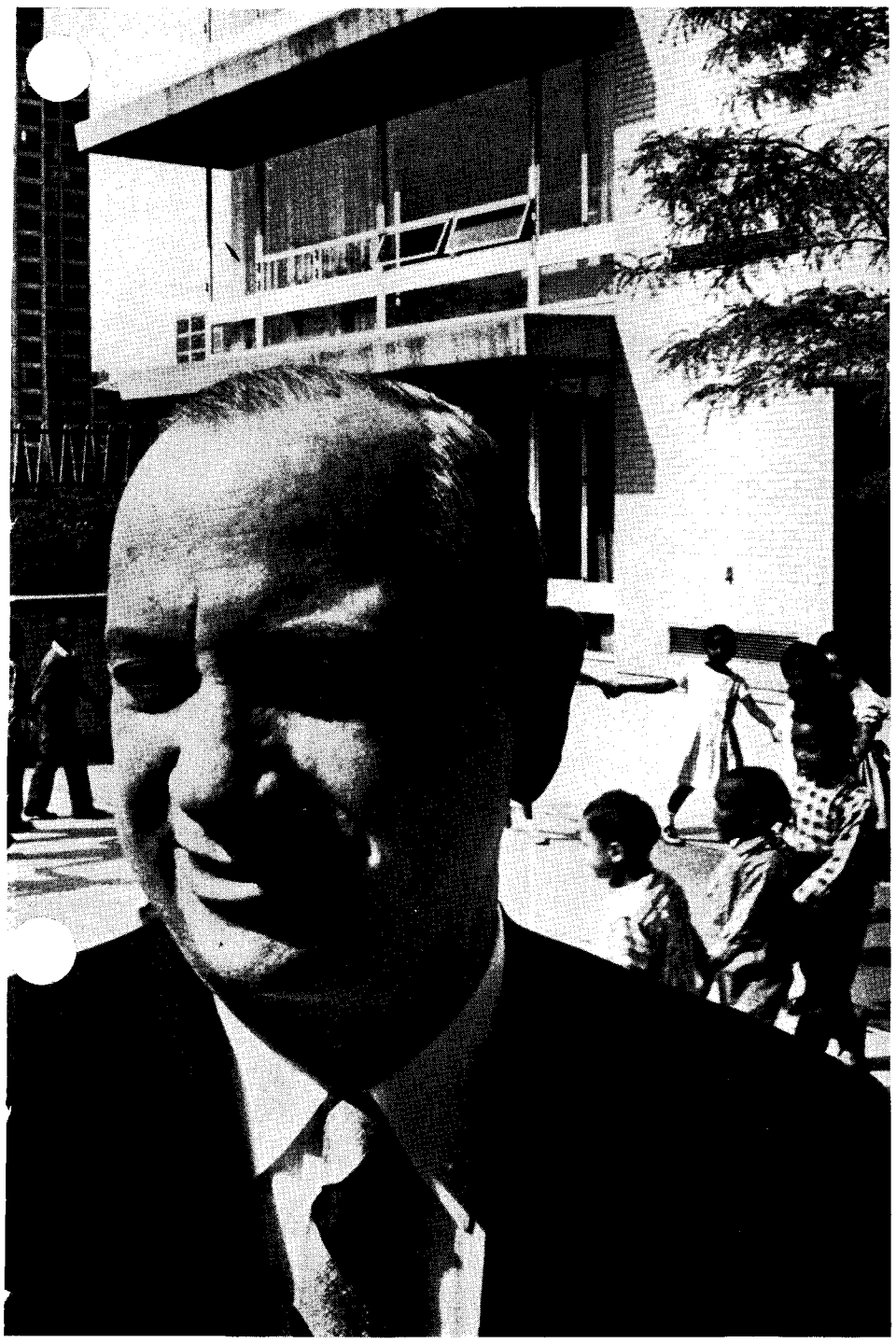

is largely Negro, there are protests of "de facto segregation" in the schools.

in a four-room school in Henderson, Md., he became superintendent of schools in Hagerstown, then Yonkers, N.Y., and later Buffalo, before going to Chicago.

"When I was in Maryland in the 'thirties," he recalls, "I found time to do the things which I enjoy. I could visit classrooms and visit with the teachers. I had time to spend with principals. All that had to do with the running of a school system I could do firsthand."

These days Willis has little time for personal contacts or inspections, but many of his critics contend that he still runs his school system as a one-man operation, brooking neither guidance nor interference. Says one, "Ben Willis's arrogance is equaled only by his salary."

A calmer view of the superintendent was offered by Fairfax M. Cone, one of the 11 members of the Chicago Board of Education and head of the advertising firm of Foote, Cone & Belding. "The trouble is Willis likes to do everything himself at his own pace and according to the way he himself sees things," Cone says. "He gives the impression he is the only one who knows the facts and the only one who has the answers. I really don't think he has anything to hide. He is so full of business he just doesn't share his decisions with other people."

The hub of Willis's world is a round conference table located in his second-floor office in the Board of Education building. Nearby are two phones which serve as personal loudspeaker systems to his chief secretary and five stenographers.

His 16-hour day actually begins when his chauffeur-driven limousine brings him to his headquarters at about eight, a half hour before his own staff arrives. After divesting himself of a black overcoat and an outlandish broad-brimmed hat, which give him somewhat the appearance of a southern preacher, he takes the seat nearest the phones, then fidgets through a sheaf of memorandums and newspaper stories left by his secretary the previous day. Within the hour the tiny waiting room outside his office is already jammed with visitors—an associate superintendent who wants to discuss changes in the curriculum, a high-school principal who seeks a small raise for his school's cafeteria employees, a staff member who is completing a study of the foreign languages taught in Chicago's schools, Negro leaders protesting conditions in the schools, architects with plans for a new building.

Added to the pressures of his daily routine is the clutter of minuscule detail which takes up much of the biweekly school-board meeting. Willis insists on being informed about even such petty matters as the purchase of toilet paper, pencils and mops. Each of these items must be approved separately by the 11-member Board of Education, and Willis, if questioned, feels he must be able to discuss them all—much as if the president of General Motors had to justify the purchase of every nut and bolt.

A row over moonlighting

As if this were not enough to occupy him, Willis early this year touched off a monumental uproar by accepting the position of executive director of an all-inclusive study of education in Massachusetts. This job, for which Massachusetts will pay Willis $32,000 in salary and expenses, called for him to be away from Chicago for 180 days—half a year. Although Willis now says he will be away only 40 days, both the local Parent-Teacher Association and the N.A.A.C.P. remain distressed by so much "moonlighting" in view of Chicago's unsolved educational problems.

Although Ben Willis willingly drives back and forth to Boston to work on another school system's problems, he has long fought against any independent survey of his own schools. When a Chicago survey was proposed in 1961 by the P.T.A. and the Citizens Schools Committee, Willis hinted to some board members that he might resign unless he was made a member of the study. The school board capitulated, and the superintendent was named a key planner for an investigation of his own school system. It is to get under way this fall.

What is perhaps most remarkable about the Chicago school system is that no independent group actually knows much about the overall quality of education the city's children receive. Two years ago, however, a highly critical study was conducted by Dean Charles Monroe of Chicago's Wilson Junior College. A public community college, Wilson is open to all high-school graduates, and the student body is about equally divided between white and Negro. For several years the faculty had been concerned with the low reading ability of about one third of the entering freshmen. These youngsters, nearly all Negroes, did so poorly that they had less than one chance in 10 of successfully completing the two-year program. Where, Dean Monroe wanted to know, had these students been educated?

About 75 percent, it turned out, attended Chicago schools, while most of the rest received their education in Mississippi. According to Dean Monroe's study, there was no significant difference in the reading scores of the youngsters educated in Chicago and those who attended schools in a state with one of the lowest educational standards in the nation.

Dean Monroe's study is actually just a small part of a larger issue—the inflamed problem of *de facto* segregation in Chicago's schools. Negroes make up nearly one quarter of the population. Most are forced to live in huge ghettos. Their children, in turn, go to schools which are, in effect, segregated.

The problem rose to fever pitch last summer when several mobile classrooms were burned by angry Negroes. At the height of the demonstrations on Chicago's South Side, a committee of the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations, consisting of 17 civil-rights and church groups, issued a damning report charging that children in predominantly Negro schools were being deprived of a decent education.

"A large number of Negro schools even lack a library room," the report said in part. "In many crowded schools textbooks are on double shift. The child is unable to take the books home for study."

On August 28, during the mammoth civil-rights march on Washington, a contingent of 3,000 Chicagoans strode down Pennsylvania Avenue, chanting "Down with Willis. Willis must go." Almost at the very same moment, Superintendent Willis rose at a meeting of the Board of Education and publicly acknowledged for the first time that some schools in the city were racially imbalanced. He then went even further and supported a resolution, later passed by the Board of Education, calling for a five-man study by outside experts on the problems that affect children in schools that are in fact segregated. The study is to be completed by the end of this year.

Willis also proposed allowing grade-school pupils in classes of 35 or more students to switch to schools with 30 or less, and to move bright high-school youngsters to schools where they can receive special instruction. But these proposals have recently brought him fresh attacks from another quarter. Both transfer programs would involve some small mixing of the races, and the parents of children in all-white schools have responded with picketing ("Strangers Stay at Home. We have No Room for You") and mass protest meetings.

Nevertheless, for Paul B. Zuber, the attorney who represented 20 parents in a suit against the Board of Education, Willis's moves offered a way out, and they dropped the suit after the board and the superintendent had agreed to these steps. "I feel that in this action the Board of Education in Chicago is setting an important precedent that will be of interest to all cities in the North," Zuber said.

For Willis there remains the terrible pressure of a daily schedule that isolates him from the real world of learning. Because Willis must cope with nearly every social crisis, with budgets and buildings, he cannot devote enough time to the job of providing the best in education. In Chicago, as in other cities, the problem in urban education is reflected in the plight of a man who has so much to do he cannot ever do enough. THE END

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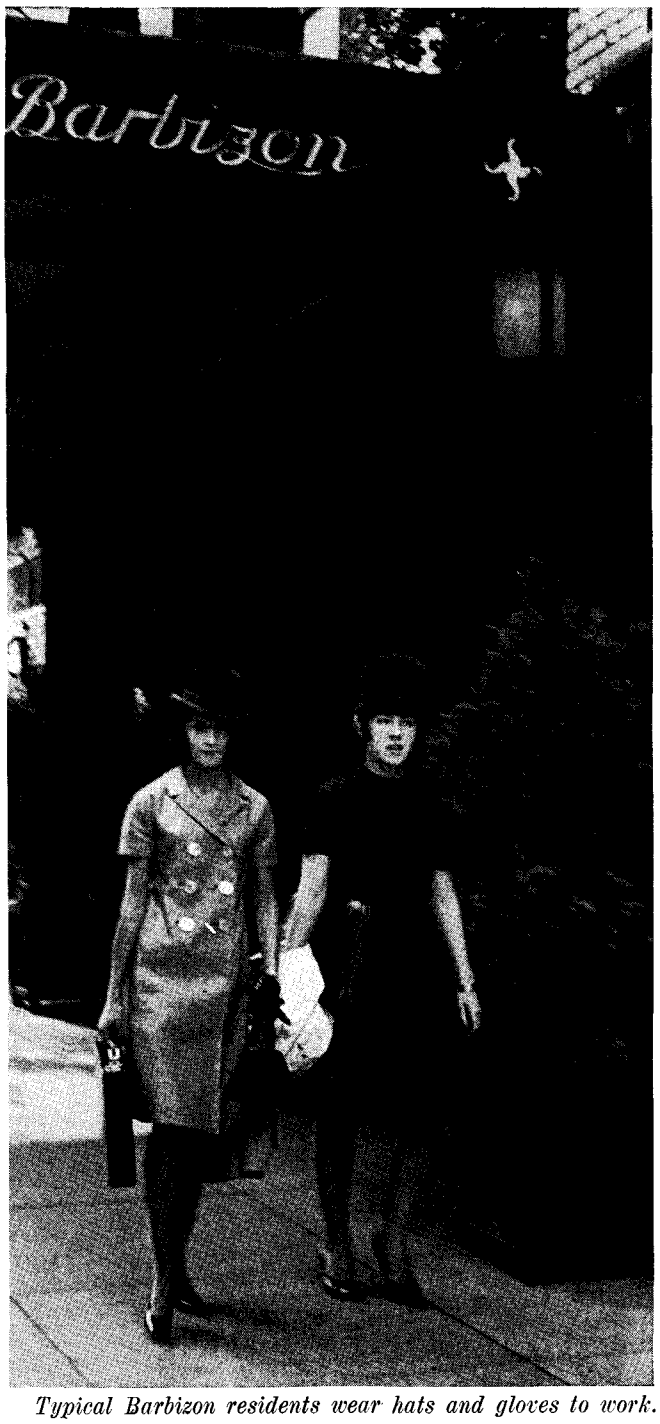
Where the boys are not

By Nan Robertson

Off limits to men, The Barbizon Hotel for Women is a haven for New York career girls who like living in a skyscraper nunnery.

Photographs by Nancy Sirkis



Typical Barbizon residents wear hats and gloves to work.

Fall is the season of the innocents in New York. They come to the city with dazzled eyes—the ambitious, the gifted, the pretty and the plain, out of the hometowns of America by the tens of thousands. There come the girls to whom much will happen and the girls to whom nothing will happen. New York may lift them up or break their hearts. For many, The Barbizon Hotel for Women becomes a way station.

At the Barbizon the new girls cluster up to check in at the front desk, trying desperately to look worldly-wise. The fall invariably brings in the bumper crop. At least a thousand apply; half might get a room. The applicants want to be models, actresses, executives, designers, occasionally writers, although the Barbizon does not often attract go-it-alone types. What is it about the Barbizon that brings them there? How do they hear about it in Grundy Center, Iowa?

A shy secretary who came to the Barbizon from Philadelphia had heard about it from her mother's friends. "I was told girls had stayed there for generations."

So it was with Nanette Fabares (pronounced Fabray), niece and namesake of the actress. One evening in Los Angeles she boarded El Capitan for a trip across the United States. She was 22 years old, had never before been on a train in her life and had never been in New York. She climbed aboard the train with nine suitcases, *The Complete Secretary's Handbook*, *Perfect Spelling*, *Webster's New World Dictionary* and four plays by George Bernard Shaw. The Barbizon was her destination, as it had been for Grace Kelly, Gene Tierney and any number of other daydream figures.

More than 50 percent of the 350,000 women who have stayed at the Barbizon over the past 36 years are like these two—they heard about it by word of mouth. Magazine ads, skillfully aimed at young women, do the rest. The ad's format has long been unchanged: two laughing, milk-fed girls, saying to each other, "You really do *live* at the Barbizon." The hotel, the blurb goes on, "naturally attracts the smart, the fastidious, and the young. Some of the world's most successful women have been Barbizon girls."

The Barbizon, a splendid example of what could be called the movie-house Spanish architecture of the '20's, is a shaft of tawny brick and terra-cotta that soars 22 stories above the corner of Lexington Avenue and Sixty-Third Street. It contains a pool, two restaurants, a library, piano studios and layers and layers of women.

Males—except licensed doctors, plumbers and electricians—are strictly forbidden above the lobby, unless they get a pass to go to the 18th-floor lounge with their dates. This is probably why so many American parents have entrusted their daughters to the Barbizon since 1927.

"My parents had read it was safe and in a good neighborhood," says 21-year-old former resident Dana Vass. She adds, "And at least you don't have to worry about wrestling with a man in your room."

Dana, a Michigan girl with luminous eyes and the powerful legs of a dancer, was one of the luckiest lodgers in the Barbizon. "I was discovered by Gian Carlo Menotti in the Barbizon Coffee Shop," says Dana, with a giggle.

The composer, who has a studio only two blocks away, likes to take coffee breaks at the Barbizon. One evening Dana sailed in from a dance rehearsal at the Juilliard School of Music, dressed in tights and a muumuu. After a whispered consultation with a waiter, who knows the names and vocations of everybody in the hotel, Menotti sent over a note scribbled on a paper napkin.

"If you're interested in participating in the Spoleto Festival in Italy, call this number," it said, with Menotti's telephone number and name. Unbelieving, Dana got up and left. A week later she asked a friend, "Say, have you ever heard of somebody called Menotti?" The stunned friend led Dana to the nearest telephone. Dana did dance at the Spoleto Festival.

Her story is the kind the Barbizon likes to see in print. In its brochures and magazine puffs—usually by male authors, an anomaly in this skyscraper purdah—the hotel has projected an image of glamour and *Gemütlichkeit* that has been a triumph of promotion. Nobody is old at the Barbizon. Nobody is lonely or frustrated or a failure. It is all good friends and girls together. For many of the Barbizonites the image bears little relationship to reality. In fact, the girls live in what look like monastic cells. The standard single is about six by twelve feet and costs $28 a week without a bathroom, $38.50 with a shared bath, and from $40 up with a private bath.

One young ex-tenant said, "I had been led to believe it would be so different. When I closed the door behind me in my little cell, I felt sealed off from the world. I thought I'd meet friends there and go to dinner with them. Or meet somebody I could room with. Zero."

The Barbizon's illustrated teasers hint that all its inhabitants are jolly, young, popular and as indistinguishable from one another as Little Orphan Annie's dresses. In fact, the roster of the hotel is far more varied and intriguing. Tenants this year include a sizable band of aristocratic 70 year olds and one aged 80; a Playboy bunny; a perennial candidate for New York state office; a stunt girl; a model who sells Hong Kong junks on the side, a grande dame who has been playing the Barbizon pipe organ on the mezzanine every evening since 1935; and one fashionable merchandising student who shall be memorable for her name alone—Lady Greenslit.

The Barbizon also shelters divorcees, or would-be divorcees, during their traumatic times. As one New Yorker puts it, quite crisply, "It's the place you go to when you leave your husband." While she lived there (just after leaving *her* husband), she figured that "at least one dazed-looking woman a night came hurtling through the lobby with a suitcase."

The biggest and most cloistered order in this vertical nunnery comprises out-of-town students of the Katherine Gibbs secretarial school, all in their late teens or early 20's. They are literally the top of the heap in the hotel—occupying entirely the four highest sleeping floors. The Katie

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Mrs. Anne Gillen has been playing the organ at daily Barbizon afternoon teas since she came to the hotel in 1935. Tea is free, but few attend.

Gibbs girls, a third of the hotel's population of 600 plus, go to school together, eat in their own dining room, have Thursday teas in their own lounge on the 22nd floor, are watched over by housemothers, sign in and out and observe Gibbs curfews. It would not be surprising to learn that some of them are going stir crazy.

If there are any mutterings anywhere else in the Barbizon, however, they are swiftly quelled by a minute lady with a will of iron and an impenetrable, smiling mien who runs things at the front desk. Mrs. Mae Sibley, the assistant manager, has been at the hotel since 1936. It is she who screens most of the long-run candidates and cultivates the hotel's aura of exclusivity. A former front-desk employee says, "Her first test of getting in, after she knows you can pay, seems to how pretty you are. Later on, after the September school rush, she's not so discriminating. And if a lady over 40 wants to come to the Barbizon, she'll have a tough time unless she's only staying a few days. The old ones and the plain ones appear to be there on sufferance."

As for present lodgers, they commonly preface frank statements about the Barbizon with, "Mrs. Sibley would kill me if she heard this," a testament to her formidable personality.

One of the plain ones who lived at the Barbizon for a month told what it was like for her. "Mrs. Sibley made me feel so humble. I was paying, but I always had the feeling that I was on trial, when she was at the front desk."

Eleven hundred girl friends

Mrs. Sibley calls the tune inside the Barbizon. Outside it is Oscar Beck, the night doorman, who is 220 pounds of living, gurgling proof that some men were born to reinforce women's egos. He hands young and old things into taxis with a solicitude that is positively moving. He welcomes them back to the hotel as happily as a cocker spaniel. He has been at the Barbizon for 34 years and is better known to cab drivers than any other doorman in New York. He delights in boasting that he has "1,100 girl friends."

Despite more than three decades of residence in the United States, his accent is as dense as marzipan. He sounds, in fact, as if he had learned English by reading the Katzenjammer Kids to himself every Sunday. "De mamas bring der daughters—'Oscar,' dey say, 'you take care off her.' I'm chust like a hen. I got dem under my vinks." Oscar puffs and winks, poking his listener in the ribs. What does he do with would-be mashers who approach the hotel? Rendered into English, Oscar's reply is, "They go by me in the cars and the men yell, 'Oscar, can you give us any good numbers?' I say, 'Ja, TEmpleton 8-5700 (the Barbizon switchboard).' Or they say, 'Oscar, can you put us up?' And I say, 'I've got one vacancy for you—the boiler room.' Oh, they laugh like hell."

A few of the residents think Oscar overdoes things a bit, but they are a distinct minority. Eighty-year-old Mrs. Flora Sachs, the oldest tenant, says of Oscar, "He is the only perfectly happy person I've ever known." Mrs. Sachs, small, lively and chirpy as a cricket, has been

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"You don't have to worry about wrestling with a man in your room."

New York newcomer Jacqueline Russer, retail trainee at Altman's, whiles away lonely evenings with guitar.

Eighty-year-old Mrs. Flora Sachs, the hotel's oldest tenant, lives across the hall from her daughter Alice.

living at the Barbizon off and on since 1930, and speaks of those early years with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, the Barbizon had the Wellesley Club, Barnard, Radcliffe, Cornell and Mt. Holyoke scattered around on the top floors with beautiful clubrooms then," she recalled. "The top floor was the national Junior League clubroom. College clubs brought business into the Barbizon. We'd have supper in evening gowns on the terrace."

The view is still there, looking to the south—the Ritz Tower, the Empire State and Chrysler buildings, sparkling like diamonds in the dusk—but the lounges are empty, a melancholy reminder of gayer times.

Once the hotel provided travelogues, movies, concerts and plays. Now there's TV on the mezzanine. Only one ritual remains. Free afternoon tea has been served daily in the Recital Room, a dark Tudor cavern above the lobby, since opening day. Only a handful of Barbizonites bother to go.

The ladies of more advanced age cluster to the left of the door around Mrs. Anne Gillen, a wispy-haired little woman of great dignity, who plays selections from five until six on the hotel organ. To the right go the younger guests, who form an embarrassed clump around the fireplace with the social director.

"Hi," said the social director to one newcomer at a recent tea. "What's your name? We're having such fun playing a game thinking up categories of horses. Would you like to play?" At no time is the gulf between youth and age at the Barbizon more poignant than during this 36-year-old ceremony.

Among the lodgers who have neither time nor inclination to sip tea on the mezzanine is Alice Sachs, who lives across the hall from her sprightly mother. Miss Sachs, a woman as hearty and enduring as a bowl of oatmeal, is a book editor during the day. Nights and weekends she has made a side career of running unsuccessfully as a Democratic candidate for the New York State Assembly and Senate. She loses because the district around the Barbizon is crammed with Republicans. One of her most recent gambits was to distribute fortune cookies to neighborhood Chinese restaurants with campaign literature inside. When the startled diners crumbled the cookies, they found such exhortations as this: "Confucius say: 'Wise man pull extreme right lever (on voting machine) for Alice Sachs.'"

Another of the Barbizon's less conventional inhabitants is Russell Elizabeth Lee, who came here fresh and beautiful from the University of Virginia in 1948. The great-great-great-granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, this stunt model has lived with 300 turkeys, bedded down in the window of a New York department store for two weeks, and driven a fire engine for six months. Miss Lee likes the Barbizon for several reasons, not including the size of her room.

The assets, she feels, are that "I'm completely free. I can walk in at three A.M. or five P.M., and the bed's made. I like the pool and the room service. Sometimes I'm pestered by men who have seen me on TV. But if anybody's hanging around and bothering you, Mrs. Sibley or Oscar will quickly get rid of them."

Despite this sense of security, the biggest gripe of the young Barbizonites is how few men there are in the place.

An ex-resident of the Barbizon, now a contented housewife and mother, said, "I don't know why girls interested in meeting men and having a life of their own would ever choose to live in a place like that. When they date, they can't have people up—they drop the boys at the door."

The manager, a guardian of virtue named Hugh J. Connor, turns down all requests from men's colleges and clubs for get-togethers at the hotel. But men not fazed by the rigid rules of the Barbizon might be interested in knowing that nighttime is not the best time for girl watching there. The peak rush comes between eight-thirty and nine in the morning.

On the stroke of the half hour, while Connor is pottering behind the gladioli at the front desk, young girls seem to stream out of the woodwork. Chattering like starlings, they converge on the lobby from elevators, the coffee shop, the restaurant, and down the curving staircase from the mezzanine.

The Gibbs girls look alike in small hats and gloves, required by the school. The Tobe-Coburn fashion-merchandising girls are more elaborately hatted, as if for a wedding instead of work. The Parsons School of Design girls, bareheaded and flat-shoed, stride away with their giant portfolios. By nine the lobby is silent.

The bald-headed Romeos

While there may be complaints about the Barbizon, they come mainly from girls who have not shopped around. Those who have lived or looked elsewhere characterize most of Manhattan's other residences for women as "dark and dirty," or "filled with old people." One reminded a girl of a women's prison. At another, where mixers are held weekly, a young fashion student called the get-togethers "gross."

"My roommate and I came out to see what kind of boys were there, and most of them turned out to be bald-headed," said 18-year-old Jane Williams, shuddering at the memory. Jane lived at that residence for six months before escaping to the Barbizon.

Deborah Pease, a striking 19-year-old who left Wellesley to come to New York and write, says of the Barbizon, "When you think of it as a temporary abode, it's not bad at all.

"It is *the* place where you go when you leave something—college, your family, your old life. And for that it's perfect—as long as you don't stay too long." THE END

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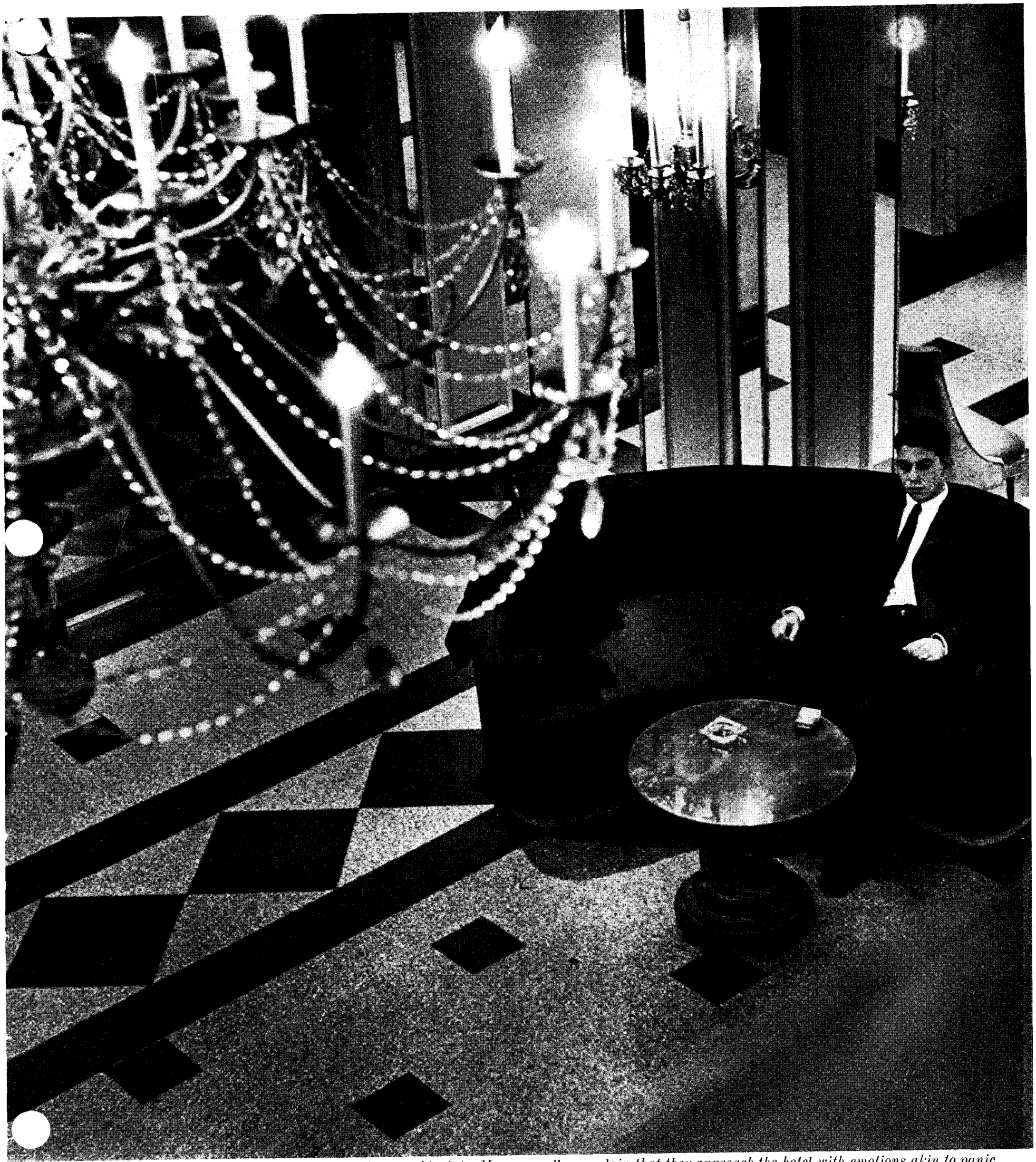

The Barbizon lobby is a lonely spot for a man picking up his date. Men generally complain that they approach the hotel with emotions akin to panic.

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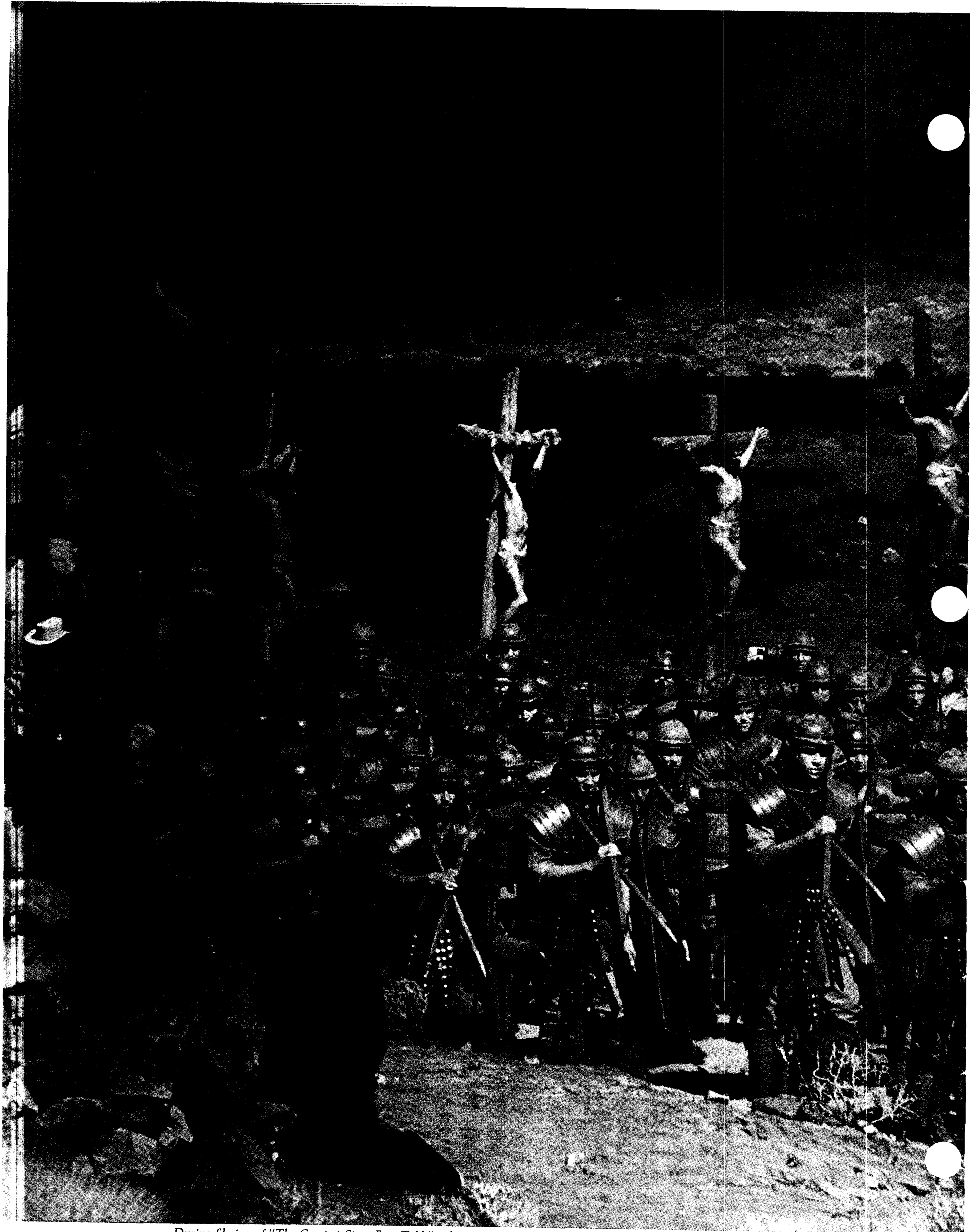

During filming of "The Greatest Story Ever Told," technicians on Utah desert look on while soldiers trudge past rebel Israelites crucified by Romans.

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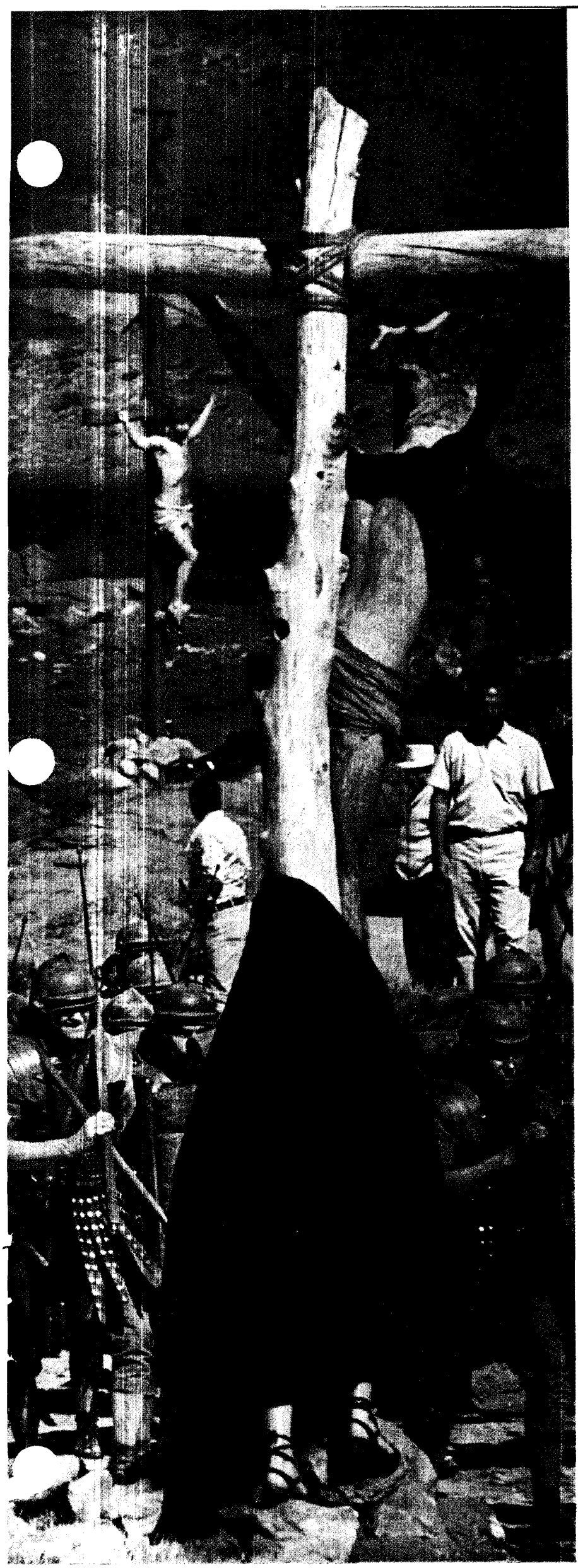

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY
Photographs by JOHN LAUNOIS

A Hollywood company treks into the Utah desert to turn an inspiring best seller about Christ into the most ambitious and costly picture ever to be shot in the United States.

The day started innocently enough. At 7:30 in the morning 11 bearded apostles strode across the sands of the Utah desert. A 12th apostle tagged behind, carrying an attaché case. Stolidly, the apostles filed past a ragtag band of Navajo Indians who were trying to learn to march like Roman soldiers, then past actor Sal Mineo, who was airing his Weimaraner pup. Nearby, there emerged from a small aluminum bungalow Swedish actor Max von Sydow, who carried a pair of sandals in one hand and a copy of the James Michener best seller *Hawaii* in the other. He was wearing a pair of black overshoes but was dressed in the flowing robes of Jesus Christ.

Within the hour, the apostles, Mineo, von Sydow and 1,013 other actors and extras were gathered on the desert in front of a phony $115,000 re-creation of the walls of Jerusalem. Also present were a Noah's ark of animals, scores of jeeps, cars, trucks and buses, an ant heap of technicians and 10 assistant directors. Suddenly a deep voice boomed from a portable hand mike, rumbled over the noisy crowd and bounced off the walls of Jerusalem. The voice belonged to George Stevens, a producer-director who has made such movie hits as *A Place in the Sun*, *Giant* and *Shane*.

"Good morning, folks. Let's make this a good scene," bawled Stevens. "Let me tell you about this scene. You are seeing the first appearance of Jesus Christ the Lord. He mounted this little animal and rode into Jerusalem. You were the first people to see this—your faces should show wonder and awe. You can laugh and smile, but it's a strange kind of joy. Perhaps if it happened today, it is the look you would have if John Glenn landed here in his space capsule. Either expression will do—seeing Christ or John Glenn."

For the benefit of 550 Navajos who were working as extras, Stevens's directions were translated by a full-bellied Indian standing beside him. Assistant directors with walkie-talkies scurried through the mob of extras, arranging them in groups to greet Christ in this, the Palm Sunday scene. Prop men handed out palm leaves and flowers, trucked 500 *(Continued on Page 40)*

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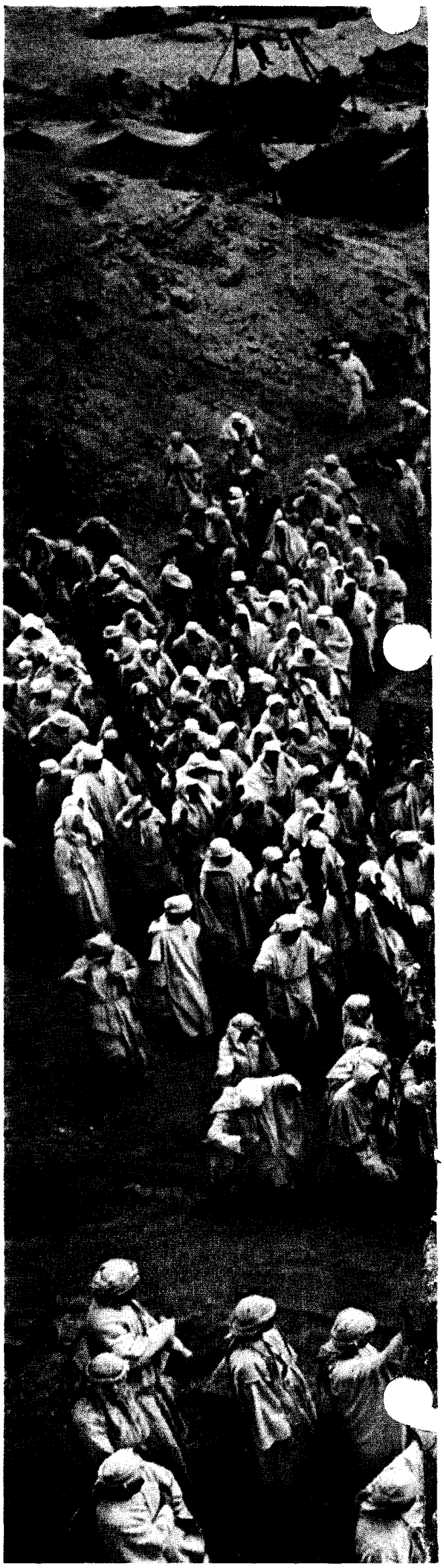
Director George Stevens perches high on camera boom in Glen Canyon, Utah.

Feeding cast that worked on the picture called for much ingenuity and tons of food.

A financial behemoth by any measure, "The Greatest Story Ever Told" features 47 major sets, including nine that cost more than $100,000 each. The film has 117 speaking roles, provided 30,000 man-days of work for its extras, and numbers among its scriptwriters famed poet Carl Sandburg. Total cost of the film may reach $15 million.

Sunglasses plus Biblical costumes were the normal garb of film's extras off the set.



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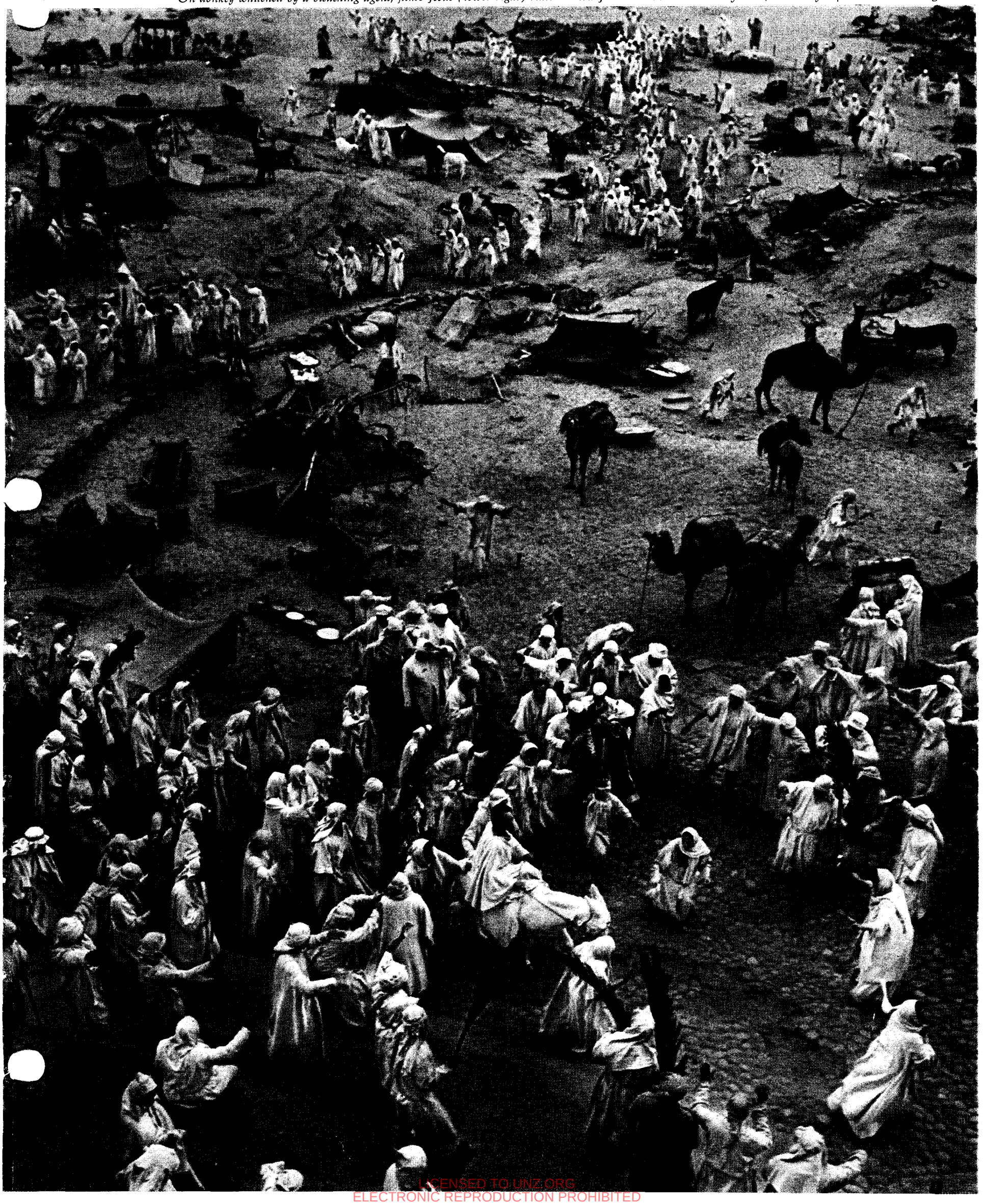
On donkey whitened by a bleaching agent, film's Jesus (lower right) rides toward Jerusalem in Palm Sunday scene, trailed by "apostles" and milling extras.



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Max von Sydow, in the role of Jesus Christ, travels through the Utah desert. Von Sydow starred in such noteworthy Swedish films as "The Seventh Seal."

Director Stevens, afraid that audiences would not accept a well-known actor in the role of Christ, decided to gamble on a tall, gaunt and relatively obscure Swedish film star named Max von Sydow.

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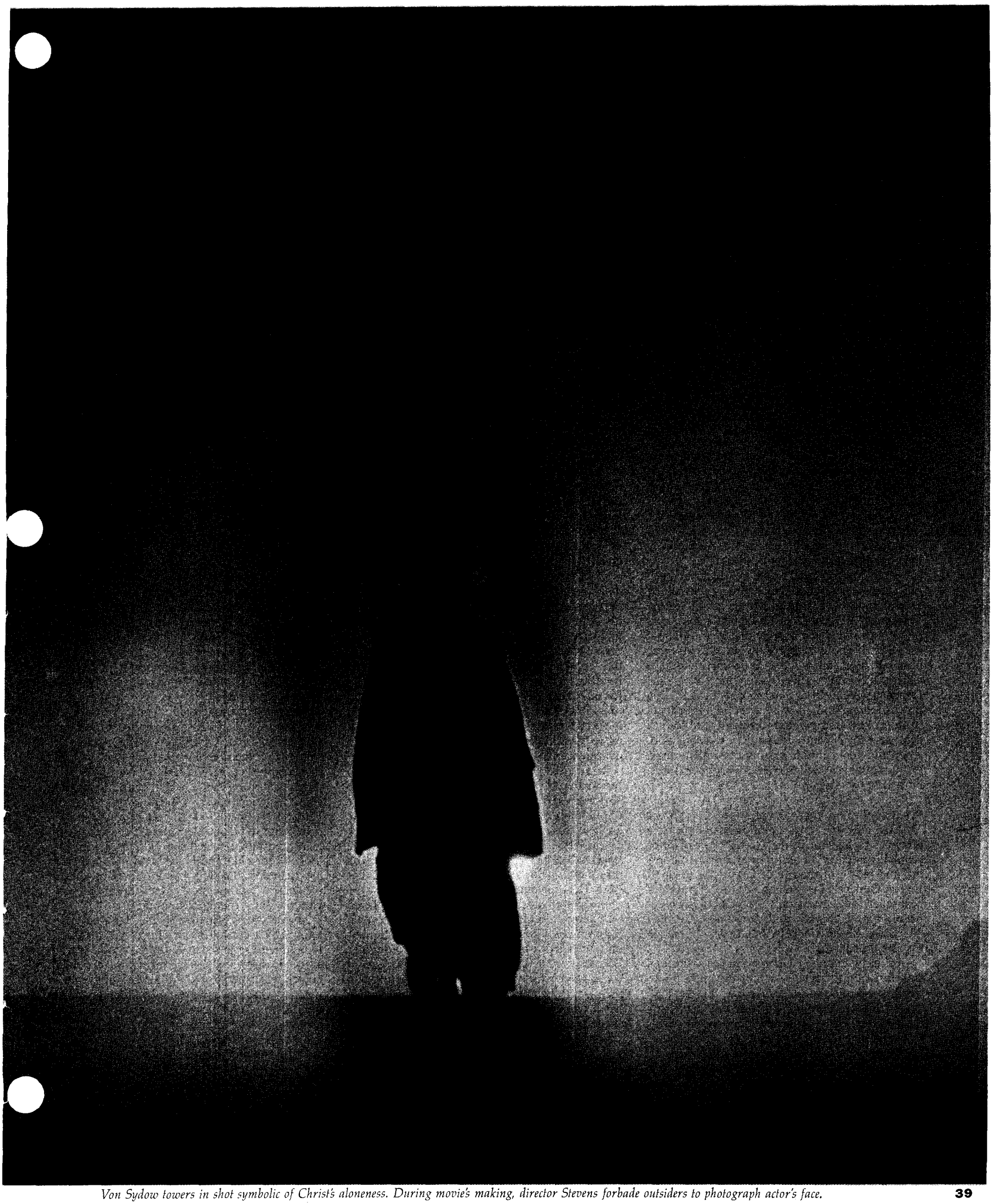

Von Sydow towers in shot symbolic of Christ's aloneness. During movie's making, director Stevens forbade outsiders to photograph actor's face.

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In many respects the picture proved an actors' purgatory. Some members of the cast complained about the bitter cold, the tough negotiations at the contract table, and Stevens's working methods.

Director George Stevens.

miles from Los Angeles, to be thrown in front of von Sydow. Extras made up as lepers (for an added five dollars per day) prepared to join the sequence. Camels fitted with transistor radios, so their riders could get directions, lumbered into position and waited.

"All jewelry off! Take off your boots and stockings—authentic bare feet and sandals only!" an assistant director commanded. "All right, now, we see entirely too many sunglasses out there!" cried another. "This isn't Wilshire Boulevard."

Stevens snapped commands: "Camelpokes, commence to poke your camels on 'Action!' . . . One palm leaf on the double, please."

Von Sydow mounted a donkey which had been bleached with Clorox. He set off, followed by several apostles. Extras hurled their palm leaves. "Hosanna!" Stevens bellowed into his hand mike. "All right, you people, this is Jesus Christ the Lord! Show awe! Show awe! Hosanna, hosanna! Joy, you people in the foreground, joy! This is the Lord—wave, wave, run, folks, run! Haaaaaaaaaleluyah! Haaaaaaaaaleluyah!" The procession wound its way over a hill, past a section of ground painted to resemble a flowery field, past the Navajos, the camels, water buffalo, sheep and goats until it was out of camera range. "Cuuuuuuuut!" cried Stevens. "Very good, folks. Now let's try it again."

Thus rolled another take of *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, the most ambitious and expensive film ever to be shot in the United States. Three years in preparation and nine months in shooting, the movie of the life of Christ, based upon Fulton Oursler's best-selling version of an older best seller, will cost at least $15 million. Such behemoths as *Cleopatra* and *Lawrence of Arabia* did boast bigger budgets, but they were made on foreign soil.

Curiously enough, George Stevens and his staff insist that "bigness" is not the appropriate word to describe the film. As one Stevens aide notes, "It is not the biggest picture ever made, nor the most expensive, nor the most spectacular." It is true that the film will not be a spectacular, in Hollywood's sense of the word. There are no chariot races, and the squirming Salome and her veils are gratefully absent. Although the cast includes several lovely young actresses—Ina Balin, Janet Margolin, Joanna Dunham—they are so shrouded in robes and shawls that they could pass for a group of demure postulants. Even the color in the movie is low-key. Stevens worked for months with a color consultant to create combinations softer than Technicolor's usual garish tones.

By any measure, however, the film is a financial extravaganza. It has 117 speaking parts, employed 30 Academy Award winners before and behind the cameras and provided 5,000 man-days of work for principal actors and 30,000 for extras. A half dozen writers, among them poet Carl Sandburg, worked on the script. Forty-seven major sets were built, including nine that cost more than $100,000 each. Complete villages of tents, trailers and prefab bungalows were erected at location sites in Nevada and Utah.

Aides of Stevens recruited enough animals to make up a Who's Zoo. The search for four white donkeys—one for Christ to ride and three stand-ins—alone took six months. The star donkey was plucked from the obscurity of a ranch near the Snake River in Idaho. Of the 22 camels used in the film, one committed suicide by dashing its head against a Utah cliff, but another made up for this loss by giving birth. Noting that the gestation period of a camel is eight months, one technician groused: "This is the only picture ever made that lasted long enough for a camel to conceive and give birth."

To make the film, Stevens organized his own production company and raised his own capital. To insure the huge investment, he hired a number of box-office stars. Among them are John Wayne as the centurion at the Cross, Dorothy McGuire as the Virgin Mary, Charlton Heston as John the Baptist, José Ferrer as King Herod, Sal Mineo as a paralytic who is cured miraculously and Pat Boone as the young man at the tomb.

But paradoxically the role of Christ is played by a box-office blank—the relatively unknown Swedish actor Max von Sydow, who is familiar only to patrons of such foreign films as Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* and *Through a Glass Darkly*. Stevens's gamble in selecting von Sydow was dictated by the subject of the film. He felt it would be difficult for audiences to accept as the Lord an actor who might have appeared on screen as a quick-draw sheriff or a two-fisted business tycoon.

Stevens has shrewdly capitalized on von Sydow's anonymity by manufacturing a mystery publicity campaign around him. He will not permit photographs of the actor's face, nor will he allow Max to be interviewed about his role.

For most actors, this kind of clampdown on personal publicity might lead to internal hemorrhaging, but it did not seem to bother the tall, gaunt Swede at all. During the shooting, von Sydow, who was affectionately known as "Maxie baby" to the rest of the company, sat by himself much of the time, reading books on theology—he is a Lutheran, but has a deep interest in all religions. He also pored over such American novels as *Advise and Consent* and *Hawaii* to improve his grasp of American speech. Before filming started, von Sydow spent several months in Hollywood with George Stevens, studying the part and striving hard to rid his school-learned English of its strong British flavor.

Away from the set, he was pleasant, if removed, and he ducked all questions about the movie. "Too many actors who have played this part have popped off about their own theological views without knowing what they were talking about," explained a *Greatest Story* executive. Von Sydow, who remained unpopped, was held in high esteem by his fellow actors who found him a much-needed calming influence.

That such a need existed was the great irony of *The Greatest Story*. In many respects the movie proved an actors' purgatory. The trouble resulted from the pressures that inevitably arise in the creation of a Hollywood epic. There was much cast unrest as a result of the forbidding climate and locations. Wahweap, Utah, where the Palm Sunday scene and other sequences were shot, turned out to be a settlement of rattlesnakes and gila monsters selected by Stevens because it looked more like the Holy Land of 2,000 years ago than does the Holy Land today. But some of the actors' discontent was in reaction to Stevens, who proved a tough taskmaster.

A glum, heavyset man in his 50's, Stevens is known as a cutting-room director who takes a long time to set a scene, and then shoots it from every possible angle. This gives him maximum choice when he edits the film. One player who worked with Stevens in another film says, "He figures if he shoots enough, there's bound to be something usable. But to an actor, this approach is not very flattering."

When shooting started last year, Stevens lacked any sense of urgency. "We will take as much time as we need, and the picture will cost what it will cost," he predicted with confidence. He spent three weeks in Utah in November filming the baptism by John, and another three weeks in December on the raising of Lazarus from the dead. For the first scene Charlton Heston, cast

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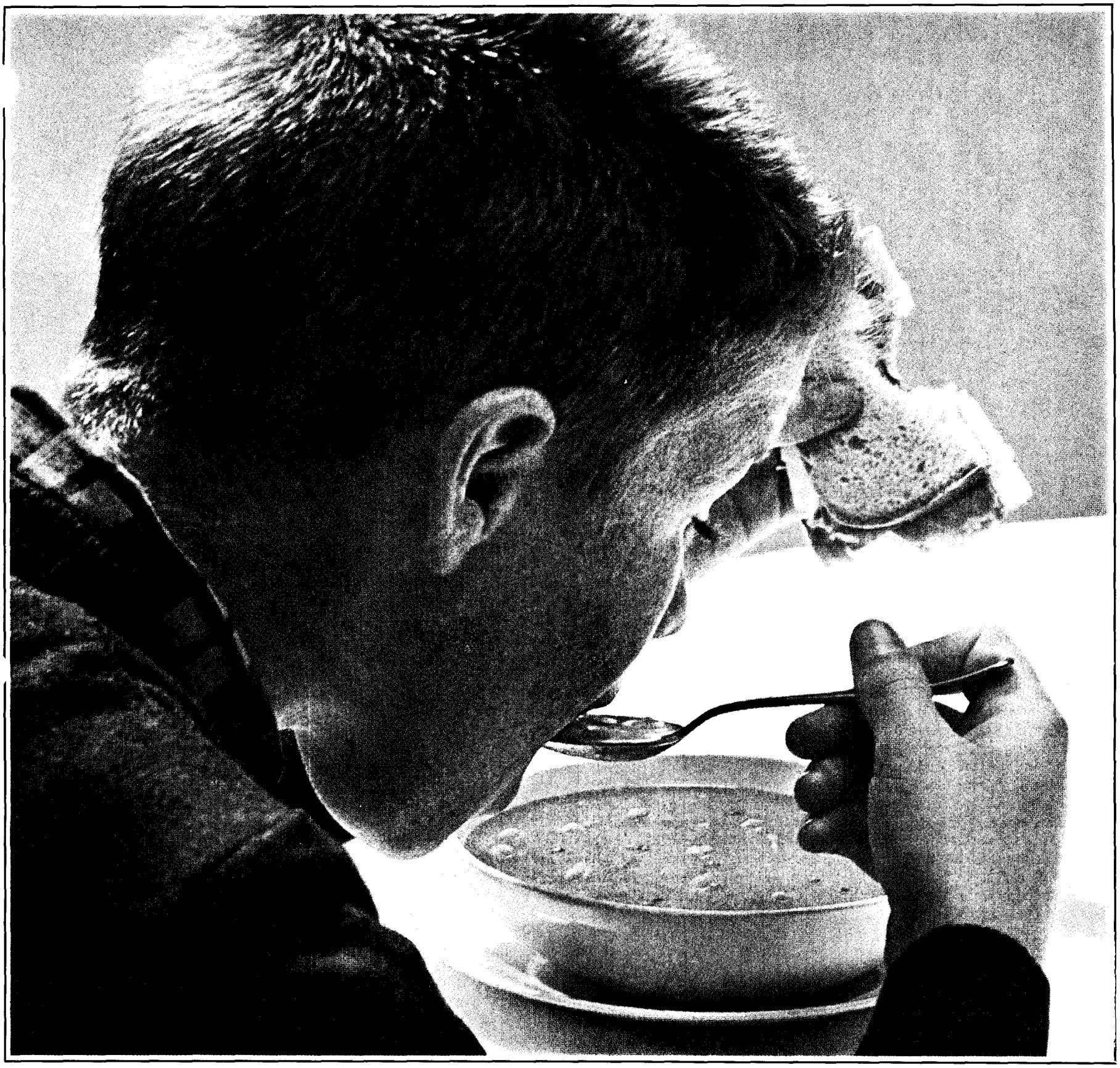

How to keep a dynamo running:

Bean with Bacon Soup and a sandwich (M'm! M'm! Good!)

Have you a never-still-a-minute youngster? Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup with a sandwich for lunch gives him the nourishment he needs for his busy afternoon. For he gets meaty pea beans in that wonderful soup, with bits of smokehouse bacon. (Note: It takes you just 4 minutes to heat Campbell's Soup for your own dynamo.)

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More than 30 kinds

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Stevens, currently editing more than a million feet of raw film at a studio in Culver City, Calif., predicts that "The Greatest Story Ever Told" will irritate ultraconservatives of many religious faiths.

as John the Baptist, spent much of the time up to his waist in the 45-degree Colorado River. Heston, known as "The Moose" to fellow actors, shrugged off the ordeal. "The chariot race in *Ben Hur* was much tougher," he said.

Despite his prolonged dunking, Heston did not catch cold, but he was one of the few members of the company who did not in those first weeks. One of the actors in the Lazarus scene recalls, "We would get out there at eight in the morning, and it took Stevens until ten or eleven to set up his lights and cameras because the set got no sun. It was cold, fifteen or twenty degrees, but we would sit there and shiver for two or three hours before they were ready to shoot. We started fires, but most of us caught colds or the flu anyway. The assistant directors were afraid Stevens might want somebody who wasn't there, and they would call out everyone."

In the Lazarus scene Ina Balin and Janet Margolin were required to run down a long flight of stone steps. The steps were cold, the actresses barefoot and the temperature 20 degrees. The scene was shot a half dozen times, much to the discomfort of the by then almost numb actresses.

Some of the actors, attracted to the film by George Stevens's reputation, were surprised. Apparently the spirit of Jesus Christ did not prevail at the bargaining table. "Believe me, the contract negotiations for this picture were rough," said one member of the cast. "I took the part for the chance to work with Stevens, but so far he has spent much of his time on lighting and camera positions."

Veteran actor Van Heflin, who is playing a character called Bar Amand, offered this explanation for Stevens's working methods: "He is spending so much time on photography, lighting and design because he is telling a story everybody knows. There is no surprise ending. So he must count heavily on his production values to sustain interest. As for his work with actors, I think George Stevens is great. He discusses a part and a scene with you, but then he leaves it up to you. If he doesn't like what he is getting, he'll tell you. But he begins by assuming that you are a professional."

Many actors, however, especially those with New York stage experience, were disenchanted. As the weather grew colder in early winter, and the shooting pace slowed even more, cast morale slipped. One actor observed, "We divided into two camps—the complainers and the nongripers."

Stevens had hoped to finish at Wahweap before Christmas, but bad weather fouled his plans. As the holiday drew near, many scenes remained unshot. There were occasional snow flurries, and Stevens feared a blizzard might wipe out his shooting schedule. With one eye on the large outflow of money and the other on the relatively small inflow of finished film, concern began to mount at United Artists, distributing company for the film and one of its principal backers.

There were minor complications too. The Indians never did master the Roman-soldier march and had to be replaced by R.O.T.C. students. Mary Magdalene, played by English actress Joanna Dunham, became pregnant. Stevens had hoped to finish early with Miss Dunham, wife of London architect Harry Osborne, but that hope evaporated, and her condition became more and more apparent, even under flowing robes. "Well," sighed a Stevens assistant, "that Mary Magdalene always was a troublemaker."

Pressed constantly by these troubles and bothered periodically by ulcers, Stevens proved a somewhat testy boss. Normally even-tempered on the set, he lost his temper several times in December. He was always apologetic a few hours later, but those outbursts almost cost him some key personnel.

After a three-day Christmas break the company returned to camp, by this time called "Fort George Stevens" by disgruntled members of the company. The thermometer dipped to zero at night and rallied to a cheery 15 by midday. "I thought we were shooting *Nanook of the North*," says actor Dave Sheiner, who plays James the Elder. On January 3 the snow came—four inches of it, covering the massive Jerusalem set just as Stevens was preparing to shoot the Palm Sunday scene. Everyone in the company, Stevens included, grabbed shovels and cleared the set, but in this exertion two apostles strained muscles. Then the Indians disappeared into the desert to vote in a Navajo tribal election. The skies remained overcast and more snow threatened. On January 9 Stevens abandoned camp and returned to Los Angeles. Winging back in Constellations, the *Greatest Story* company was in low spirits. "It was Gethsemane," says Sheiner.

But back on the home lot in California, far behind schedule and pressed by the money men, Stevens gave up his "it will cost what it will cost" attitude and tripled his shooting speed. The staff was shuffled—at least one assistant director and several other aides were let go. Actors once kept on salary for scenes in the indefinite future found their sequences cut from the script and their names dropped from the payroll. Expenditures for sets at Pyramid Lake, Nevada, where Stevens was to film several Sea of Galilee sequences, were slashed. Filmings of the Ascension and the Sermon on the Mount, shot at Lake Moab, Utah, were completed in three days instead of the three weeks originally allotted. This speedup will make it possible for Stevens, after six to nine months of cutting, to have the picture ready for release next summer.

When he returned to Wahweap late in February, Stevens finished the Palm Sunday scene and other sequences in three weeks. Despite snow, rain and severe dust storms, he zipped through the Pyramid Lake shooting in another three weeks. About three months later, on July 31, he completed the picture in Culver City, California. "This is the right pace," said actor David McCallum during those last weeks. "Things were much too slow before."

Though production finally jelled, there is some question whether the script ever did. According to Stevens, little remains of Fulton Oursler's best seller of 14 years ago except for the title and the subject. The romantic, soap-opera approach of the Oursler book has been abandoned for a less sentimentalized one. But the greatest story as it is finally told may end up suffering from compromise. Stevens found himself in conflict over controversial sections of the Gospels. On one sequence, for example, John's baptism of the Pilgrims, three different approaches were used—immersion, sprinkling and a total avoidance of the issue through photographic suggestion. The last, apparently, was shot for possible inclusion in the film to avoid offending any religious group.

Some of those who have observed both the actual shooting and screenings of portions of the film feel that it lacks tension. They say the picture is on a flat, unemotional level and that wonders may have to be performed in the cutting room to make it an exciting movie.

Stevens naturally disagrees. "I am fascinated by the Gospels," he said recently, "by the anxiety and doubt they display as well as their constant affirmations of faith. The Gospels are powerful. This story has lasted 2,000 years when few, if any, other things have. But I am not recommending the Gospels. I am not evangelizing them. I am just taking a look at them.

"I expect to annoy extremists in many religions. The ultraconservative Catholic or Protestant or Jew will not like my picture. I know the Southern Baptists aren't going to like Sidney Poitier (a Negro) as Simon the Cyrene. I'm losing some audience there. But I also know that segregationists will be reluctant to make any fight on this point. Perhaps we can make a few of them uncomfortable. I think most ministers, priests and rabbis will be for this picture. After all, what they have in common is so much more compelling than their differences. They really only disagree on the footnotes and dogmatics. They can be reached and touched by the heart of what they all believe. I hope this will do it."

Whether this will prove wishful thinking has become one of Hollywood's biggest questions of the moment. Every morning shortly after eight o'clock Stevens can be seen riding through the gates of a Culver City movie studio. There, all day and into the night, he works, cutting and editing more than a million feet of his raw film. No one, including George Stevens himself knows whether in retelling the story of miracles another miracle may be needed. THE END

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By Don Forst

When a fugitive turns to fight

Eddie Gilbert moved fast in fast circles, until the money ran out. Back from Rio to face fraud charges, he is scraping by on $500 a month and promising to pay off all his debts.

Languishing in self-imposed Brazilian exile, Eddie grieved for what might have been, studied land values and hog calling, shied away from his notorious fellow fugitives.

"Hey there, Eddie," called the uniformed chauffeur to the balding, chunky man who was moving along the Manhattan sidewalk with a rolling, athletic bounce. "Can I give you a lift?" He waved toward the empty back seat.

The man called Eddie grinned. "It's you, Frank—well . . . sure." The door opened. The man called Eddie settled back, inhaling deeply that sweet smell of leather and conspicuous consumption.

It was like Old Home Week for Edward M. Gilbert, the restless *wunderkind* of Wall Street and café society who lost his Midas touch and $23 million when the stock market doublecrossed him at a crucial moment in the spring of 1962. With that money went nearly two million dollars that Gilbert allegedly took from the company he headed in a futile effort to save his fortune.

Less than two years ago a Rolls like this one, driven by the same chauffeur, was just one bauble on the charm bracelet that Gilbert wore as president of the E. L. Bruce Co. and entrepreneur of a growing construction-materials empire. The center of his luxurious life was a 13-room Fifth Avenue apartment filled with French furniture—"All signed antiques," says Eddie—and paneled in carved fruitwood so expensive that it would have been cheaper to paper the walls with dollar bills. On those panels hung a fortune in paintings. Music was wafted aloft from a $15,000 hi-fi rig hooked into an intercom system so sensitive that Eddie in the parlor could hear his beautiful wife Rhoda being zipped into a Paris gown in the master bedroom. There was a staff of six, including the maid whose sole function was to tend to Gilbert's wardrobe, as well as such part-time, free-lance status symbols as the wine expert who toured France to stock Eddie's cellar; the $50-an-hour psychiatrist who helped him adjust to the rigors of this life; the masseur who tended to Eddie's muscle tone three times a week, and the speech teacher who worked to improve Rhoda's Bronx accent.

Summers, the whole entourage—except for the analyst—shifted operations to the Gilbert chateau at Cap Martin in the south of France. There, one guest recalls, "it was open house just about every day with a jazz band for luncheon dancing at the pool and an orchestra at night. . . . It was a motel for the jet set, and Edward had to be introduced to his own guests." Yet he was delighted to run a way station for sycophants and continent hoppers, and was hurt when some people called him a crass climber, a real-life Great Gatsby. "Names and titles never meant anything to me," he says. "Rich or poor, it didn't matter as long as they were amusing. I wasn't taken in."

Now all of it is gone. Gilbert today lives rent-free in a borrowed apartment with his new young Norwegian wife, Turid, a delicate-featured blonde ex-airline stewardess who is expecting their child. Gilbert's fortune, most of it on paper, is dissolved. His debts are monumental and his future includes a fraud trial scheduled this month. If convicted, he faces the possibility of years in jail.

When the stock-market plunge of 1962 wiped out the collateral that supported Gilbert's loans and sent his whole empire crashing, he boarded a plane for Brazil. What he left behind, in addition to financial troubles and an estranged wife, was the impression that he was permanently joining other fugitives from American justice—Brazil's charms include the lack of an extradition treaty with the United States. Eddie Gilbert, in fact, could have established himself easily as a wheeler-dealer-in-exile. His father is a millionaire and could have staked him to a new start.

But those who bracketed Gilbert with accused swindlers BenJack Cage, Earl Belle and Lowell Birrell did not reckon with his undeflatable ego. Brazil was merely a respite. "I needed the time to pull myself together . . . to think it all out," Gilbert explains. The first days were a blur in which he managed to gather about himself, as he always manages to do, an entourage of sympathetic listeners to hear his litany of "if only . . . if only the market hadn't tumbled . . . if only I'd pulled it off, I'd be the hero now." They were complete strangers, yet he had to tell them everything. It is an obsession with Gilbert. He loves to talk about his finances, his courtships, even his personal eccentricities—"See, I can wiggle my ears." After talking with Gilbert you feel you owe him something, if only because he has laid open his life to you so completely. Not that what he says is strictly accurate; he is often more concerned with image than with fact.

Sitting with only a beach blanket draped over his shoulders, Gilbert the exile clutched the phone like a life preserver in those first days, running up a $750 long-distance bill in a month as he called his lawyer, his family, his parents. He alternated between despair and an ironic delight at fancying himself a Hamlet in beach shorts, once *declaiming* to his Rio room-mate, British writer Stratton Smith, "Has anyone ever gone through so much?" He wanted nothing to do with his notorious fellow fugitives. When he agreed to a nighttime meeting with Belle, Eddie went to the beach rendezvous with a table knife tucked in his belt.

Nonetheless, he "began snooping around for an opportunity," Smith recalls, and "he was quite confident he could re-create his American success. The air was full of timber talk, soap-factory possibilities, discussion of land values and construction costs. . . . He learned to call pigs and was fascinated with the speed of porcine reproduction." But Brazil's *mañana* attitudes about business chilled Eddie's enthusiasm. His local masseur, Marcel, was kneading Eddie's waistline the morning Eddie told Smith, "You know, I'll never be able to stick it out here. New York's where I belong. I'm going back and face whatever's coming. When it's over, at least I'll be able to start again, among people I understand."

One hundred and thirty-nine days after he fled, Eddie Gilbert, a shopping bag in one hand, stepped out of a plane at New York's Idlewild Airport flanked by U.S. marshals and his attorney. He was immediately placed under arrest, but later released on bail. At 39, Gilbert found himself in approximately the same position in which he'd started 29 years

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earlier—living with his parents and working for his father. At the age of 10, Eddie worked after school and weekends in the family's Empire Millwork plant on Long Island, nailing together window frames for 10 cents each, often laboring in darkness with a flashlight gripped between his teeth to increase his production. "I wanted to turn out more window frames than anyone had ever done before," he remembers.

But now Eddie was burdened with unsettled marriage problems and a mountain of overdue bills, liens, seizures, legal and moral obligations. He took a selling job with the Northerlin Company, a new hardwood-flooring outfit financed by the senior Gilbert. Northerlin is a pygmy beside the company Eddie once headed, E. L. Bruce, the nation's largest hardwood-flooring firm. And certain suppliers seem hesitant about dealing with Eddie Gilbert. "I used to order $500,000 worth of lumber on credit. Now I have to pay cash—in advance," Eddie says. "I have ideas for making this go. But I need eighteen Philadelphia lawyers and seventy-five certified public accountants to check just so I can go to the john."

Gilbert flew to Nevada for a divorce. and married Turid last spring. His alimony settlement imposed even more financial burdens, but at just about the same time, Gilbert made a typically grandiose decision. Instead of fending off creditors by declaring himself bankrupt, he announced that he planned to pay back every cent he owed, including losses which were only indirectly his responsibility. "A lot of my friends lost money on Bruce when the price plunged," he explains. "One day I want to say, 'Here I am, boys; here it is; we're even.'"

To the surprise of cynics, Eddie began doing just that—starting with $50 he owed a grocer and $138 due F.A.O. Schwarz, the Tiffany of toy stores. "I had to start somewhere, so I decided everything under $10,000 comes first," Gilbert explains. "A guy in New Jersey I owed $900 allowed me $500 on a watch that had cost me $1,000." One hundred dollars a month goes to the house painter who splashed $2,300 worth of whitewash in that 13-room apartment which Gilbert has since surrendered to Rhoda—she still lives there. "I wasn't really liable for that paint job," Gilbert said, "but I wanted to be a good guy about it." He was understandably less generous about the $732,000 worth of diamonds, emeralds and pearls Rhoda took home on approval from Cartier's just before his financial disaster. (She had to return the gems.) Another $100 monthly goes to a Manhattan stamp dealer. Eddie, a demon philatelist, figures he used to spend $10,000 or so on stamps each year, paying with notes. He owed $7,000 when he fled to Brazil. "That's a lot of money for this man to carry," Gilbert points out. "On account of me his kids couldn't go to camp this summer."

Not all creditors have stood by patiently. For example, the U.S. Government has slapped tax liens totaling $3,341,742 against Eddie and his former wife, claiming $1,723,766 in taxes and interest due just for the first half of 1962.

After the monthly payments on his debts, alimony, support for his two adopted daughters, lawyers' and accountants' fees, there is $500 a month to live on, according to Eddie (who declines to break down the figures). "It used to be if anything cost less than $10,000, I'd never think twice. I'd say, 'Buy it.' I never used to carry less than $2,000 in my wallet. Now what have I got?" He riffled some bills. "Twenty-two dollars."

Circumstances, habit and the kindness of friends have left Gilbert and his wife on the fringes of the life that used to be, just off elegant Sutton Place, a few twist steps from Le Club, the ultrachic spa Gilbert helped finance. The view from the rent-free penthouse is breathtaking, but the furniture is worn, and the bed is a mattress resting flat on the floor. "Who has $300 to spend for a bed?" says Gilbert. He was amazed to learn that Macy's could supply a bed for a fraction of this.

Gilbert still has 50 custom-tailored suits—but when they wrinkle, Turid presses them herself with a little travel iron she carried in her stewardess days. Turid sent wedding-gift thank-you notes on Tiffany stationery . . . but the budget forbade engraved monograms. The psychoanalyst still minds Eddie's psyche, but without fee. "He says my case is interesting," reports Gilbert with a wry grin. The masseur whose visits once cost $100 a month says he "stops by whenever I'm in the neighborhood—for auld lang syne." The toughest habit for Eddie to break was reaching for the check. Gilbert's style as a host was legendary. Forty couples for dinner at Le Pavillon—where $100 feeds four well and two magnificently—followed by dancing at El Morocco used to be Eddie's idea of a pleasant engagement party for a friend, especially when the engagement was gobbling up space in the society columns. Now Turid is learning to cook. Eddie is learning to love Norwegian fish balls and getting used to splitting a check.

"I could keep on living on $500 a month for the rest of my life," says Gilbert, "as long as I knew there was a chance to someday do better. As long as I can keep chipping away." He seems to dread the loss of friends far more than the loss of buying power. "Tell me, do I have any friends left?" he asked the first friend who called to welcome him home from Brazil. When Eddie talks about acquaintances, he calls them friends. "I have hundreds of friends," Eddie assures you and measures shifting affection in percentiles. "I bet I haven't lost ten or fifteen percent." "Eddie was always so damn ingratiating that you never could dislike him," recalls a classmate from New York's Horace Mann high school. "He'd do anything for you."

Despite his friends, Eddie Gilbert has lost much of the café-society status he worked so hard to achieve. "I don't need all that stuff," he insists, "the charity balls every night and the 200 people for lunch. In all that crap they wrote about me in the newspapers, one thing I have to admit was true. I was running too fast. I was reckless. If I can come back from this fiasco, I know it could be different. I don't have to prove anything to the world."

Maybe he believes it. But listening to Eddie Gilbert, one has difficulty imagining him satisfied with anything below the financial and social heights. In the dark Rio days he was assuring companions, "Money is the easiest thing in the world to make." Now he says, "At times I am positive I can make it back."

But then the dreary idea of the monthly installments intrudes. "Other times I get so discouraged. There's just too much to overcome." THE END

His divorce settled, Eddie married ex-stewardess Turid Holtan in May. She does housework for which he once had a staff of six.

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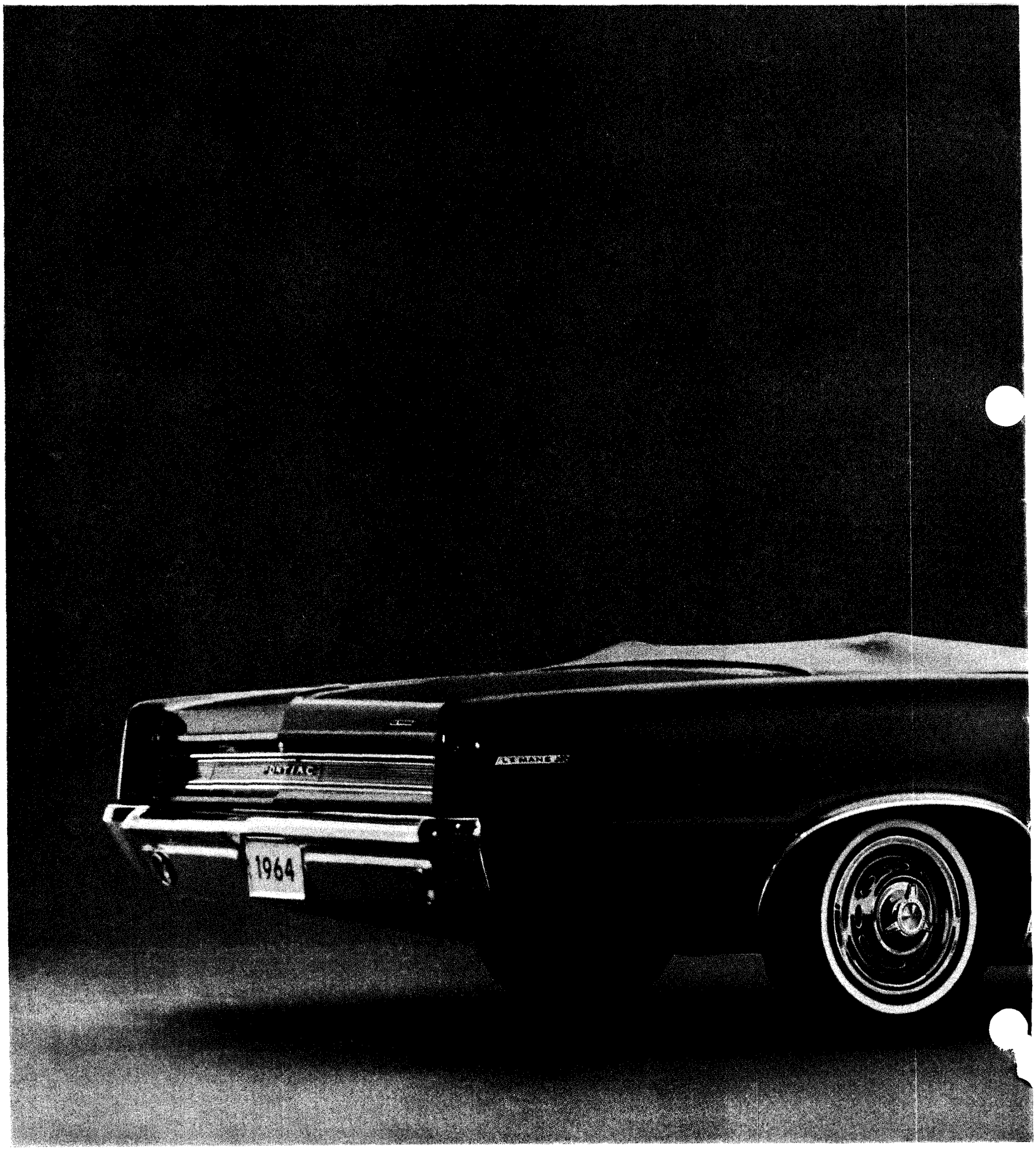
Pontiac brings out a car for the millionaire sportsman . . . and you. The '64 Le Mans.



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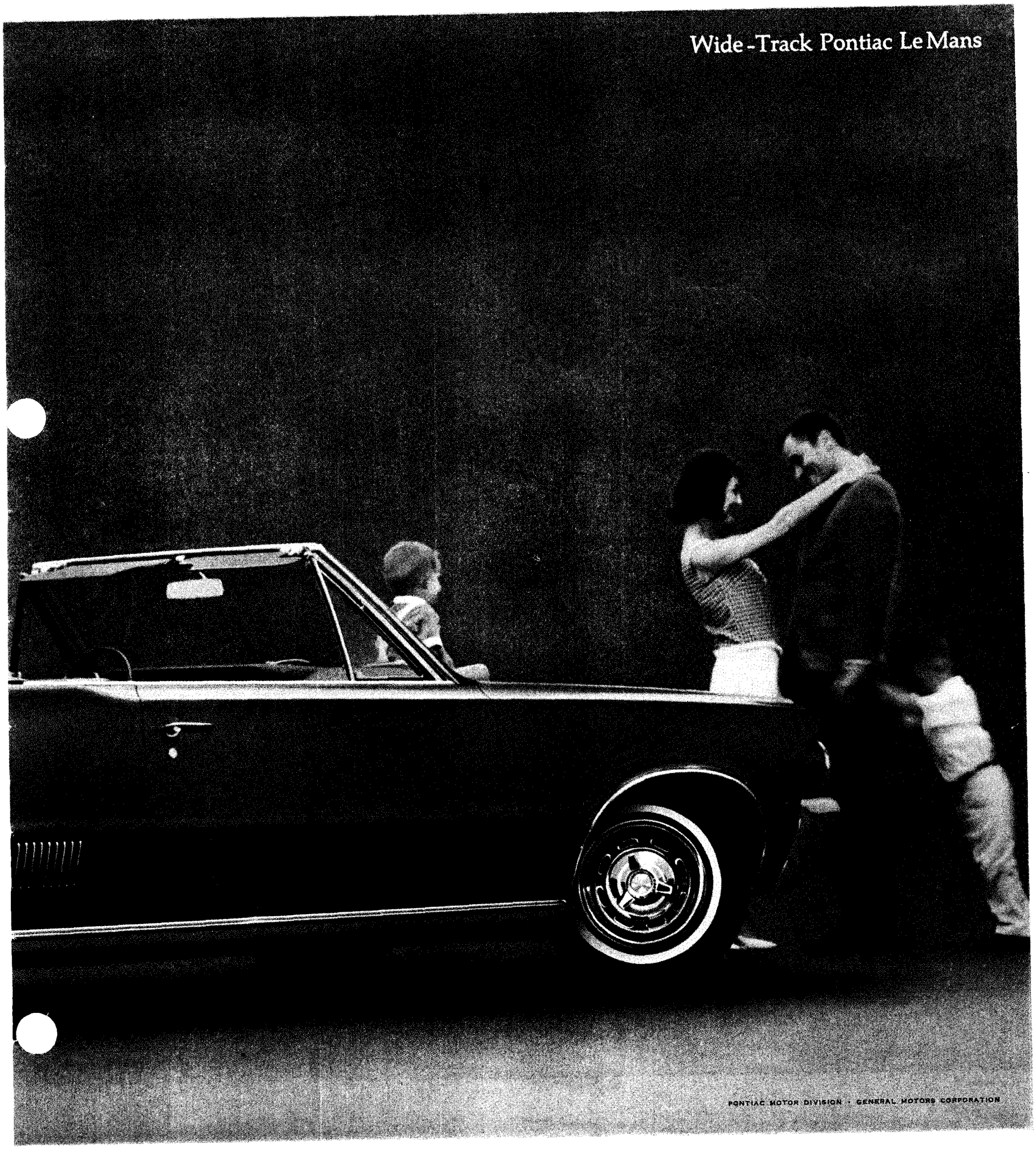

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POST FICTION

One of Ireland's leading men of letters, Sean O'Faolain is well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his short stories, novels, biographies, travelogues, and literary criticism. On publication last year of his most recent short-story collection, I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER!, The New York Times praised him as "one of the few modern writers who has a permanent, almost classic place in our literary tradition." Mr. O'Faolain, who lives in Killiney, County Dublin, frequently lectures and travels in the United States.

One man, One boat, That was One girl

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

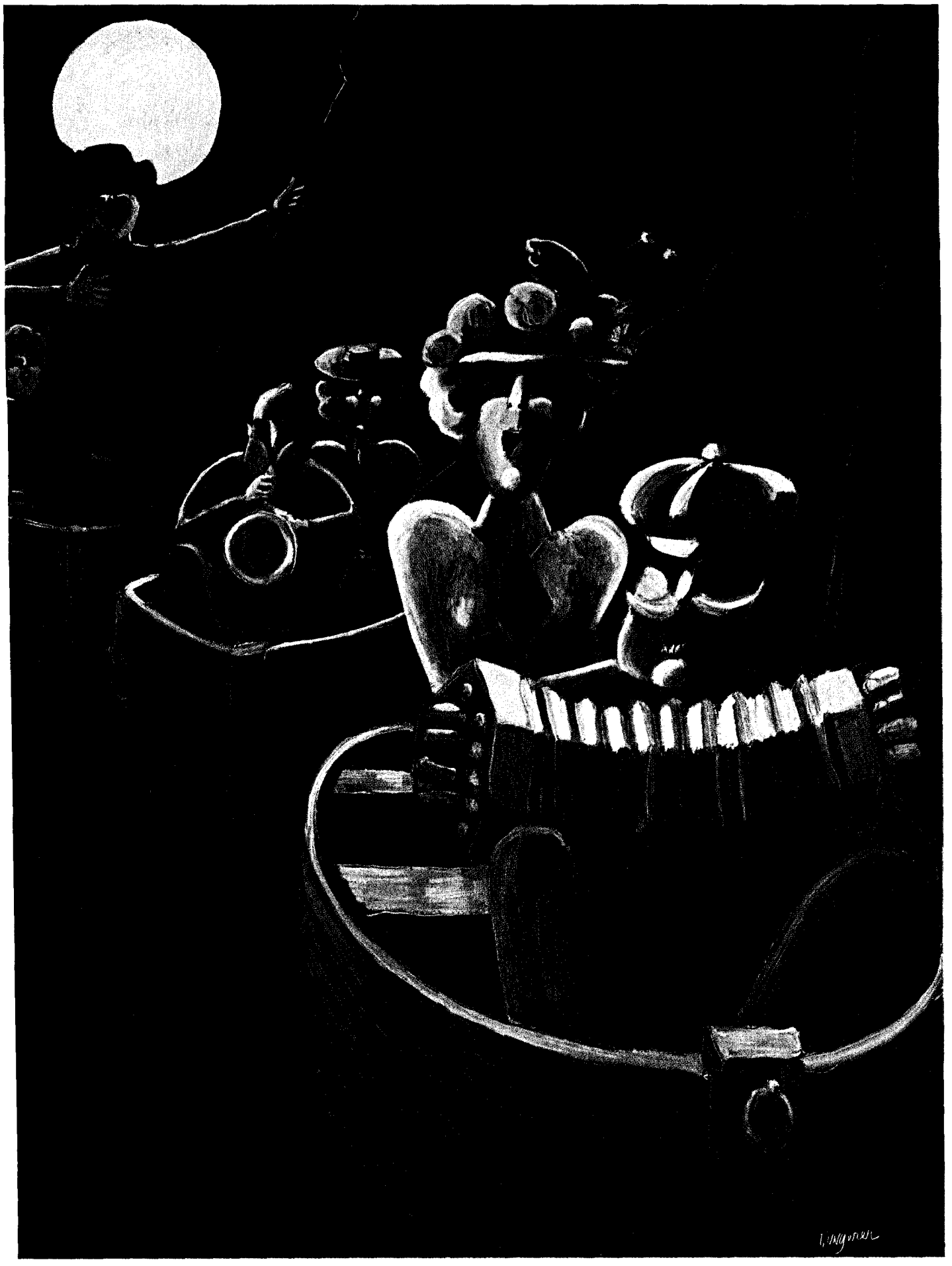

Illustration by Tomi Ungerer

The first time I met Olly Carson I was sitting on a crate with Jim Mooney in the dispatch yard of the factory during the lunch break, and each of us was holding a bottle of Guinness in each fist. We were celebrating two famous birthdays, my twenty-first and his thirtieth, and Jim was giving out the score about *Man and Superman*, his favorite antifemale tract. In those days we were so pally that we shared lodgings, although most of the fellows in the works sheered off from Jim, chiefly because he was a bit locked up in himself and had a sharp tongue, though that was only because he thought things out for himself and always spoke his mind. I used to call him T.J., short of Truthful James, and in revenge he sometimes called me S.S., short of Simple Simon, although my real name is Fonsy, short of Alphonsus Loyola, which he always said suited me so well that he ought to call me S.J., short, according to him, for Suffering Jesus! Olly came by, stopped, looked at the two of us out of his comical, gooseberry eyes, winked, pulled another bottle of Guinness out of his lunch bag, sat up beside us without being asked, and started at once on a bawdy story about a barmaid and a champagne cork. From that moment we were a fraternity. When he told us that he had only just come over from Sheffield and did not know a soul in Cork, I nudged Jim, and he looked at me. I raised my eyebrows and he nodded. Straightway we introduced Olly to the Rule of the River. One man, one boat, one girl.

The next Sunday, by way of initiating him, we sent him off down the marina while we were getting out the boats from the rowing club. In those days, before cars started ruining the roads, before outboard motors, and caravans, and cinemas, and telly, and touring buses, and Teddy Boys and all this bloody modern fal-lal, the Lee used to be full of boats every Saturday and Sunday, and the marina full of strolling couples from dawn to dark. As T.J. once said, there were as many marriages made on the marina as were ever made in Heaven.

"Why don't we fix up with the girls beforehand?" Olly asked.

"That," T.J. explained, "is on account of Rules two, three and four. Adventure. No attachments. And no regrets."

"Suits me!" says Olly, and off he went.

Within fifteen minutes he was back leading two of them by the grin. He trotted off again and he was back almost as quickly with a real dazzler for himself. After that he became the official club

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he Rule of the River, and it meant adventure, no permanent attachments and no regrets.

decoy. God knows what he had for the girls. He was no beauty. He had a pug nose and hobbyhorse nostrils. He was strong and powerful, but in a bathing suit he showed stubby thighs and legs like a grown-up circus dwarf. He had no idea how to dress—he always wore brown shoes with a dark suit, and on the river he wore his bowler hat even with his coat off. His pay packet was no fatter than Jim's or mine or anybody else's at the works. If it was not for his two rakehell eyes I do not know what he had for the women. Whatever he had, they used to swing on his arm, gazing adoringly and uncertainly into his two popeyes as if he was Rudolph Valentino in person.

"What's the trick, Olly?" I once asked him. "Do you spray 'em with Secrets of Venus out of your cuff? Or drop cigarette ash into their lemonade?"

Olly was very serious, very English, no matter what you asked him.

"I ain't got no tricks, chum," he said. "I think maybe the fack o' the matter is 've got a kind heart for the girls. They st me, see? Or maybe the fack o' the matter is I'm not afraid of 'em, like all you bloomin' Irish."

"That," said Jim—prophetically as I now see—"is where the ferryboat will leave you someday. You'd be wiser to be afraid of 'em. As Shaw says . . ."

"Oh, F. Shaw," says Olly.

"I beg your pardon," says Jim. "G. B. Shaw."

In the end T.J. decided that it was not that they trusted Olly, but that they thought he was a bit of a mug; but as he said then, regarding me pityingly, "You are a bit of a mug too, so the mystery remains."

Will somebody tell me what has happened to time? There were a hundred hours in every one of those long Saturdays and Sundays on the river. And is it only in memory that it never rains, and that all girls are game? Inside one month of that first season with us Olly knew every creek on the river, every stream on every creek, every field on every stream where you could tie up and get down to business as cozy as a squawl of kittens in a basket, in peace and joy and contentment the livelong day. In the late evening—lightsome until eleven o'clock in June—we would forgather and row home, tail to prow, like a little musical armada, T.J. swinging his old concertina, me with my trumpet—and Olly had a voice that made Caruso sound like a tomtit. When we came to the lights of Montenotte we used to wake the echoes in the hills.

I will never forget one late August night, our second season together, when we drew up for a rest opposite the old 'andon Rowing Club on the marina. 'ore you could sing A to a tuning fork e had the boys and girls creeping out of the shadows of the avenue two by two down to the edge of the quay, sitting on the limestone wall, legs dangling, chiming in harmony all the songs you ever heard out of grand opera, Victor Herbert, Gilbert and Sullivan, all those nice, sentimental, happy, pre-bloody-jazz-age songs like *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*, or *Farewell My Own, Light of My Life, Farewell,* or *Home to Our Mountains*, or

The moon has raised her lamp above,
To light the way to thee, my love . . .

The night came down like a curtain over the elm trees. Across the river the engine of the last excursion train from Youghal was blowing sparks up to the stars. The excursionists were waving their handkerchiefs out of the windows like mad. And the lights in the hundreds of houses up on the hill were dancing like fireflies. It was near two in the morning before we got home. We had to hire an extra jaunting car and dump the girls on tiptoe, one by one, fifty yards from their doorsteps and their frothing fathers. We never saw them again. *No attachments. No regrets.* No wonder you get all those angry young bums nowadays. They never knew how happy the world was between the two wars. Heaven!

We had three good summers of it—and then the inevitable *femme fatale!* It was a Sunday morning, blue sky, wind from the southwest, boats almost ready—rugs, grub, cushions, concertina, trumpet—and T.J. was just about to say to Olly, "Off you go, boy, collect the flesh!" when Janey Anne Breen hove into view. I knew her slightly through a third cousin of mine, a very pretty girl named Fan Looney—the two of them used to go off together once a week saving sinners with the ladies' Saint Vincent de Paul Society. Without thinking, I said, "Hello, Janey Anne!"

"Good morning, Alphonsus," says she. "Off for a little row? Very good. Very healthy."

I introduced the boys, we chatted for a bit, and before I could warn Olly he did it. It must have been pure reflex action because she had, and still has, a thin hardbeak smile, mousy hair as dry as a Temperance Club cat and crimped like corrugated iron, two peg legs the same width all the way up stuck into size-eight shoes black and squat-heeled, with big, black bowknots, and she was wearing, as she always did—and when I saw her the other day she still was wearing it—an electric-blue frock that T.J. said always made him think of methylated spirits. If she had anything at all it was her two goofy eyes, sweety, softy eyes, twice their natural size behind her thick, rimless spectacles, and the two big front teeth lying white and wet on her lower lip as if she was always saying, "Fuf-fuf." Whatever made him do it, Olly slips his arm around her waist and says, in his best Harry Lauder accent, "Coom' on, lass, what about a kiss and a squeeze for poor old Olly, eh?" She gave him a crack across the puss that you could hear echoing across the marina half an hour after, and off she stalked, nose and specs in the air, her heels digging holes of anger in the ground, and Olly picking up his bowler hat off the grass and gazing after her with his mouth open, and T.J. in the splits of laughter.

T.J. always had a very strange way of laughing. He used to bend over as if he was trying to kiss his knees, his hands trailing to the ground, for all the world like a cow laughing at a pound of butter. That was the way he was now, and me leaning across his back, patting him like a baby with the hiccups. As soon as he could talk he explained matters to Olly.

"No, Olly, no, boy! Not with black shoes and bowties to them. Not with specs. Not with a Child of Mary medal around her neck. Not with a brother a priest and a sister a nun. And no mother!"

"Nun?" he says. "You mean locked up for life in a bloomin' convent?"

"That's the idea," I said. "And if somebody doesn't pick Janey Anne up very soon she'll be locked up in about a hundred yards of nun's veiling. She's a good girl, Olly. G-o-o-d. One of those girls you read about in ancient books."

He stared after her, gargling.

"Pure," says T.J., "as the driven snow. Now off you go, Olly, like a good boy, and find us a couple of nice bad girls like you always do. Young and tender and jumping like April lambs."

He trotted off after Janey Anne, caught up with her, and took off his hat and began adulating in front of her.

"For God's sake," says T.J., watching him, "surely he's not trying to persuade that stick to come on the river with him? She must be turned thirty if she's a day."

We watched the two of them walking away from us along the path, Olly with his hat in his hand, angled sideways towards her, bowing like a shopwalker, and her ladyship talking down the side of her arm at him as if she was ticking off a bold, bad doggie. They went on, and they went on, along the path, under the trees, around the bend of the marina, out of sight. We sat down to wait. After half an hour T.J. jumped up and said angrily, "Come on. We'll take one boat between us."

We rowed down the river, not speaking, until we passed the end of the marina. I was stroke. I said over my shoulder, "Do you see what I see, Jim?"

The two of them were sitting on the last bench of the marina and they were laughing.

"So be it!" says T.J. "He can have his attachment. And his regrets."

"We might have a few regrets too."

"You're young, boy. You'll find you get over these things."

I could not see his face but I did not like his tone. He sounded like a bitter man.

They were married that July, and I had to drag T.J. to the wedding, the usual hole-and-corner affair in the presbytery, Olly being a Presbyterian and sticking to it; and after the honeymoon I had to drag him with me to visit them in their little garden flat on the Lower Road, a bare hundred yards from the river. I think T.J. came only because it was a damp night and he had nowhere else to go.

"Anyway," I said as I squeaked open the garden gate, "it's only polite. This looks like a cozy little love nest."

"Says the setter to the snipe."

He was just after buying a purebred golden-setter pup named Babs, spayed.

"I bet you tuppence we'll have to leave Babs outside," he said. "And I bet you we won't get a drink either."

When Janey Anne opened the door—specs, bird's eyes, wet teeth, electric-blue dress—an old black mongrel cocker ran out, and in a second the two dogs were at it. She retrieved the mongrel.

"Come to mumsy-wumsy," she says, almost suckling him. "Poor little Charlie-Barlie. Bold, bad, foxy dog! Boo!"

"Bitch. I mean Babs," says T.J. coldly.

Olly was behind her, grinning. "Charlie's a present from an old admirer," he says, with a lewd wink.

"Oliver!" she upbraided. "He is not. Charlie-Barlie," she explained primly, "was left in my care a year ago by an old friend who had to go to sea."

Olly pinched her behind. "Hoho! Old friend! Haha!" and he winked at us again.

We had to leave Babs outside, tied to the railings.

"Won't you wipe your feet?" she begged. "I did the lino today."

We could smell it. Brand new, red roses climbing all over golden latticework. She had the Infant of Prague on the wall with an electric bulb glowing in front of it. She had a holy-water font on the wall too. For spite, T.J. dropped his cigarette ash into it. The little parlor was as neat as an altar. They sat on each side of the fire, and T.J. and me sat on a new settee against the opposite wall. Olly produced two bottles of Guinness and poured them for us. She took away the bottles and the corkscrew and we knew that was that.

"Well," I said, friendly-like, "and how did the honeymoon go?"

"Guess where we went?" Olly grinned.

"London? Isle of Man? Killarney?" Olly grinned a "No" to all of them. "Southend? Brighton?"

"We took a rowboat and set off to explore the river. Lots of nice little cozy corners down there, eh?" He clicked his tongue and raised shocked eyebrows.

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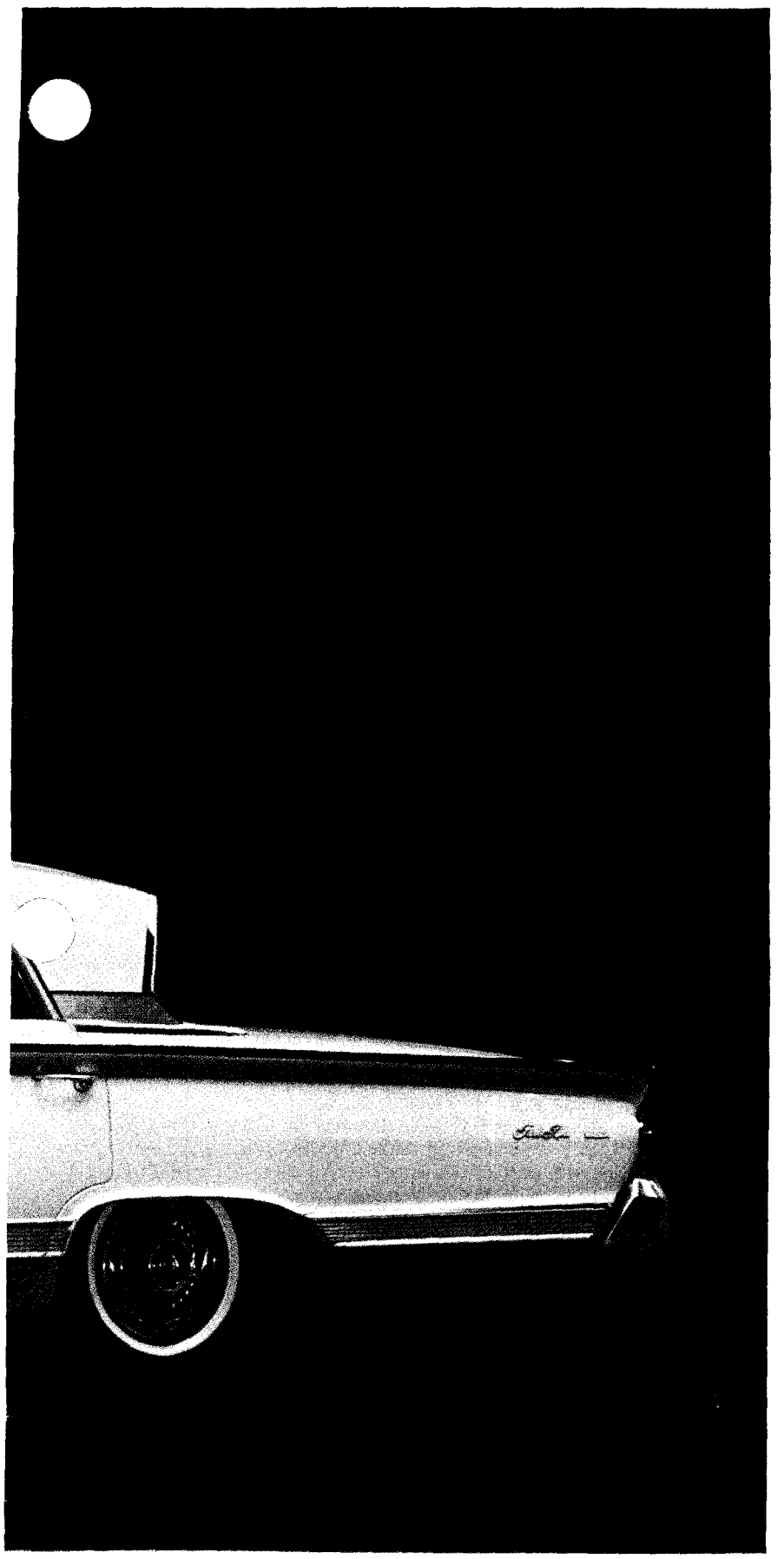
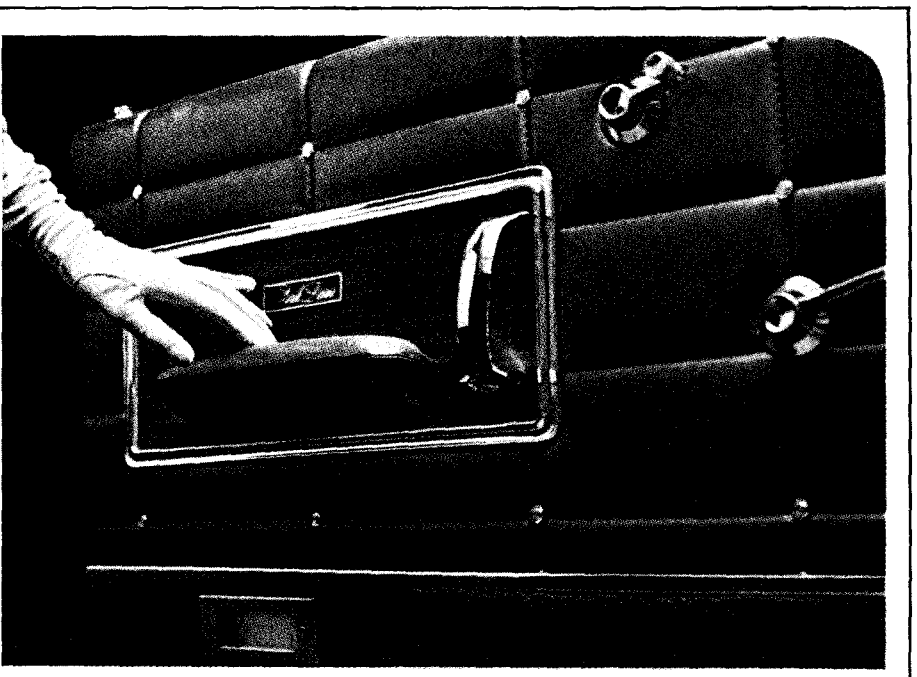
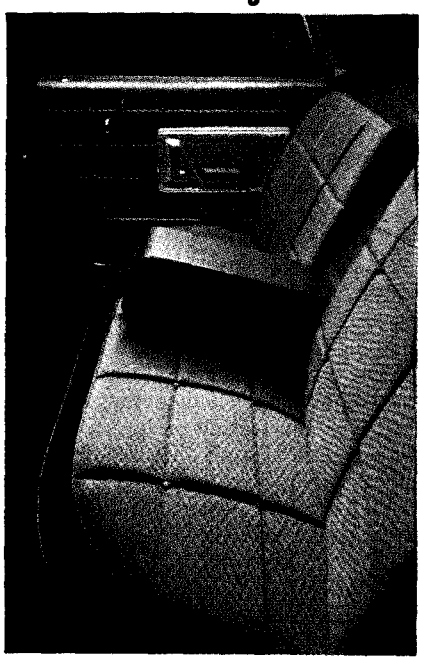
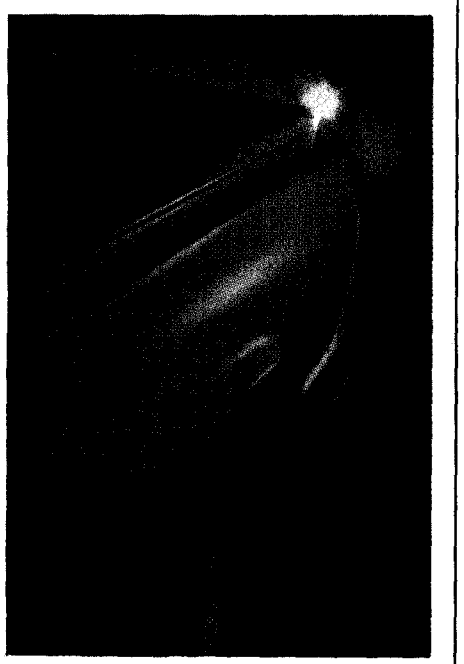




Unusual luxury



Unusual room



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ONE MAN

"Oliver!" said Janey Anne, and we knew that he had told her all. If T.J.'s slow smile was a knife it would have cut his jaw off.

"Nice time?" I asked Olly, and his tone changed.

"So so!"

"It rained," she grimaced.

"A little accident," he gestured.

"Oliver rocked the boat," she said and glared at him.

"As a matter o' fack, poor little Janey fell into the river. She got a bad cold. She lost her glasses. So we came home."

Jim made a very sad face and looked very happy. Then he slowly began to go as white as cheese, because Olly had started in on the story of the blind salesman who met the deaf prostitute. This was always a thing about T.J. Any story you liked among men, but a single off-color word in the presence of women made him go white with anger. I looked at Janey Anne. She was chuckling. Olly finished his yarn, winked at me, and looked expectantly at Janey. Her face at once did a quick curtain and she said severely, "Oliver!"

He guffawed. His gooseberry eyes rolled in their sockets. He said, "Did I ever tell you the one about the barmaid and the champagne cork?"

"Yes," said Jim like a bullet.

That did not stop Olly. Again Janey Anne gurgled until Olly finished, winked, waited, got his "Oliver!" and guffawed happily. He then started in, at length and with detail, on our river days. T.J. looked four times at his watch. He held his empty glass between his clasped hands as if he was trying to press it to bits. Janey listened, radiant until it was all finished with Olly singing our barcarole, *River girls, O river girls, How we love your dancing curls,* and then she snapped down the black curtain and said to T.J., "I think you have been a bunch of very bad boys, Mister Mooney. I am really shocked at you. After all, you are older than Oliver, not to mention poor Fonsy there, and he's only a boy."

Oliver, lolling in his armchair, beamed at us both. His beaming face said it for him: "Did you ever in all your life see such a sweet little girl as I found?"

When we at last got out of that flat, Jim untied the setter without a word, and he did not say a word until we were back in our digs, him sitting on his bed, and me looking at the rain flecking the window, thinking of a wet Sunday, a couple of years back, when I was on the river with that pretty girl Fan Looney.

"Well?" said Jim at last. "What are you thinking about?"

"Me?" I said, looking away from the rain on the window. "Nothing!"

"Damn it," he snarled, "you must be thinking something!"

"Very well," I laughed. "In that case tell me what was I thinking?"

"How the hell do I know what you were thinking?"

"Then I don't know what I was thinking either."

"So you admit you were thinking?"

"T.J.," I pleaded. "Come off it."

"And you were looking at me!" he growled.

"I was not looking at you! I'm sick of looking at you! Do you think I'm in love with you?"

"Oh! So you were thinking about love?"

"T.J.! Are you going slightly daft?"

"I got over that stage years ago. But *I'll* tell *you* what *I* was thinking. I was thinking, Why is it in the name of all that's holy that fellows see things in girls that simply aren't there? And that's what you were thinking too! Whether you know it or not."

"Tell me, Jim," I said, to pacify him. "Why *do* we see things in girls that aren't there?"

He whispered across to me: "Because they aren't there!"

I began to think that maybe he really *was* going a bit daft. I started looking again at the drops of rain on the pane.

"Well?" he said, after another while. "Why don't you say it straight out?"

"Say what straight out?"

"What you're thinking."

"I'm not thinking! Unless," I said, on an inspiration like, "maybe I was thinking, Why do girls see things in fellows that aren't there?"

"You're a flaming liar! You were thinking no such a thing! You were thinking, When will I start seeing things in some girl that aren't there? And that's why you were looking at me."

I laughed very loudly at that, because it *had* crossed my mind that it was a funny thing that he had never married.

"And," he said, very solemn-like, "I'll tell you another thing I was thinking. It won't be long before I see you starting to see things in some girl that aren't there. If you haven't started doing it already."

At that I peeled off and went to bed. So did he. I stayed awake for hours listening to the rain, and I could tell he wasn't asleep either.

After that night Jim could not be kept away from Olly and Janey. Once a week, at least, we would tie Babs to the railings, ring the bell, wipe our feet, sit on the settee, accept our glass of stout and, as Jim put it, wait for Olly to start unveiling. He was right—it was just like an old-time music hall. Enter Sheffield's Casanova, the historian of the river and wily ways. Loud guffaws. Black curtain. Enter Professor Oliver Carson as the warm admirer of Little Tich, George Robey, Lord Beaverbrook, Chief Scout Baron Baden-Powell, Marie Stopes, Stanley Baldwin and Eamon de Valera. Bright lights. Drum rolls. Enter Olly in a check jacket, straw hat, white trousers and mallacca: "Did I ever tell you the one about the absentminded professor who took his dog down to the garage to be oiled and greased?" Guffaws. Black curtains. Enter The Confirmed Pacifist: "Let me ask you a question, sir. If you was to say to me, 'What would you do if you saw your sister being raped by a German?' what would I answer you? I would answer you, 'I ain't got no sister! That's my wife!' Hahaha!" Oliver! Black curtains. Enter John Calvin and the entire Presbyterian Church, announcing the doctrine of the salvation of the elect, which, so far as I could make out, included everybody in the world except the foreman of the works and the population of Germany. To that particular shebang Janey Anne could only respond with small, gasping noises.

Jim would come away either in a daze of silence, or asking the same question in a variety of ways. What did I think of *that* performance? I answered him once and only once. I said that I thought Olly was being very honest with her, that he was laying his soul open at her feet, and that it was very noble of him. I thought Jim would strike me with the setter.

"Honest!" he roared at me. "Noble! Do you want to drive me mad? Well, that's the end of it. I'm finished with him. If that's what you think he's doing, I'm never going to put my head inside that madhouse again. For the first time in my life I'm actually beginning to sympathize with that eedjut of a woman. I'm honestly beginning to conclude that the unfortunate woman is so bewildered at finding herself married to that roaring lunatic that she'll either sink an ax in his head or end up raving in a padded cell."

The week after that Olly unveiled in a way that dumbfounded the three of us. He revealed that he was a Freemason, that his father was a Freemason, and that not only had he been a member of a Sheffield lodge but that the first thing he did when he landed in Cork was to join the local lodge. I looked over at Janey Anne, and by the fright in her face I saw that, like us, this was the first she had heard of it. As if I was inside her head, I could feel the rats running around in her brain: secret society, condemned by the Church, enemies of the Vatican, Grand Orient, goats and devils, Black Magic, passwords and handgrips, tip-the-wink, never-know-who-you're-talking-to, red fire and dark rooms, the Lord save us or we perish, all the time unbeknownst to her in her own house, from her Olly whose jokes she laughed at, whose life she thought was an open book to her, whom she had by this time seen night after night padding around on his stubby legs in his nightshirt, and now looking at her as mild as milk, saying, "Very fine body of men. Very philantropophic. Philantropophic to everybody. Without respect to class or creed."

Jim got us out as fast as he decently could. As we untied Babs we could hear the voices inside in the little parlor. When we taxed Olly the next day about never telling us he was a Mason, he said shortly that he did not want to upset us.

"But what about Janey Anne?" Jim asked.

"Well, I've told her, haven't I?"

"You didn't tell beforehand," I charged him.

"She wouldn't have had me."

At that Jim said one of those daft things he was always saying. "She'd have had you double-quick. A brand from the burning, Olly. A brand from the burning."

We did not go down so often to the flat after that. The atmosphere, if I might make so bold as to borrow the vivid image, had changed. For one thing, the Troubles were starting, and Olly was English and she was Irish. For another thing, they could not talk about anything without her dragging the Masons into it. A sign of it was that Olly had got hold of a little toy Union Jack, the sort you might put up in front of your motor-car if you were daft enough; and she had bought a little toy papal flag, yellow and white, and they had stuck the two flags into vases on each side of the mantelpiece. All they had to do then was to look at one flag or the other and off they were, hammer and tongs. If we walked into the middle of one of these arguments, they barely took time off to greet us, and Olly would draw the two bottles of stout, hardly looking at what he was doing.

"England," he would say to her, hauling at the cork, "is My! Country! Right! Or! Wrong!"

"Then why didn't you fight for your country during the war?" from Janey Anne, knowing he was a pacifist but never afraid to hit below the belt.

"I 'ave my convictions," he said. "And I stand by 'em."

"Ha!" she said. "Locked up in your bedroom drawer in tissue paper. Your little green-and-gold apron, with your sash, and your trowel and your secret book of the devil's rules!"

When she talked that way, as T.J. said afterward, she looked like Bluebeard's wife passing the locked chamber.

"Are we discussing the Empire or the Freemasons?" Olly asked politely once.

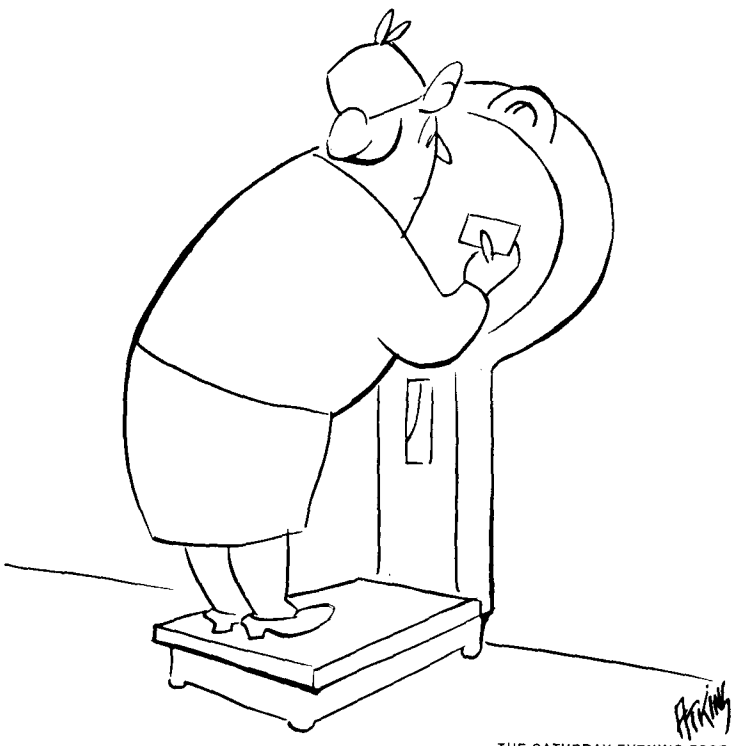
"How any men," she sailed on, "can be so ignorant, so misled, so benighted, so superstitious as to be riding a goat around a room ——"

"Janey Anne," Olly protested, "we don't go riding no goats around no rooms. You're not allowed to keep a goat in a room. The R.S.P.C.A. would be after you like a shot."

"Ye call up the devil!"

"Janey Anne! Do you really and think I'm the kind of man

"Then why don't you te goes on there?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One of you will have to get off."

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Four brand new beauties for '64! Foreground: Cutlass Holiday Coupe and Cutlass Convertible. Rear: F-85 Deluxe 4-Door Sedan and Station Wagon.

...up in size! ... All new from the nameplate back!

If action's your dish . . . if sleek lines, sweet handling and sure cornering are, too—then no "ifs" about it, the '64 Oldsmobile F-85 is made to order. Completely restyled, that's obvious. Increased in size, that's obvious, too—three inches longer in wheelbase, ten inches in overall length. More impressive, sure, *but how those extra inches pay off on the inside!* In extra head room. Extra hip room. Extra leg room for the long of limb. End of story? Far from it! Flip the hood on this F-85 beauty and you'll find more goodies: a new action-packed V-8 or a new gas-saving V-6, teamed with a smooth new transmission! Action's your dish, you say? Drive the Olds F-85. For '64, *it's a lot more car for the money!*

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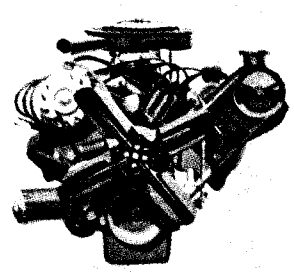

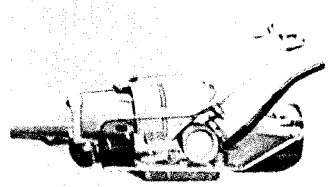

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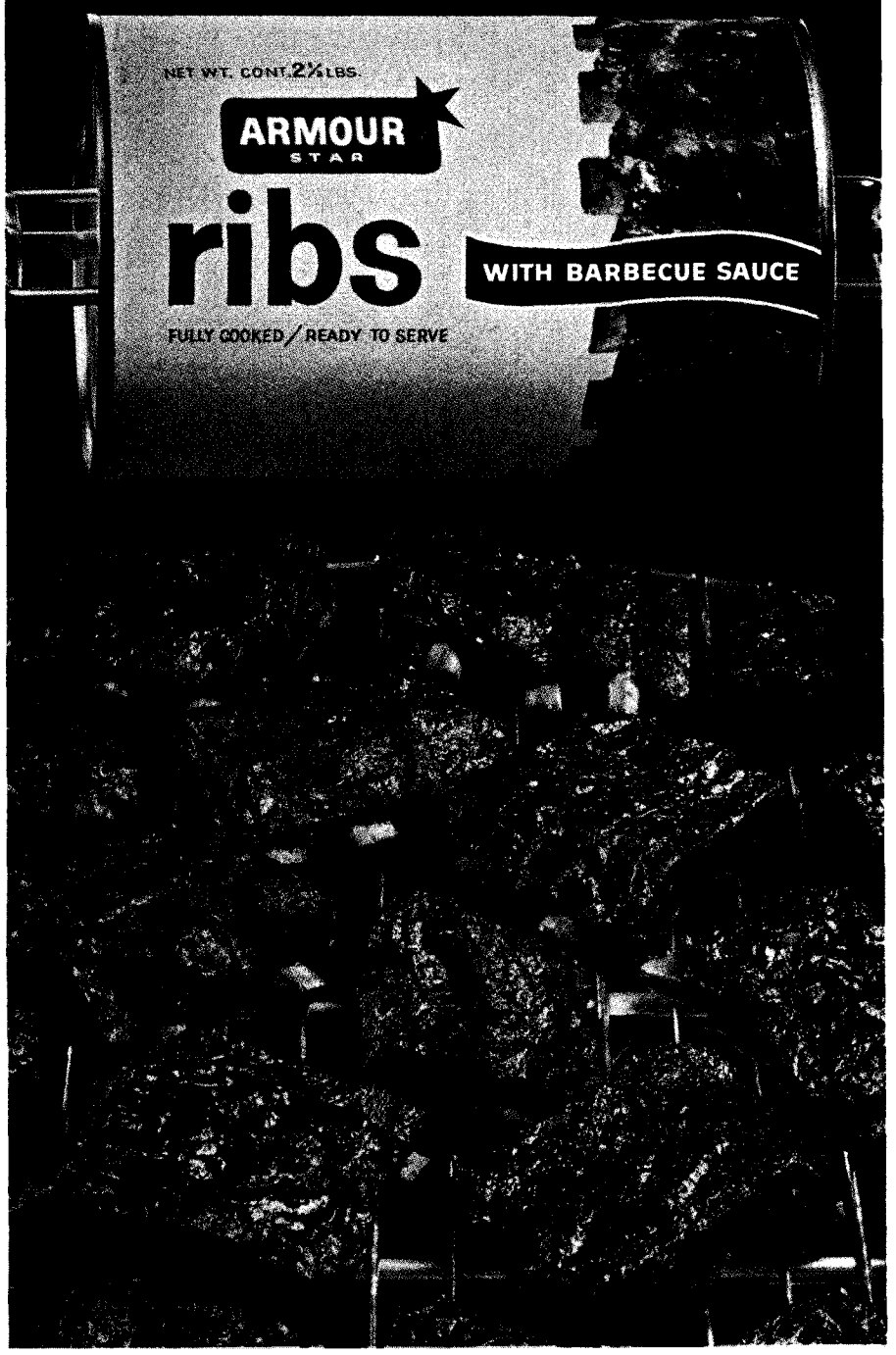

ONE MAN

Very quietly he explained all over again that Freemasonry is a purely philantropophic society. "Good works. Helping poor boys who are afflicted in any way. Orphans. Polios. Bastards. All the same to us. Each for all, all for each. Assisting one another in our private or commercial difficulties. Naturally these are things we do not wish to be discussed in public. You can see that, darlingkins, can't you?"

She looked at him, doubtfully, tight-mouth, teeth buried, eyes big as plates, and started muttering about secret societies condemned by the pope.

"Janey Anne! Don't you trust your own Ollykins?"

We could see her wavering. Then she cracked her beak on a hard, hempseed "No!"

"I think it's wicked, and sinful and evil. I don't know why I ever married a man who keeps secrets from his wife. A man with a double life. Not like other men I've known. Carol Costigan wouldn't have deceived me like this. Johnny Hartigan wouldn't have done it. Georgie Conlon wouldn't have done it. But you —— Come to mumsy, my own Charlie-Barlie," she says, picking up the old mongrel and putting her nose down to his nose. "You wouldn't deceive me like that, would you?"

"No," says Olly sourly. "Not unless he went riding a goat around a room."

"Oliver!"

"Or started wearing a little green apron like a Nancy boy. Go on, kiss him, do!"

"Don't you dare say one word against a woman's best friend! You Mason, you!"

I hated it, but Jim would always leave the flat whistling after one of these hot nights; or saying something cheerful like, "It's on the rocks! We'll all be back on the river next June."

Just before Christmas, Olly came up to me in the works one Monday morning red with pride and excitement.

"Know what's happened? I've been made master of my lodge. Elected last Friday night."

"Here?"

"Here in Cork. Wot an 'onor! My old man'll be tickled to death."

"What about Janey Anne?"

"She's delighted. She'll be at the banquet. She's gone into town to buy a frock. She's thinking of blue."

When I told Jim, he said he did not believe it. I assured him that Olly himself told me. He said he meant about Janey being delighted. After supper he said we must go down to the flat at once.

Olly was not at home, but she brought us in, gave us the two bottles of stout, so far forgot herself as to bring out two more, and started in to tell us all about it, as excited as a girl going to her first dance.

"Of course I'm going to the banquet! It really is a great honor for Oliver. And as his wife I shall be the first lady of the lodge."

"But what about the church?" Jim goaded.

"Well," she said primly, "at first, when he asked me would I sit beside him in the place of honor at the banquet, I didn't know what to say. So I went around on Saturday morning to Saint Anne's to consult Father Butts. It was he married us. He said he would have to think about it and to come back that night. When I went back he asked me why I wanted to go to the banquet. I said I was married to Oliver and I wanted to stand by my marriage vows to love, honor and obey. He said he must think some more about it and to come back on Sunday afternoon. So I went back on Sunday afternoon and he said: 'Where will this banquet be held?' I said, 'In the Imperial Hotel.' He said, 'Very well, Mrs. Carson, you may attend the banquet. The place is neutral. And the intention is to avoid domestic friction. But, after this, you must try to wean him away from his ungodly ways.' I thought he was very understanding. Even when I asked him should I tell Oliver that I had consulted him he said, 'It would be tactless and unnecessary.' I was thinking of blue."

"Your taste is perfect," Jim said. "And you are very loyal."

On our way home I told him that I was surprised at his paying her the compliment of being loyal. He explained to me that he did not mean that she was being loyal to Olly.

I think it was at the end of January that Olly came over to us one morning waving a radiogram for Janey that her father had received and sent down to them the night before. It said:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your horoscope says you should be your jovial, enthusiastic self today."

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ONE MAN

ARRIVING CORK THURSDAY NIGHT FOR THREE DAYS STOP HOSPITALITY WELCOME IF AVAILABLE STOP THREE CHEERS AND WHAT-HO CAROL.

"It's from her old boy friend Carol Costigan. A radio officer with P. and O. Wonderful man. Salt of the earth. Just back home from Hong Kong. Janey's going to get a great kick out of this, and me too. She wants the two of you to supper on Thursday night to view my defeated rival." He began to laugh like a zany. "The joke of the whole thing is Janey's like a cat on hot bricks. She never told him she's married. He's going to get a real surprise when he sees me."

We went down Thursday, we tied Babs to the railings, rang, were let in by Olly, who gave us a rather watery wink. We wiped our feet and went into the parlor. The first person I saw was a luscious blonde. Mrs. Carol Costigan. Then I saw Salt-of-the-Earth Costigan. He was about the size of a jockey, false teeth, hair going thin, and he had a bulge under each eye like a blue moon in its last quarter. Mrs. Costigan turned out to be Yorkshire and a nonstop talker with all of Olly's sense of humor. She roared at his roughest jokes, told a few blue ones of her own, and lowered her liquor like a man—whiskey, in honor of the double marriage. I will say this for Janey Anne, that she carried the whole thing off like a good sport with loud jokes and laughter about secret marriages: I-only-had-to-turn-my-back, and We-both-seem-to-like-the-English-don't-we? Olly was not taking it so well. He kept looking at Costigan and then glancing over at Janey Anne, and it was as plain as a pikestaff that he was wondering what she had ever seen in the fellow. All the same, the man was his guest, so after the supper was over he had no option when Costigan said, probably because he saw there was no more liquor coming up, "Say, chaps. Why don't we leave the girls alone for a bit to get acquainted and drop around the corner for a little bit of manly powwow and a nightcap? What-ho?"

We went down the road to the old Internationale, just where the houses stop and the river is wide open. It was a lovely calm night, with a tingle of frost in the air. The buses were like stars, and the stars were like buses. A ship went slowly chugging down the river on the high tide. For an hour it was just like the good old days, boozing there together, swapping yarns—if Olly was being a bit quiet, for him—so that I was disappointed when Jim said it was getting late and we must push off for home. On the way I said, "Did you remark how quiet Olly was? I think he's feeling sorry for poor Janey. That fellow Costigan was a terrible letdown for her before us all."

Jim snorted at me. "Simple Simon," he said.

"What do you mean, Simple Simon?"

"Don't you know a Woolworth's wedding ring when you see it?"

I tried to avoid Olly the following morning, but he stepped into line with us and came right out with it.

"I told that fellow this morning that if he and his floozy aren't out of my house when I come back tonight, I'll throw the pair of 'em out on their necks in the middle of the road."

"How did you find out?" Jim asked.

"He had the cool, brazen brass to tell me. He had the gall to think that I'm his kind of a man. All I hope is poor Janey doesn't find out. I didn't sleep a wink. I could hear her crying into her pillow. Do you know what? Her pillow was as wet this morning as if you'd thrown a bucket of water on it."

At that Jim stopped dead and doubled over, pawing the ground, and all the fellows passing by looking at him and smiling to see him laughing. Olly dragged him up and around by the shoulder. I thought he was going to hit him.

"What the 'ell are you laughing at?" he bellowed, and all the fellows stopped to look.

"Jealous!" Jim wails, between his laughs. "Jealous!"

"Janey! Of that floozy? For that rat?" Olly roared.

Jim quietened. He stared at Olly as if he had been struck dumb and then shook him off.

"Did I say *she* was jealous?" he sneered, and walked away.

We never visited them again. We did not talk to Olly for the best part of two months. I did not see much of T.J. either, outside the digs, and not very much in them. I had seen a streak of cruelty in him that I did not like. Besides, that winter I was in the I.R.A. and I was doing a special night course three times a week at the Tech, and I may as well also mention that once or twice I tried courting Fan Looney, and if I must tell the whole truth of it, she would have nothing to do with me. She said she had heard too much about my goings-on from Janey Anne. In the end it was Olly who talked to us. He came and sat down beside us one day in the canteen, his old, cheery self.

"Boys!" he said right off the reel. "My Janey Anne is one of the great women of all time. As Father Butts said to me last night when I was seeing him off at the door, 'Your wife, Mr. Carson, is a credit to faith and fatherland.' I never before realized wot comfort a troubled soul can get out of religion. It's made me think, let me tell you that. It made me ponder very seriously on a lot o' things."

"Coming over?" asks Truthful James. "And, if so, what about the Freemasons?"

"As a matter o' fack," says Olly, obviously dying to talk about it, "Father Butts is very understanding about that particular question. He opened my eyes to a lot of things I never knew about the Masons. And he opened Janey Anne's eyes too. He lent us a very interesting book on the subjeck last month, and the two of us are reading it every night over the fire. It's these bleeding Continentals that gave us a bad name. The fack is English Freemasonry is away out on its own. Special! British to the backbone! Not that I'm entirely convinced, mind you, but historically speaking . . ."

And on he went about the Scotch Rite, and some crowd called the Knights Templar, and the French Revolution came into it, and six papal bulls, and only the work siren stopped him.

"Hooked," said T.J., as we walked back to our benches. "Booked and cooked to a cinder. He'll be dripping holy medals by Easter! What a ghoul that woman is!"

Jim was wrong. That April Olly got the flu and died as he had lived, a true-born English Presbyterian. T.J. and me went down to the house for the funeral, and she brought us in to see him in the coffin. When I saw what I saw, the tears started rolling down my face. She had him laid out in the Franciscan habit, and at his head she had laid her little papal flag that used to stand in the vase on her side of the mantelpiece. I never saw any woman look so happy.

"He was a bad, bad boy," she smiled. "But God will forgive him. As He will forgive ye too. Praise and glory be to His name."

That afternoon we walked away from the graveside as silent as the grave. It started to rain and we halted under a yew. The funeral was very largely attended—Catholics, Masons, Baptists, Boy Scouts, all sorts and sizes, every class and creed, and they were scattered under yews all over the place.

"I suppose," says T.J., after a while, "we know what we're thinking?"

"T.J.!" says I, and I was wiping my face with my handkerchief. "T.J., honest

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I been telling my wife all about you, and she said, 'Al, why don't you ask him home for dinner?' It's crazy, I know, but . . ."

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She likes people

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to God. I'm not thinking anything at all, no more than that pile of old yellow bones there. And I don't want to think, because all I want to do is forget."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking that that woman fattens on guilt like a cemetery worm."

"Guilt? What has she to feel guilty about?"

"Nothing!" he shouted at me, forgetting where we were. "That's why she loves it."

"Daft!" I said, and I threw the back of my hand to him and walked away down the path. He came raging after me, he shoved me up against a Celtic cross, he put his long nose into my face and he started haranguing me as if I was his own private and personal public meeting, one hand on my chest, the other pointing, like a politician's statue, across the white headstone.

"Do we or do we not know what she did to that poor sucker lying there in his fancy dress under five feet of ground? Did she or did she not hypnotize him into thinking she was the incarnation of all goodness and virtue and that he was nothing but a Sheffield orangutan?"

"Well, Olly certainly had a very high opinion of his wife."

"Why did she do it to him? And why did he swallow it? Isn't this the one question that's been tormenting you and me from the first day they laid eyes on one another?"

"Look," I said, "all I know is that the cold of this old cross is going in through the small of my back."

He held me gripped tighter than ever.

"I have decided," he said, and his eyes were like two gimlets, "that in what is commonly called love man creates woman after his own unlikeness. In love woman is man's image of what he is not. In love man is his own creator, midwife and gravedigger, awake, asleep, dreaming or hypnotized—the way you are at this very moment—into thinking what I damn well know you are thinking, only you haven't the guts to say it."

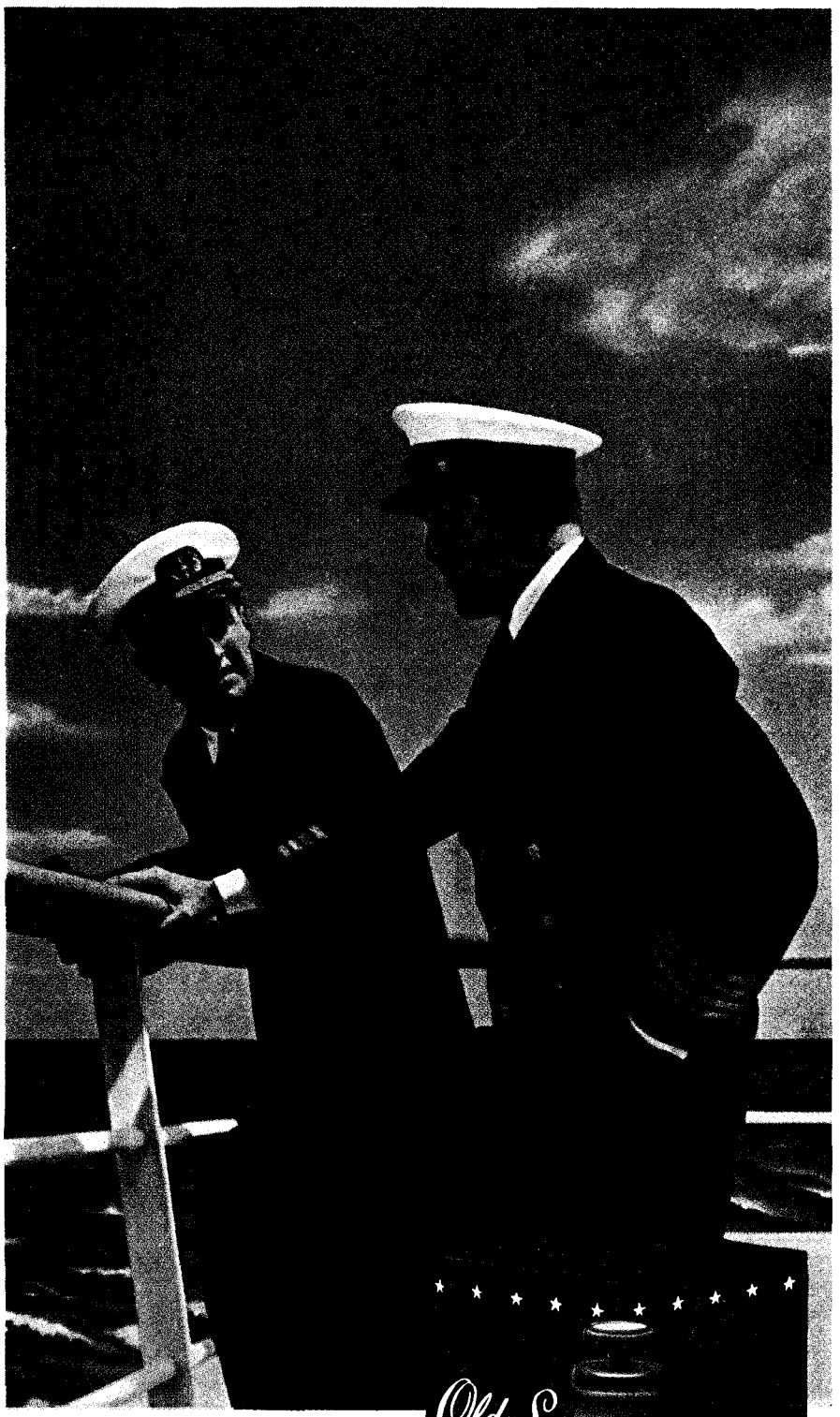
I threw him off and, graveyard or no graveyard, I let a roar out of me: "I'm thinking of nothing! And I'm proud to say I'm thinking of nothing! And I'll give you a sock in your greyhound's nose if you don't stop thinking for me. Aye, and tormenting me in the middle of my sorrow for my poor dead friend Olly Carson lying over there under a ton of earth and a pile of glass flowers."

He said, leaning one hand against the Celtic cross, sneering at me, "You're thinking of your lousy soul and of your latter end."

I can still hear the whistling of the blackbirds. I can see the sun on the raindrops of the yews, and the mourners fluffing themselves out, and the long black cloud moving like a black potlid away over the city. I knew somehow that this was going to be the most wonderful night of my life, and I began to cry rain down into the old cross at the thought of it. At that the kindness broke out in T.J., and I was never more touched by anything he ever said to me than I was by what he said then. He put his arm around my shoulder and he said, "Fonsy, boy," says he, "will you wipe your face, yeh slobbering eedjut, and stop disgracing me in the public graveyard. Come on out here to The Last Post and I'll stand you a pint of the best."

The pub was full. It is always full. We leaned on the counter, looking down into our two pints. Someone lit the gas mantle. It was like the green sea. I started thinking secretly to myself. I started thinking that no man can do without a friend, and I was thinking, wouldn't it be sort of nice, when all is said and done, to have somebody to look after me when I got old, and to lay me out when I'd be dead, with the flag over my coffin, and my I.R.A. gun lying on top of it, and the band after the hearse playing *The Flowers of the Forest*, or the *Dead March* from *Saul*. I looked up at T.J. smoking his pipe and pondering on his pint, and I confessed it to him. I expected him to bawl me out. He looked at me a bit sadly, but kindly too, like some old priest after listening to you telling him your sins. He patted me on the shoulder, and he began at me, soft, warm and kind of pleased, I suppose, that I had confided in him:

"Fonsy! There is no doubt whatever about it. You are a clod, and you always were a clod, and you always will be a clod, and it's a good job for you that you have somebody like me to advise you. A babe in arms! A poor young fellow up from the country that knows nothing about the ways of the world or the wiles of women. If it wasn't for me looking after you, you might have been hooked long ago by some vampire like that female ghoul," with a jerk of his head to the cemetery. "Sucking your blood. Leeching you like a succubus. Turning you into a



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SHULTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Right about here is where I winged one last week."

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poppet. Let me tell you this one thing, and mark it once and for all. All that every woman is waiting for is the day she can lay you out and be praying for you, and feeling good about you. They bawl you out when you're alive, and they sing your praises when you're dead. The war of the sexes is declared by women on the weaker sex, and entered into by men because we are the weaker sex. And when we're beaten to the bed—that is to say, when we think we have conquered our woman—what do we do but put her up on an altar and grovel before her, and work ourselves to the bone for her into an early grave?"

"But, T.J., what about love?"

"Love, my dear, poor boy, is a sedative disguised as a stimulant. It's a mirror where man sees himself as a monster and woman as a thing of untarnished beauty. If it wasn't for that, all men would otherwise, and normally, fear all women. You fear women, Fonsy. I fear women. But because we need them we have them. And that's where they have us, in the great and final triumph of women over men, called—by them, not by us—Happy Wedlock. Love is a prison staffed by female warders. Let me tell you, Fonsy . . ."

It went on for an hour, nonstop, pouring into me, pint after pint, like the sea into a cave. I did not understand one-hundredth part of it. But I understood enough. I understood that he was advising me to look into the mirror of my own heart and there I would see Love smiling sweetly out at me. Otherwise, once and for all, I felt a great load slowly lifting off my mind. I knew that the man was as mad as a hatter.

I went down to Fan Looney that night, and I told her all about it. When I was finished she said in her nice, sweet way that she always knew that Jim Mooney was no proper company for a nice young man like me, and if I had found him out she was very glad.

"Maybe," I said, daringly, "'tis the way I found you? Have I a chance, Fan?"

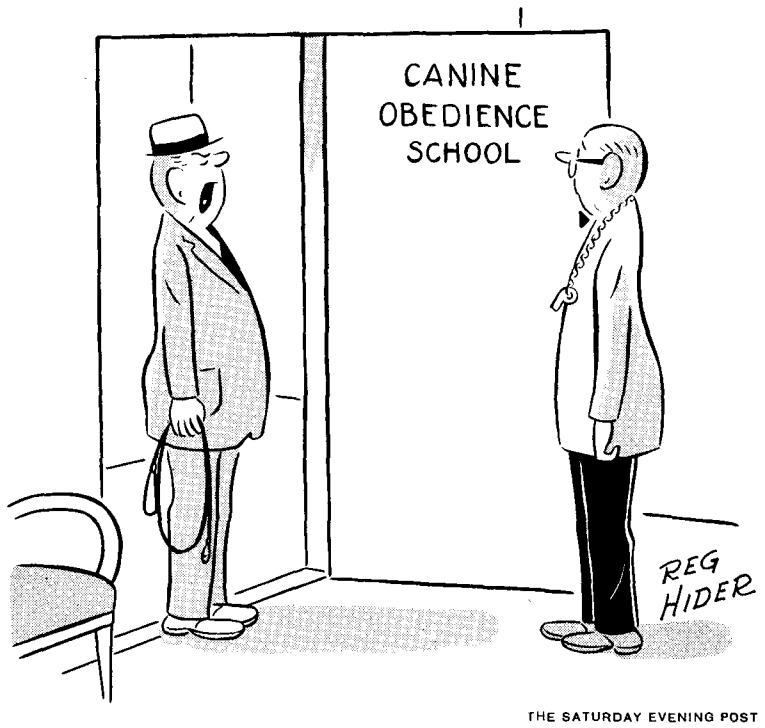
She looked at me, and her eyes filled and her voice broke.

"Oh, Fonsy," she says, "what are you after doing to me? I was a happy girl without a thought of anything in the world until you came talking to me, and now you're after turning me into a grown woman. And," she said, sobbing into my shoulder, "now you'll have to start planning."

"We will, Fan," I said, and I felt just as miserable as herself, and she made me feel an awful brute.

"You'll have to give up the drink," she wailed.

"I will, I will," I promised.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He refused to come!"

"And cut down on the smoking," she wept.

"Anything in the world you say, Fan! If you'll only stop crying."

We are settled down now. We have five lovely children. Cherubs! I'm foreman of the works now, and I can assure you I keep a sharp eye on the young fellows, for after all I know the ways of the world. Jim got another job, and for years I did not lay eyes on him until last month when I was walking down the marina one Sunday with Deirdre on my shoulder and Fan pushing little Sean in the gocart. Suddenly I stopped dead. I saw the gray-haired man on the river, pulling along at his ease. In the prow with her nose up was a red setter, and it was that made me recognize him.

"Fan!" I said. "That's T.J."

She looked and she laughed sharp-like. "The Rule of the River," she said.

It was a lovely June morning, wind from the southwest, and the ebb was with him. Very nice. He would come back on the tide. As late as he liked.

"Well?" Fan asked. "What are you thinking?"

"Ach! Nothing!"

"You were smiling," she said suspiciously.

"Was I?"

"Yes, you were!" she said and she gave me a dark look.

"I was just smiling, sad-like, thinking what a lonely poor divil he is."

We walked on. I watched him slowly pull away from us. I could not get the old barcarole out of my head. *River girls, O river girls, How we love your dancing curls. . . .*

I was careful not to smile. THE END

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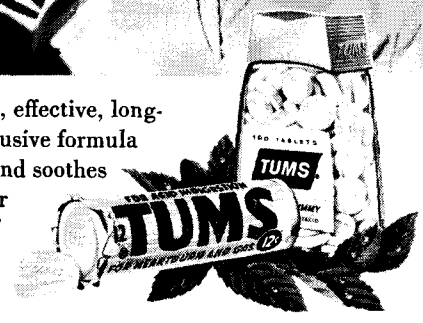

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

By RUMER GODDEN

They were pitiless children, willing to do anything—anything!—to break up their mother's love affair.

CONCLUSION

Fanny Clavering, an Englishwoman of good family, was wholly respectable until, at the age of forty-three, she fell in love with Robert Quillet, an Italian movie director. Her husband, Colonel Darrell Clavering, won a divorce on grounds of adultery. The lovers could not marry until the decree became final, but they could enjoy an illicit honeymoon at the Villa Fiorita, in the lake country of northern Italy. And Fanny tried not to think of the children she had left behind: Philippa, seventeen, Hugh, fourteen, and Caddie, eleven. In desperation, Hugh and Caddie ran away from London, found the lovers in Italy, and pleaded with their mother to return home. Trying to break up the affair, Hugh and Caddie found an ally in ten-year-old Pia, Rob's motherless daughter. One day Pia and Caddie refused to eat breakfast, lunch and dinner. They would never eat again, they said, until Rob and Fanny parted. It was a hunger strike.

At dinner that second day, asparagus, veal cutlets with lemon, fresh peas and apricot tart, Fanny could hardly get her own mouthfuls down, nor did Rob eat much.

"I told you," said Pia afterward to Caddie. "Nothing could upset them more than our not eating."

"Dear, this is a children's game," said Rob when he and Fanny were alone.

"They don't go there, and our cook would know. Nothing happens in the villa that Celestina doesn't know."

"Besides, they haven't any money," said Rob. "Pia gave me hers for safekeeping, and you haven't given Caddie any. Though, of course, there's Hugh."

"Hugh doesn't approve of the hunger strike at all," said Fanny. "But I will ask Celestina."

"No," Celestina said. The *trattoria* had sold nothing to any of the children. She was sure they had had no food from anywhere.

Celestina tried leaving a plate near them, not when Caddie and Pia were together, when they were alone, which was more subtle: an omelette sizzling gold, ham sliced on a bed of lettuce, a meringue with cream. "I no tell," Celestina would say and disappear, leaving them to temptation.

"Exactly what the devils did to Saint Anthony," said Pia.

"Celestina isn't a devil," said Caddie wistfully. "She's kind. Perhaps she really wouldn't tell."

"Oh yes she would. She would go straight and tell."

Caddie knew Pia was right, and the plates were left, not one mouthful touched, not a bite. "*Neppure una briciola*," Celestina would tell Fanny in a kind of triumph.

At first Celestina had felt slighted. "*Due ore per fare le lasagne*," which Pia told Caddie meant, "Two hours to make that pasta."

"Then children's games can be extraordinarily cruel." Fanny's eyes were filling.

Rob swore. "You must ignore them, Fanny. They'll never be able to hold out."

After breakfast was refused the third day, he said, "They must be getting food from somewhere."

"Where?"

"In the *trattoria*?"

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Illustration by Des Asmussen

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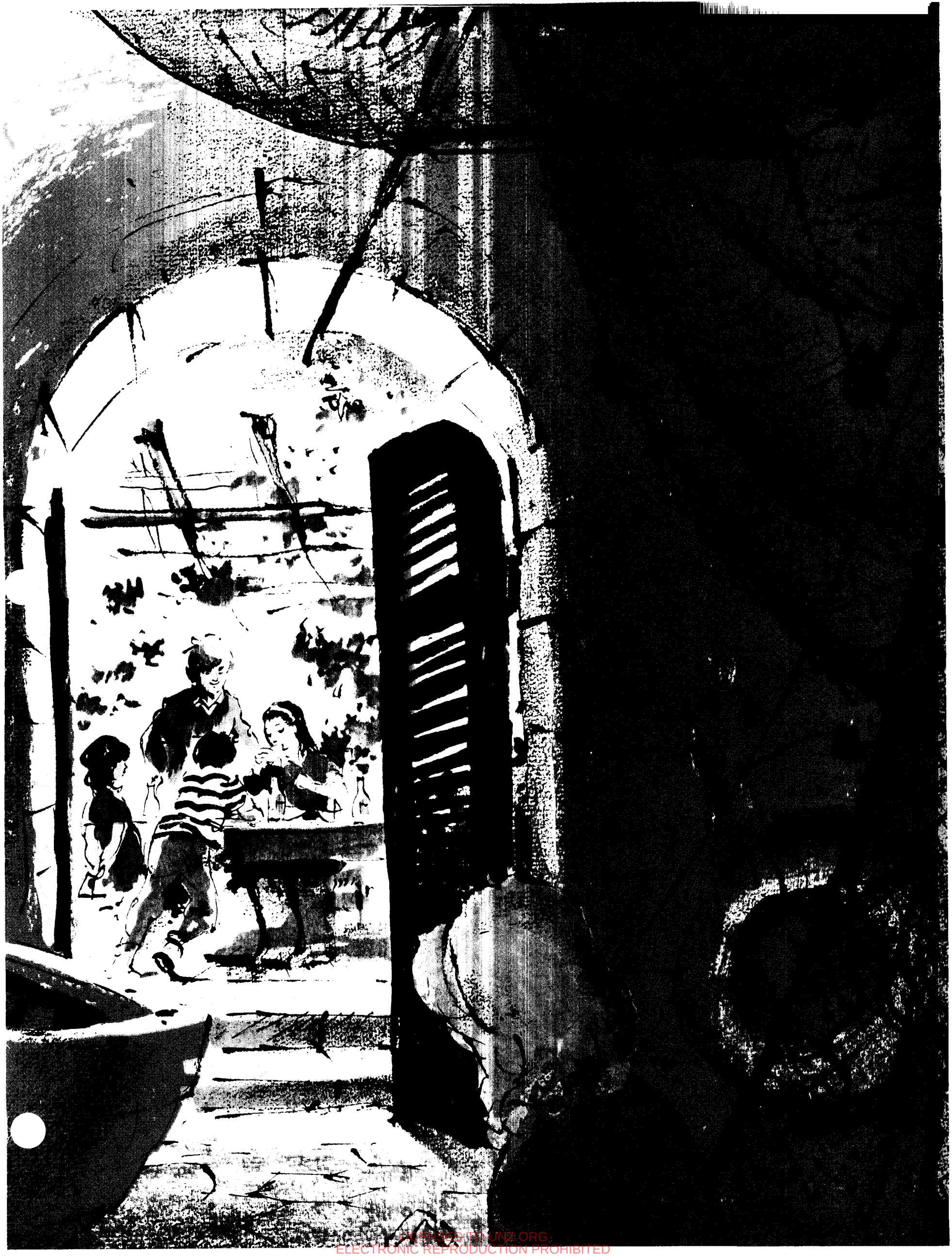

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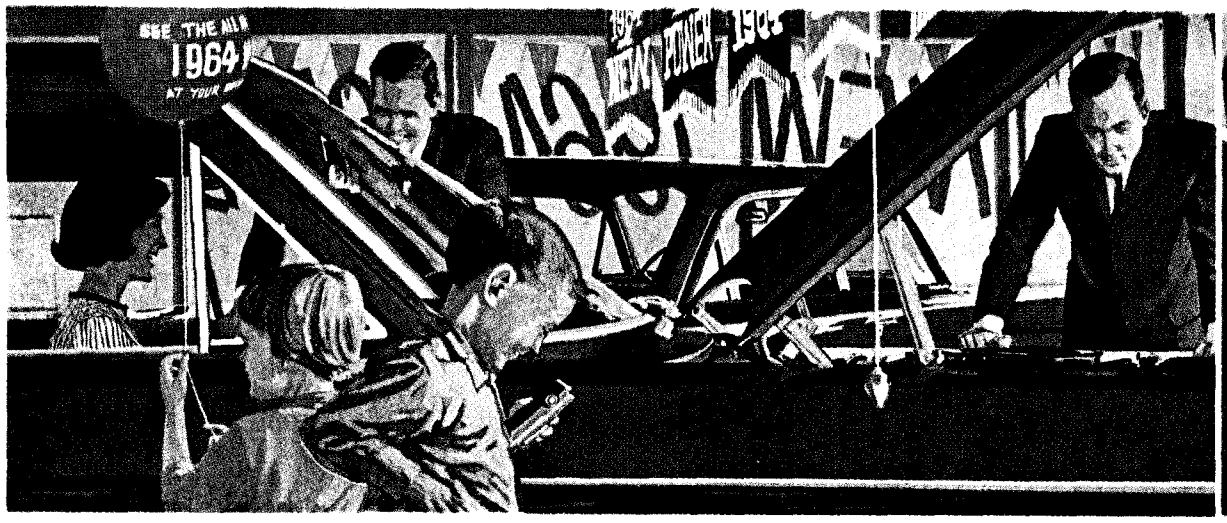

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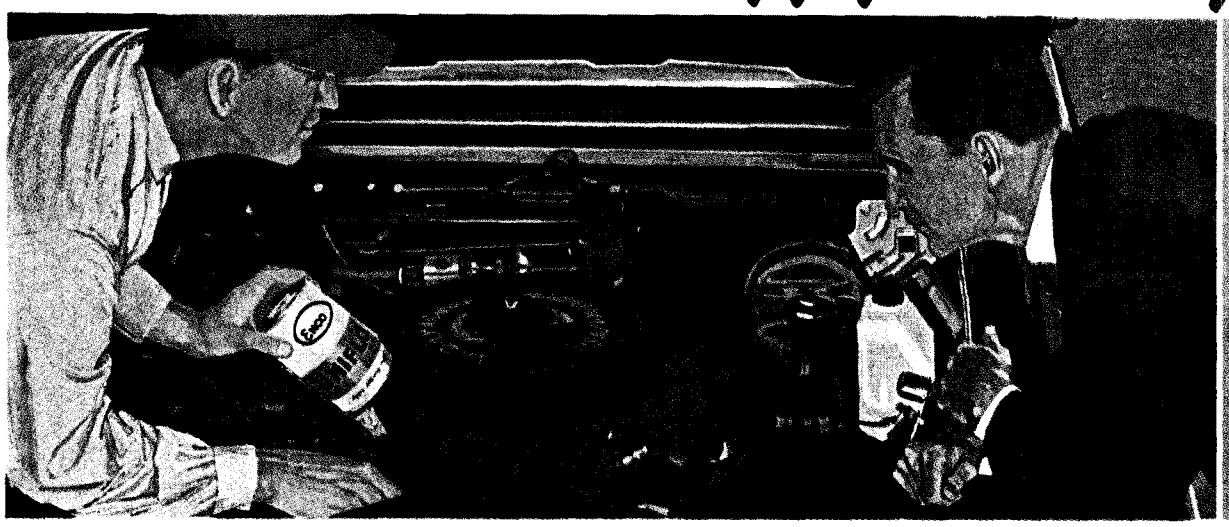

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VILLA FIORITA

Every ribbon of it was homemade, and to have it sent away was hard, but by the hird day Celestina had changed to admiration. "It like the Hindus," she told Rob. "Tara Singh. That Sikh man on radio. And Gandhi. Very holy mans," said Celestina.

The village was not far behind Celestina. The story of the saintly children had spread: not to eat when one had the chance! That seemed superhuman, akin to saintly madness. Still in the village memory were the hard years after the war and, for all the tourist prosperity, the springing up of bars, *ristorantes*, hotels, there were still families living in tumbledown hovels, even in caves. Food prices had risen so that every ounce was precious, most of all, meat. These children, the stories ran, could even resist meat.

Fanny could feel that her own popularity had declined. Celestina no longer came in to chat with her, nor put fresh flowers on her dressing table. Giulietta's big smile had disappeared and Giacomino looked the other way.

"She really is getting upset," said Caddie to Pia, and they begged Hugh, "Won't you join in? If you didn't eat, she would mind most of all."

Anyone would have thought that now, by this third day, Hugh's scorn would have given way to respect, which would have done more than anything to stiffen Caddie.

"If you join now she might give in," Caddie said. "She might come back."

"I'm not sure I want her back."

"Not—want—her? But . . . that's what we came for."

"I know. It was idiotic. Look, Diddie"—once again Hugh called her by that baby name, and this time it alarmed her—"look. It's done, the divorce I mean, and nothing can ever be the same."

"Why not?"

"She's not the same. I'm not the same, or you, or Father. Even if she came back it's gone—forever. Can't you see that?"

"No," said Caddie. "It's got to be the same."

For Pia and Caddie the third day, mysteriously, was not as bad. "Our insides are getting accustomed," said Caddie, but they both had fits of dizziness. "We are getting weak," said Pia.

"Do you suppose we shall die?" Caddie had a vision of herself and Pia laid out on their beds, and Rob, Fanny, Hugh, Celestina and all the village weeping. Pia was more realistic.

"You can go for three weeks without food."

"Three weeks!" said Caddie faintly. Pia tried to comfort her. "Something will happen before then. Your mother is looking quite ill. It's the worry. I told you so," said Pia.

Fanny that day appealed to Caddie. "Do you want to distress me?"

"Yes," said Caddie.

"Oh, Caddie!"

"You distressed us," said this new, hard Caddie.

"I didn't want to. You must believe me."

"But you still did it." Caddie looked at Fanny, face to face without flinching. "If you want us to eat, you know what to do."

"What?"

"Come back with us to England."

"You are a silly little girl," said Fanny. "Meddling in things you don't understand."

She went straight to Rob, and Caddie was left standing alone. One of the things about not eating was that it made it shamefully easy to cry. Caddie lifted her chin but the tears were running down her face.

That night Rob took Fanny out to dinner. "Let's get away. If we're not there, they may give in and eat. If they won't, at least we don't have to see it. Let's try it."

Fanny was reluctant to go. "Hugh has been gone all day—no one knows where. Rob, do you think there has been an accident?"

"We should have heard," said Rob. "Everyone on this part of the lake knows who Hugh is."

"But where is he?"

"Amusing himself somewhere," said Rob. "He's fourteen, Fanny. He'll turn up. Come along," and, "We're going right down the lake and back by moonlight," he told the children.

"To see all the lights and the reflections," said Fanny.

"They are bribing us," said Pia, and sure enough, when they were ready to go, Rob said carelessly, "You can come if you like."

Caddie did not know what gave her the power to resist, and it was heartbreaking to see them sweep away.

"My Uncle Bertrand has a better boat than that," said Pia. "I go in it often." Sometimes Caddie hated Pia.

"*Niente cena; ne carne, ne verdura, e neppure il dolce, niente!*" said Celestina, still with that tinge of triumph. "No supper; not meat or vegetables or pudding!" said Rob, and Celestina whispered to him, "*Il signorino non e rientrato.*"

Fanny's quick ear had heard it. "Did she say Hugh hasn't come back?" From the jetty they had walked up through the moonlit garden to find Celestina waiting for them. "Hugh? Not come back? Oh, Rob!"

"Not yet," said Rob. He spoke calmly, but his face looked suddenly weary. "Damn all children! Damn them!"

"Don't, Rob. Something has happened." Fanny's eyes were terrified.

"We should have heard." Rob was still dogged in that.

"I think he has run away. He said he would."

"He can't have gone far," said Rob. "He hasn't much money, and the bicycle he took is old and heavy. Very well," he said with a sigh, and took the keys of the car out of his pocket. "I will go and look for him."

"How will you know where to look?"

"If he is running away, he will be heading toward the Brenner."

"But you won't . . ."

"I will be gentle," said Rob. "Fanny, you have had enough. You must go to bed. Promise me."

In Riva, driving along the quays, Rob saw a lonely figure leaning on the harbor wall. Beside it was propped an old bicycle. He took Hugh to the Marbella Club.

"A nightclub?" Fanny said doubtfully next morning.

"It was the only place I could find open where there was food. We didn't get back from Simione until eleven."

Rob had watched Hugh ravenously eat a plate of soup, some chicken; now some color had come into his face.

"Rob, how old should you be when you could be expected ——" The words seemed to have hooks from which Hugh could not free them. "Be expected to

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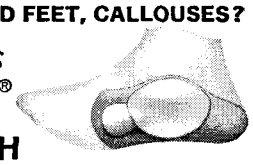

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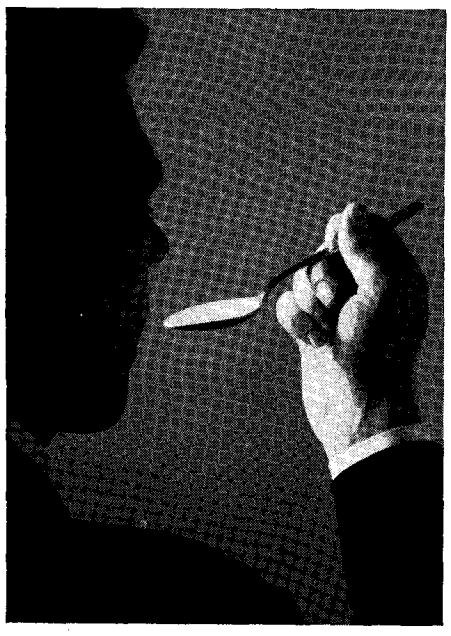

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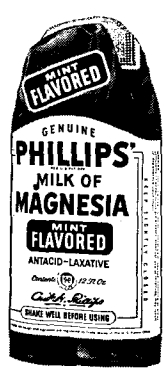

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VILLA FIORITA

have—I mean make love—I mean . . ." His eyes lifted to Rob in a tense pleading.

"You mean go to bed with a woman."

"How old should a man be? Would you say . . . is fourteen too young?"

"I should say it was a bit precocious."

"A woman wouldn't expect it?" The question was so nervous that Hugh's voice went down an octave.

"If she did she must be, shall we say, sex-hungry?"

"Oh!" Hugh visibly recoiled. Then he buried his face in his hands and said, "I can never go back to the villa."

"Suppose," said Rob with extreme gentleness, "suppose you tell me what happened."

Taking the *Fortuna*'s sails down, Hugh had slipped. "I was up to my waist in the water and had to go into my room to change. I was going back to the boathouse, but Giulietta—Giulietta was cleaning the stairs."

Giulietta had been below him, her strong back bent double; as she turned to brush the corners, her hips in the tight black skirt rippled like some splendid animal's quarters; her black hair fell forward over her face to show her neck, and, "I suppose I am possessed by necks," said Hugh. Giulietta's neck was brown-pink, healthy as an apple, crossed by a gold chain.

"Giulietta," he whispered, and his hand did what Rob's hand had done with Fanny, played on her neck. Giulietta straightened in a flash. She was taller than Hugh, but he was a step above her and he could see that her dark eyes were sparkling, whether in anger or pleasure he could not tell. Her face looked large, her nose was high and her mouth alarming. Her breath, like Celestina's, smelled of wine and garlic. Hugh was terrified. He wished the stairs would open and swallow him, but he put out his hand and tremulously touched one of those points of Giulietta's, under her jersey.

An odd hot shiver seemed to come up the back of his legs, into his stomach. Giulietta laughed; she seemed not to care if it sounded through the villa. Her arm came round Hugh's neck, pulled his head forward, and she kissed him squarely on the lips, a long kiss that was unexpectedly wet and warm. At last, "*Così*," said Giulietta, as one would say, "That's what you asked for." "*Questo e quanto hai chiesto.*" "Now you have had it—and more than you expected," and she picked up her brush and went back to sweeping the stairs.

"Was that all?" Rob asked cautiously.

"All?"

Somehow Hugh had got himself down the stairs and out of the house. He fled to the garage, where he stood childishly wiping his lips with the back of his hand. Then he took Mario's bicycle and pedaled furiously toward Riva.

Hugh took a sip of his wine and shuddered at the taste; he turned to Rob again. "Should I have stayed?" he asked in anguish. "Suppose she . . . liked what happened?"

"The question is," said Rob, "did you like it?"

"No."

"Then you don't go on," said Rob. "Don't forget, men are the prime movers. It's for you to choose. So many of us," said Rob, "let other people choose; especially we let women. If you do that, you will never be a man. A man chooses—and abides by his choice."

"But what shall I do when I see her?"

"Nothing. It may be awkward for you when you see her at first, I grant you that." Rob did not look at Hugh, for which Hugh was grateful because he had blushed. "But it's kinder in the end to make your intentions clear; and I don't think, as a matter of fact, you need to be kind to Giulietta. She is engaged to a very nice young man, Carlo Lucchini in the village."

"Engaged?" The misery lifted from Hugh's face. "Oh, thank you, Rob. Thank you."

"She must have led him on," said Fanny, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I gather not." Rob was still in bed, oddly tired—and sticky.

The weather had been growing steadily warmer, but this Monday, the fourth day of the hunger strike, promised to be hot, and not fair but lowering. Rob did not want to argue with Fanny, and he did not want to work.

"I thought she was a nice girl."

"She is a nice girl. Hugh was lucky." Rob stretched and sat up.

"Lucky!"

"Yes. She frightened him almost to death. I had hard work persuading him it was safe to come back."

"You're laughing." Fanny lifted accusing eyes.

"Not really," said Rob. "But perhaps we should laugh. It has happened thousands of times. All down the ages, everywhere."

"We should send her away."

"She's not our maid. She's Madame Menghini's. Look, Fanny, Giulietta is a sensible girl. I think she knows very well how to deal with a little boy who has ideas, if he has any now, which I doubt."

"Don't." Fanny put her hands over her face, but Rob leaned forward and pulled them away.

"Don't be a tragedy queen."

"It isn't only Hugh. What is in these children, Rob? I'm frightened."

"Frightened? By children?"

"I feel as if I'm being pulled in half."

"I think," said Rob, putting back the bedclothes and getting up, "the time has come for a showdown."

"Rob wants to see you in his study."

They stood in front of him as he sat at his table.

"You know why I have sent for you?"

"Yes." It barely escaped Hugh's lips.

"You, Hugh," said Rob, "are not in this, but I want you to hear," and he turned to Caddie and Pia. "As far as I am concerned," said Rob, "you can starve yourselves. I don't care."

Hugh looked at him with respect. Caddie caught that look and Rob's answering one; it was a kind of comradeship, a truce.

"I don't care," said Rob, "but I am not, repeat not, going to have your mother worried like this."

"She is not my mother," said Pia.

"Fanny—worried like this."

"How are you going to help it?" asked Pia in a silken voice.

"You will see," said Rob. "It is now three and a half days since you started this nonsense." For nonsense it seemed to be having a remarkable effect, and for all his not caring, Rob looked ravaged. "If you don't eat your lunch, there will be trouble. Now go."

They went.

It was a miserable morning for everyone, and a heavy hot day. "Thunder, *Tuoni*," said Celestina. Fanny looked white and strained, and she had red eyes as if she had been crying. Hugh did not want to give her the chance of asking questions; in the end he attached himself to Pia.

More and more he was seeking out Pia. He liked her detached coolness, and she had the great attraction of not wanting to talk. She preferred to read. At the moment it was *Deal Twice for Death*, but as she read she had the habit of absentmindedly singing a maddening high-pitched nasal song.

This morning her singing made Fanny want to put her fingers in her ears, and it penetrated to the study upstairs.

Caddie found a water snake asleep in the cypress hedge by the stone table. Unfortunately, Celestina, coming out on the terrace, saw it too.

"*Non velenoso*," she yelled encouragingly to Caddie, then ran and got a broomstick and killed the snake with the handle. It seemed so cruel that Caddie, in her foodless state, burst out crying like a baby; Rob heard her upstairs and shouted, "Stop that bloody din."

He was too worried that morning to be kind. Fanny's face haunted him and he could not concentrate. Besides, he had reached a stage on *Saladin* when he needed a typist, a secretary. He could have asked Renato to send one out from Milan, but, "How can we import a secretary here when every available inch is taken up by children?"

"She can stay at the Hotel Lydia," said Fanny, "and work on the dining-room table. We can eat on the terrace."

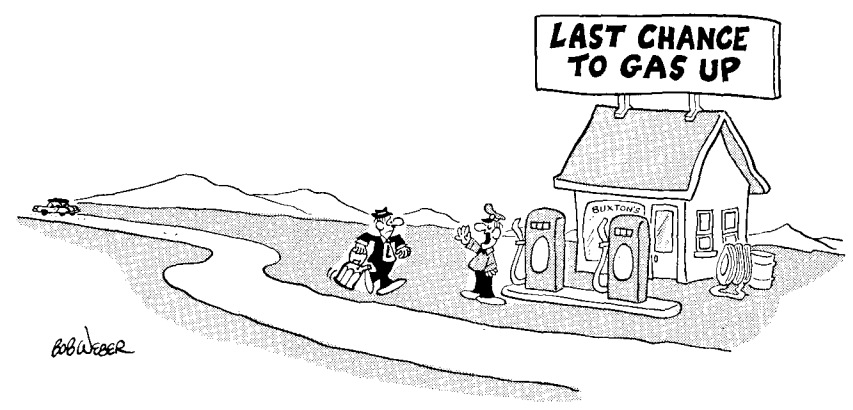
"In this heat? Anyway, I can't work. The house is pervaded by children, and need they be so abominably noisy?"

"Rob, be fair. They are not usually noisy."

Her headache was worse; she had a backache as well, a dragging pain, and she snapped out, "You know nothing at all about children."

"I do. I have been a child."

Hugh began to fiddle with the knobs of the old radio, and a wave of violent



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm sorry, sir, but you had your chance."

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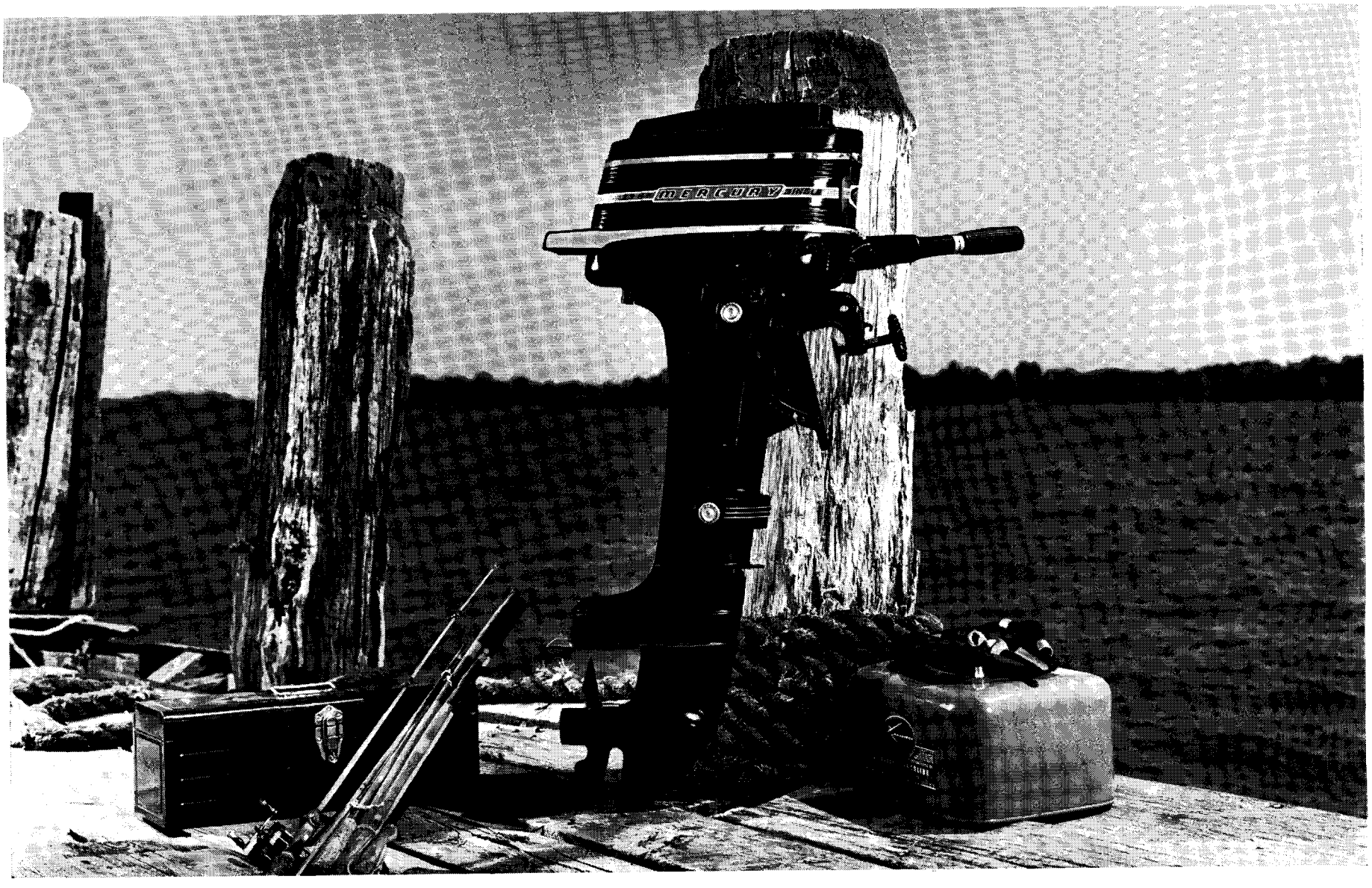

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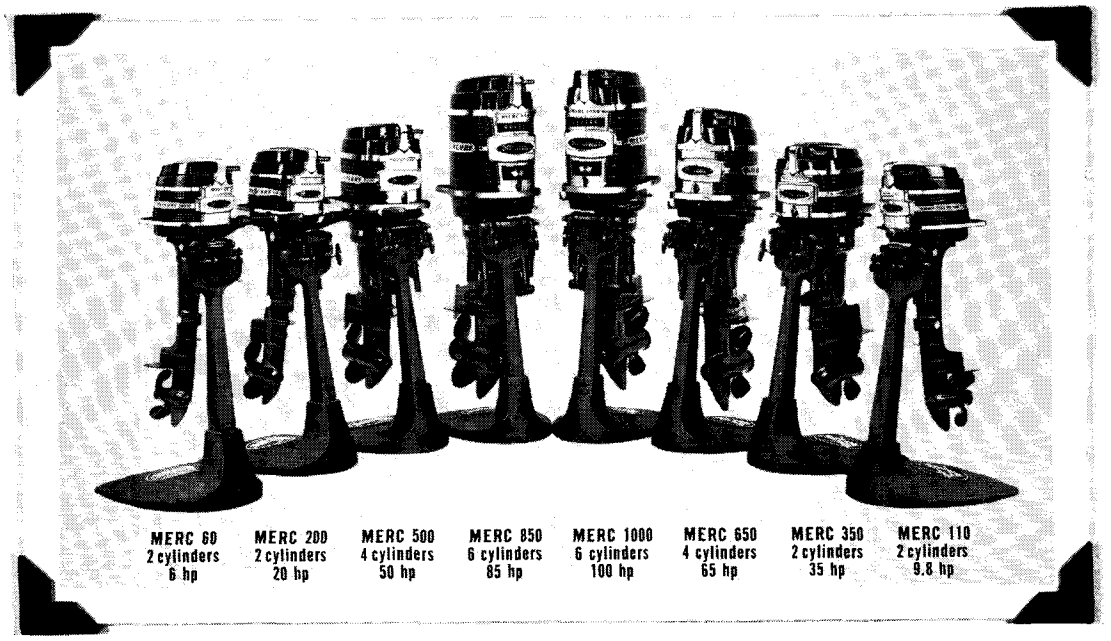

The 3.9 hp Merc 39 is not in this picture. It couldn't wait to go fishing.

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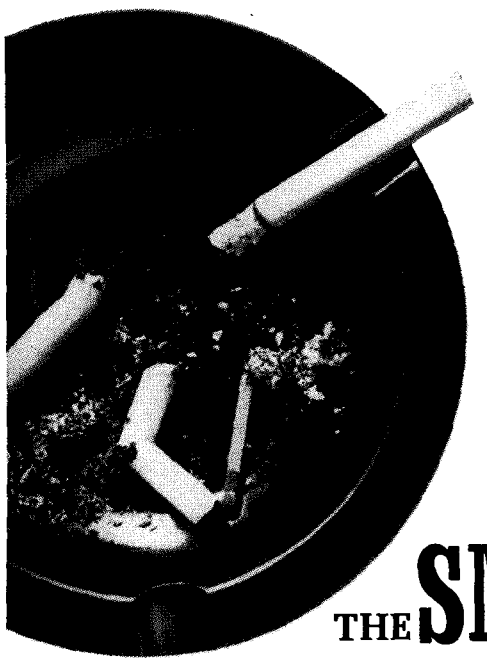

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jazz swept through the house."Stop it! Stop it!" shouted Rob.

Over everything else lay the dread of what he would do at lunch.

"Do you think they will send for Doctor Isella?" asked Caddie.

"No, but they may beat us," said Pia.

Lunch began with *tagliatelle alla Bolognese*, fine strings of *pasta* in tomato sauce, with minced meat. Giulietta, as usual, handed it as they sat round the table. Fanny took some; Hugh, sitting next to her, helped himself, keeping his eyes down. Caddie shook her head. Rob took his, and Giulietta came to Pia. Caddie felt cold with apprehension. Giulietta held the dish. Pia shook her head. Giulietta was taking it away when "*Un momento, Giulietta,*" said Rob. He reached across Pia and helped her himself. "Give some to Signorina Caddie."

"*Servo la signorina?*" asked Giulietta startled.

"*Si.*"

"*Permesso,*" said Giulietta to Caddie and put some on her plate. Rob sprinkled cheese for them both and, "Eat it," he said.

Nobody moved. Pia and Caddie looked straight in front of them.

"I said eat it," said Rob. He took a spoon, chopped some of the *tagliatelle* and held it to Pia's mouth. Pia kept her lips shut and breathed through her nose. "Eat it." With his other hand Rob gave Pia a sharp slap on the back of her head. It sent her forward against the spoon with such a jerk that she opened her mouth. The spoon went in. As Rob took it away, he was breathing hard. "Now swallow."

Pia looked at him with her small black eyes and spat out the *tagliatelle*. It landed on the tablecloth in a stain of tomato and gravy. Caddie gave a little hiss of terror, and Rob lost his temper. He jerked Pia out of her chair and, in a second, she was face downward across his knee. He turned up her skirt, showing her little rump outlined in snowy-white briefs edged with lace. "You asked for it; you shall have it," said Rob and, before all their eyes, he gave her a good spanking.

Hugh and Caddie sat too shocked to speak; Fanny was white to the lips; only Giulietta watched, amusement in her eyes, as if this were entirely natural. At last the sound of slaps ceased and Rob lifted Pia off that powerful knee.

"Now, are you going to eat it?" But Pia made for the stairs. On the third step she paused and loosed a flood of invective at Rob. It was Italian, so that Fanny, Hugh and Caddie could not understand, but they heard Giulietta gasp.

Suddenly Pia put her blouse straight, shook out her skirt and smoothed her hair. Then she drew herself up, and spoke to Rob in English with immeasurable scorn. "I will ask God to forgive you," she said and went upstairs.

"Caddie, do you want the same?"

Caddie stared at Rob, her eyes full of horror.

"Then eat your lunch, or in spite of your mother, you will be spanked as well."

"Caddie, eat it. You must."

With her eyes on Rob, Caddie picked up her fork, lifted a piece of *tagliatelle*. It had grown cold and felt slimy. The memory of the mangled snake came back. Caddie made a loud retching noise and was sick.

"God above!" Rob shouted, standing up and knocking over his chair. "Do your children perpetually have to vomit?"

"That's not fair." Fanny sprang up too. "They are not used to seeing people hit."

"Hit! I didn't hit Pia. I gave her a spanking."

"You used force."

"Of course. What else could I use?"

"It's never fair."

"Fair! This isn't a case of being fair. It's discipline."

"Discipline shouldn't humiliate."

"I see," said Rob at white heat. "You think I should allow anything these little rats choose to do."

"They are not little rats. They are people. People." And Fanny said, "We have never beaten Hugh or Caddie."

That "We" seemed to ring out, and Fanny sat down suddenly and put her hand across her eyes.

Pia had changed from her skirt and blouse into a cherry-colored linen dress banded with white. Now elegant again, she was sitting on her bed, her eyes shut, her lips moving. The eyes flew open when she heard Caddie come in from the bathroom.

"Did they make you eat?"

"I was sick," and Caddie felt bound to say, "I think you are brave, Pia, much braver than I am, especially when you are so empty. I—I ——" The tears were brimming now, and she hastily changed the subject. "Are you asking God to forgive Rob?"

"Yes, and you might help," said Pia. "Ask Him to send your mother back to England."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Pierre Duval, I arrest you in the name of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

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"I have asked and asked," said Caddie. "And He doesn't take the slightest notice. I wish I was a Catholic," she said.

"I wish your mother was."

"Why?"

"Catholic mothers don't go marrying other people's fathers when their husbands are alive."

"Don't they?" Caddie digested this. "You mean if Mother were a Catholic, she wouldn't have done this?"

"Certainly not," said Pia. "It would be a sin."

Caddie had always been impressed by Pia's certainty. For instance, on Sunday there had been no question, as with the Claverings, as to whether Pia should or should not go to church. At a quarter to ten she had appeared in her white hat with the scarlet streamer, her coat, gloves, neat white socks and buckled shoes, carrying her purse and missal, and Rob had broken off his work to drive her to Mass in Malcesine, waiting in a café until it was over.

"Can I come?" Caddie had asked.

"Ask your mother," said Rob.

"If you want to," Fanny had said. "But you won't understand."

Yet, in a mysterious way, Caddie had understood. She had copied Pia's genuflections and knelt down, stood, sat as she did, though Celestina's hard hand had impelled her to kneel each time the bells rang. Caddie had an impression of candles shining, of chanting, mystery and great solemnity; yet everyone seemed quite at home. Toward the end, Celestina and Pia had gone up with a crowd of other people to the altar. It was a big crowd: old peasant women in black, old men, young men, dressed-up young women, mothers with babies, boys and girls.

"Where did you all go?" asked Caddie afterward.

"Up to the rail for Communion."

"Did you have Communion?"

"Of course. I am ten," said Pia, as if that were middle-aged. "I made my first Communion when I was eight." There was no doubt in Caddie's mind that Pia was an expert on religion, and she asked trustfully, "How do people become Catholics?"

"If they are not born one, they have to learn," said Pia.

"How do they learn?"

"I suppose they speak to a priest or nun."

Caddie had seen the priests in Malcesine. There was one of whom Celestina talked reverently, Padre Rossi, the *arciprete*, Celestina called him, which seemed to make him very important, like an archangel, but, all the same, Caddie had made up her mind. She went to Hugh and asked, "Is there any Topaz money left?"

"A little."

"I want some," said Caddie.

"How much?" asked Hugh reluctantly.

"Enough for the bus into Malcesine."

"Why don't you walk?"

"I don't think I could," said Caddie. "I feel queer."

Reluctantly Hugh gave her a hundred-lire note. She must have looked white, because he asked, "Are you going alone?"

"Yes," said Caddie quickly. She had a strong feeling that Hugh would not approve.

It was hot, even for early afternoon. The sky looked heavy, white-gray; Caddie was still squeamish, and the bus smelled of hot rubber, hot oil, dust and hot people. Caddie was glad to get off at Malcesine, but here, too, the white glare lay over the whole town.

She walked along the motor road until she came to the steps that led down to the church piazza. She went through a courtyard to a small door and slipped into the church, stepping into merciful coolness. Even that short walk from the bus had made her sweat; in fact, she was feeling so giddy that she had to sit down and lean her head against the polished wood of a pew. In front of the high altar a red lamp burned, and Caddie saw, sitting in the front pew, a man dressed in black and reading a book. She tiptoed to an old woman, a cleaner with a small whisk broom, and pointed at the man.

"*Il prete?*" whispered Caddie.

"*Si, si, il prete—Padre Rossi, arciprete.*"

Cautiously Caddie drew nearer. She saw a big man, with a fresh face, his neck rising rosily from the narrow band of his soutane. He did not look very alarming, but could she dare to disturb him when he was praying or reading a holy book?

She tapped so gingerly that at first he did not feel it. She had to give him a small thump. For a moment he looked displeased. "*Was wollen Sie? Wer seid Sie?*"

He can see I am not Italian, so he thinks I'm German, thought Caddie. They all think English people are German. Perhaps he can't speak any English, and her heart sank.

"English?" asked Caddie, and desperately, "I'm English."

His blue eyes took in her pallid, unhappy face and he stood up. He was big, burly, in his soutane—in fact, anyone's idea of a fat priest—but there was more to him than that; a calmness about him, something strong. He looks as if he could tell you things, thought Caddie and now, "English?" he said gently. "I speak a little English." He said "spik" and "leetle," but it was such a relief that Caddie began to cry.

This time she could not stop, and at last he took her hand and led her out of the church, bending his knee to the altar—Caddie bent hers too—and then out through the courtyard, empty now, and up a stairway to his house. He took her into a narrow waiting room with a marble floor, a table covered with oilcloth, some hard chairs, a crucifix and a painting of the pope. He made Caddie sit down. "*Subito, subito,*" he said and disappeared.

It was as quiet and peaceful as it was poor and bare; anything less like the vicarage at Whitcross would be hard to imagine. Caddie tried to dry her eyes, but her handkerchief was a wet ball. At last she gave up, put her head down on the oilcloth table and sobbed.

"But, my dear little girl, I cannot make your mother a Catholic."

"Can't you?" The tears began to stream again and Father Rossi said hastily, "Drink your coffee."

It was a miniature cup, the sort of coffee, thick and black, that Rob drank while they ate ices. The coffee was so strong that it took Caddie's breath away, but it stopped the tears.

"Now you can tell me," said Father Rossi, and Caddie began. "I—I ——" It was difficult to put into words, but he was not an *arciprete* for nothing, and slowly, bit by bit, with a gentle question here and there, he drew the whole story out of Caddie. But it was no good.

"My dear little girl, I cannot make your mother a Catholic."

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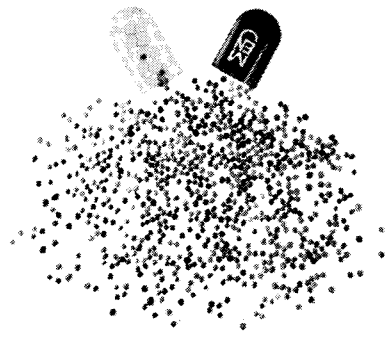

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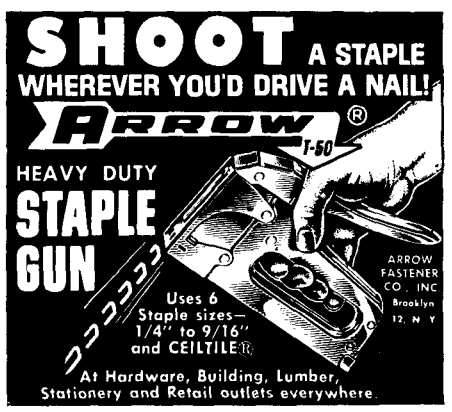
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"Why can't you?"

"Only God can do that."

"Then why won't He?"

Father Rossi shook his head. "That is not for us to know. You must pray and I will pray." That did not seem to Caddie a hopeful answer. He got up. "Come, I will put you on your bus, and as soon as you get home you will ask Celestina—I know her, she is a good woman, Celestina—to give you a strong soup. The little Pia too. This, to starve, is not the way."

"What is the way?" asked Caddie.

"I wish I knew," and he sighed again.

They were waiting at the bus stop when the Mercedes came along the road, Rob and Fanny coming back from lunch. Rob braked with a screech of tires and pulled up. Fanny was out of the car in a moment.

"Caddie! Has something happened?" But Father Rossi stepped in front of Caddie.

"Indeed it has happened." The passengers waiting for the bus all looked; people in the road paused, seeing their padre with the English Signora. "You are Candida's mother?"

Rob had come up. "I'm afraid, Father Rossi, that Caddie has given you a wrong idea," he said.

As Rob knew everyone, he seemed to know the *arciprete*, but here was one person who did not smile at him. "Signor, she has given me a singularly clear idea," said Father Rossi.

"We are not Catholics and have no right to bother you."

"Every child has the right to bother me." Father Rossi kept his hand on Caddie's shoulder. In his long soutane he seemed much larger than Rob, and his voice rang down the road. A small crowd had begun to gather. This, clearly, was no ordinary conversation.

"Look at this child," said Father Rossi. "See her state."

Fanny's face was flooded with a burning color.

"See her state, and she tells me there are two of them. Two little girls, starving, to bring you to your senses."

Someone in the knot of people was translating for the others. The petrol girl and two mechanics had come from the garage, people from the shops, some of the tourists had stopped. There were murmurs—of admiration for Caddie, of indignation against Fanny and Rob. Father Rossi heard the murmurs and lowered his voice as he said to Fanny, "You are not a Catholic, Signora, but I would suggest to you that you should go into my church, kneel down there and think what you are doing."

Fanny took a step back against Rob.

"Kneel down there and think before it is too late," said Father Rossi.

"Caddie, get into the car at once. At once!" said Rob.

She was frightened by the silence. No one spoke. Rob drove so fast that, alone in the back, she was flung from side to side. Fanny sat with her head bent; Rob looked straight ahead. He drew up at the villa gates but did not turn in.

"I'm going on to Riva," he said to Fanny. "Will you come?"

She shook her head, and he leaned past her to open the door; before she got out, he put his hand under her chin and turned her face up to look at him. Caddie expected him to say something momentous, but all he said was, "I have to telephone Renato and get some money."

Caddie could see that Fanny's lips were shaking, but she said nothing and Rob let her go. Then he reached back, opened the door for Caddie, and said, "Get out." Caddie understood that she was beyond the family pale. He slammed the door and drove away in a cloud of dust.

Fanny went into the house. In this long afternoon her pain had grown worse and now she knew what it was. She went into the bathroom, came out, passing Caddie on the landing without a word. Caddie heard her opening drawers, moving about the bedroom, but then there was silence. Cautiously she pushed the door and looked in. Fanny was lying face downward across the bed.

"Mother."

No answer.

"Mother, aren't you feeling well?"

"*Mother!*" It was a wail.

At that Fanny looked up. Something of Caddie's bewilderment and remorse reached her. Eleven-twelve is a painful age to be, thought Fanny. Too young to understand, too old to be unconscious, but Fanny could not spare much pity. Her skin was clammy, there were dark rings under her eyes and she was full of pain, pain and disappointment. That secret hope was gone. *I was late, that was all. Thank God I didn't say anything to Rob. It was only that I was nearly three weeks late.*

"Run away," said Fanny to Caddie.

"But Mother ——"

"For goodness' sake, Caddie, leave me *alone*. I must be *alone!*" And Fanny got up and ran downstairs into the garden.

Caddie followed and watched. At Stebbings, when anything upset Fanny, she had had a way of going into the garden, walking up and down there, under the familiar trees, past all her flowers, touching them, as if to touch nature steadied her. She was doing that now. As Caddie watched her, Fanny stood by the wisteria, drawing its tassels across her hand. She explored with her finger the split bark of an olive tree stopped by a lilac, bent to pinch a sprig of rosemary. Yet she seemed not to be able to calm herself; even her shoulders looked hunched as if they had had a blow. Caddie could not bear to watch her anymore. What had she precipitated by going to see Father Rossi? At last she wandered miserably down to the boathouse.

The *Fortuna*, her mainsail furled, was tied up alongside the old rowing boat. There was no sign of Mario or of Hugh. Then, walking out on the jetty, Caddie heard children laughing and talking from the back of the boathouse. Through the wisteria on the fence, she caught sight of something cherry red; Pia's dress.

It was odd for Pia to be in the boathouse. Caddie stepped nearer. She had to step nearer again to believe her own eyes. Behind Mario's room in the boathouse was a small veranda where nets and oars were kept. It had a bench and a table. There, hidden from the villa by the wisteria, Caddie could see two children from the *trattoria*, Beppino and Gianna, and, sitting at the table in her immaculate dress, Pia. On the bench beside her was Hugh, and on the table were bottles of orange soda with straws, plates, tubs of ice cream, and Pia was, "Eating," breathed Caddie. "Eating!"

In one hand Pia held a roll, split by pink ham, and as Caddie watched she took an enormous bite; in the other was a cardboard spoon for the ice cream. Hugh was watching and laughing! Dumb with amazement, Caddie stood there until the last of the roll disappeared into Pia's mouth. She took another roll. Now the plate was empty and Pia commanded

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What's happened to the baby?"

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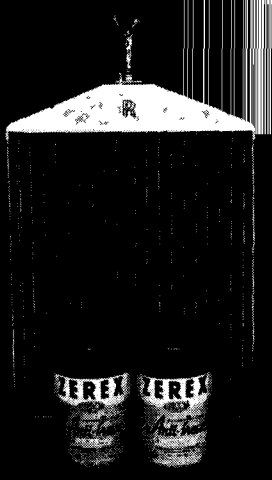

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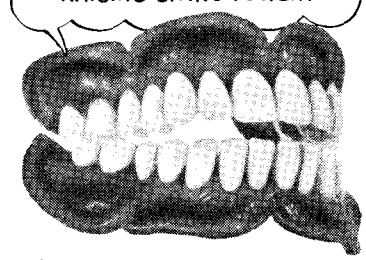

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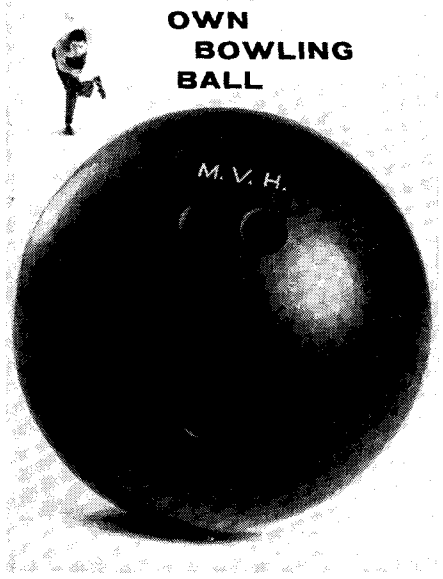

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VILLA FIORITA

Beppino, "*Va a comprare due altri panini con prosciutto ed un altro gelato*," which Caddie knew meant more ham rolls and another ice. She saw Hugh pull his wallet out of his shorts pocket and give money to Beppino. Buying *paninos* with my money, my Topaz money! It was the final insult. Caddie tore in at the boathouse gate, up the veranda steps and launched herself at Pia.

The table was pushed aside. The plates, bottles, spoons were on the floor, and in a moment Pia was down, Caddie pummeling her with both fists, banging her head among the streams of orange soda.

The tumult came into the villa garden, Pia's shrieks and Beppino's and Gianna's. Celestina and Giulietta came running from the villa, Giacomino walked after them, and all the while Hugh, trying to catch Caddie's fists, shouted to her to let Pia go. It was that English, "Let go, Caddie! Caddie, let her go!" that brought Fanny running too.

"Caddie! Caddie! Caddie!" shouted Fanny as she ran past the wisteria fence. Caddie looked up and in the second's pause Hugh plucked her away, holding her with her wrists twisted so that she screamed.

"Caddie! Have you gone mad?" panted Fanny.

"She was eating," screamed Caddie. "Eating! I think she has been eating all the time."

"Hush, Caddie. Hush." But Caddie would not hush. She bellowed.

"Hugh! Hugh was helping her—helping her eat and they never told me. . . . It was my money—my Topaz money."

Hugh had loosed his hold of her wrists, and she was rubbing their hurt redness in an anguish of sobs. He stood by, sullen and defiant. Pia, trying to look unmoved, was wiping her dress with a napkin, picking ice cream and bits of ham out of her hair.

"Is this true, Hugh?" asked Fanny.

"I helped Pia once or twice," muttered Hugh.

"But . . . how was it Celestina didn't know? If you got things from the *trattoria*?"

"We didn't get them; Beppino sneaked them out to us. I paid him," said Hugh virtuously.

"With my money. My Topaz money."

"Hush, Caddie. . . . Hugh, you did this, while Pia let us think she was on strike."

"Well, no one but Caddie would be silly enough to strike properly."

"But why didn't you tell me?" broke in Caddie. "Why did you shut me out?"

At that Pia lifted her head. "*You* wouldn't have been able to pretend," she said and, even in her woe, Caddie knew that this was true; but it still seemed to her the depths of treachery for Hugh to do this. Her own brother! Caddie thought she had exhausted all her tears when she was with Father Rossi, but now she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Is anything else going to happen today?" said Fanny. To Hugh she said, "I think you are disgusting." She put her arm round Caddie and took her away.

"Very well," said Fanny. "Very well."

They were sitting round the dining-room table eating, and drinking tea. Fanny had made the tea herself, while at her orders Celestina boiled eggs and made hot toast. Fanny had buttered the toast, cut it into small pieces and broken the eggs over it. For a moment it was the old Fanny presiding over the tea or breakfast table at Stebbings. "You must be careful after so long. Eat slowly or you will have a pain."

Ironically, now that she could eat, Caddie did not want to. "I shall be sick again," she said, but Fanny coaxed her, and slowly it went down, a bit of toast, a lick of egg, though the tea was best of all. Caddie still felt sodden and salted with tears, her eyes sore, her head stupid, but pride began to stiffen her. I starved, thought Caddie, really starved, and I was the only one.

Then, "Very well," said Fanny. Her face looked as if it were made of paper, with two holes for eyes. "Very well. When you have finished tea, we will go upstairs and pack."

"What did you say?" asked Caddie.

"We will go to a hotel for tonight," Fanny went on. "We—you, Hugh and I. We will send a telegram to Gwyneth, and tomorrow I will take you back. We can probably get on one of the planes. I expect Rob will take you back to Rome, Pia."

"Do you mean you will come back and live ——" Hugh could not go on. It took Caddie to blurt out, "With us and Father?"

"Perhaps—if he will have me."

Caddie did not like the look of this Fanny and, "Are you sure?" she asked, but Pia pounced.

"Do you promise?"

"I promise," said Fanny.

"What will . . . he say?" asked Hugh.

"Rob? He has gone to telephone Milan. I expect about the same thing," said Fanny with a wry smile.

"But you said *nothing* to him," said Caddie.

"Rob and I don't have to say things."

"Then it's my fault," said Caddie.

"You can't say 'fault' when it was right."

"Was it right?"

"Perfectly right."

Hugh, Caddie and Pia looked at one another. Had they won the battle? H[illegible] went to Fanny and put his arm rou[illegible] her, but he went mechanically. "Please don't touch me," said Fanny in a voice she had never used to Hugh. At last Pia said, "I thought you were going to pack?"

"She is going to pack."

All of them jumped. Rob was standing in the doorway. Coming in from the terrace in his rope-soled shoes he had made no sound. How long had he been there?

"She is going to pack." Rob came round to Fanny's chair. Hugh moved out of the way. "Pack, but not to go with you, because *we* are leaving," said Rob.

"Leaving?"

"Yes. Fanny and I."

"Leaving . . . us?" That was Caddie.

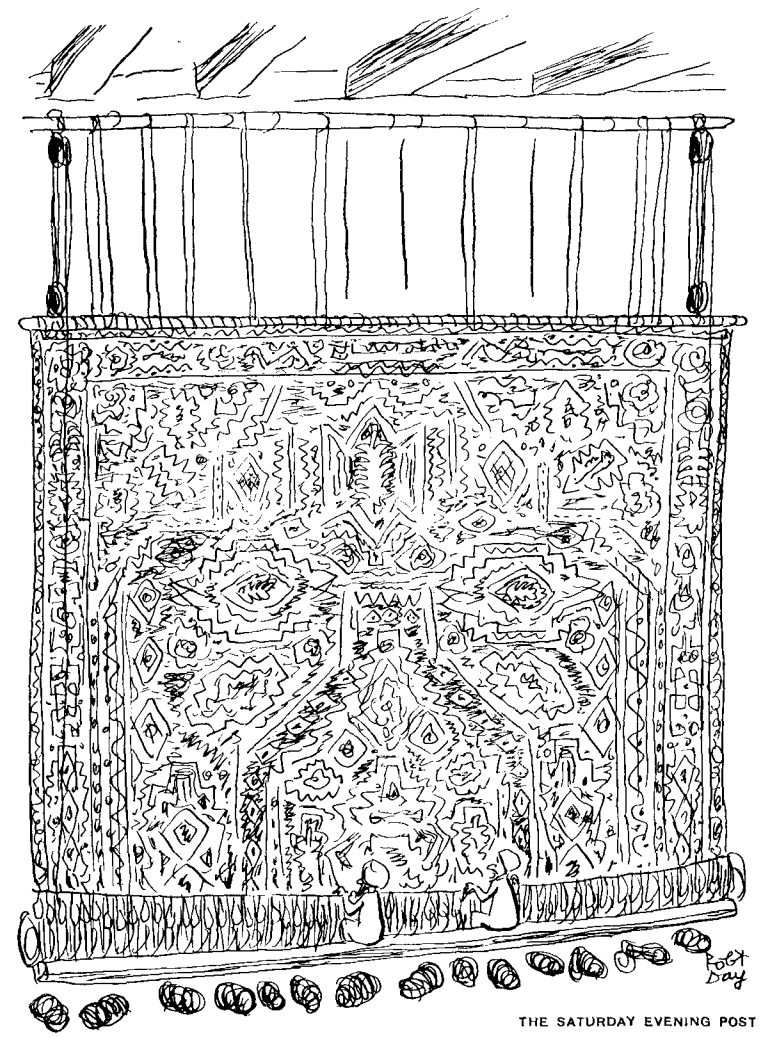
"Leaving you," said Rob. "You fought us; now you can take the consequences." Fanny made a little sound of protest, but he silenced her.

"I spoke to Nonna on the telephone," he said to Pia. "Miss Benson is coming to fetch you; she will be here tomorrow morning. Hugh and Caddie will have to wait until Friday or Saturday. Colonel Clavering will probably not get here till then."

"Darrell coming here?" Fanny sounded dazed.

"I expect so. Anyway he will make his own arrangements." And to Fanny he said, "Renato has found us a flat in Milan. We will move in there—a servi[illegible] flat with not a single inch of room f[illegible] children."

"But . . . Mother has promised.' Caddie had risen, holding to her chair.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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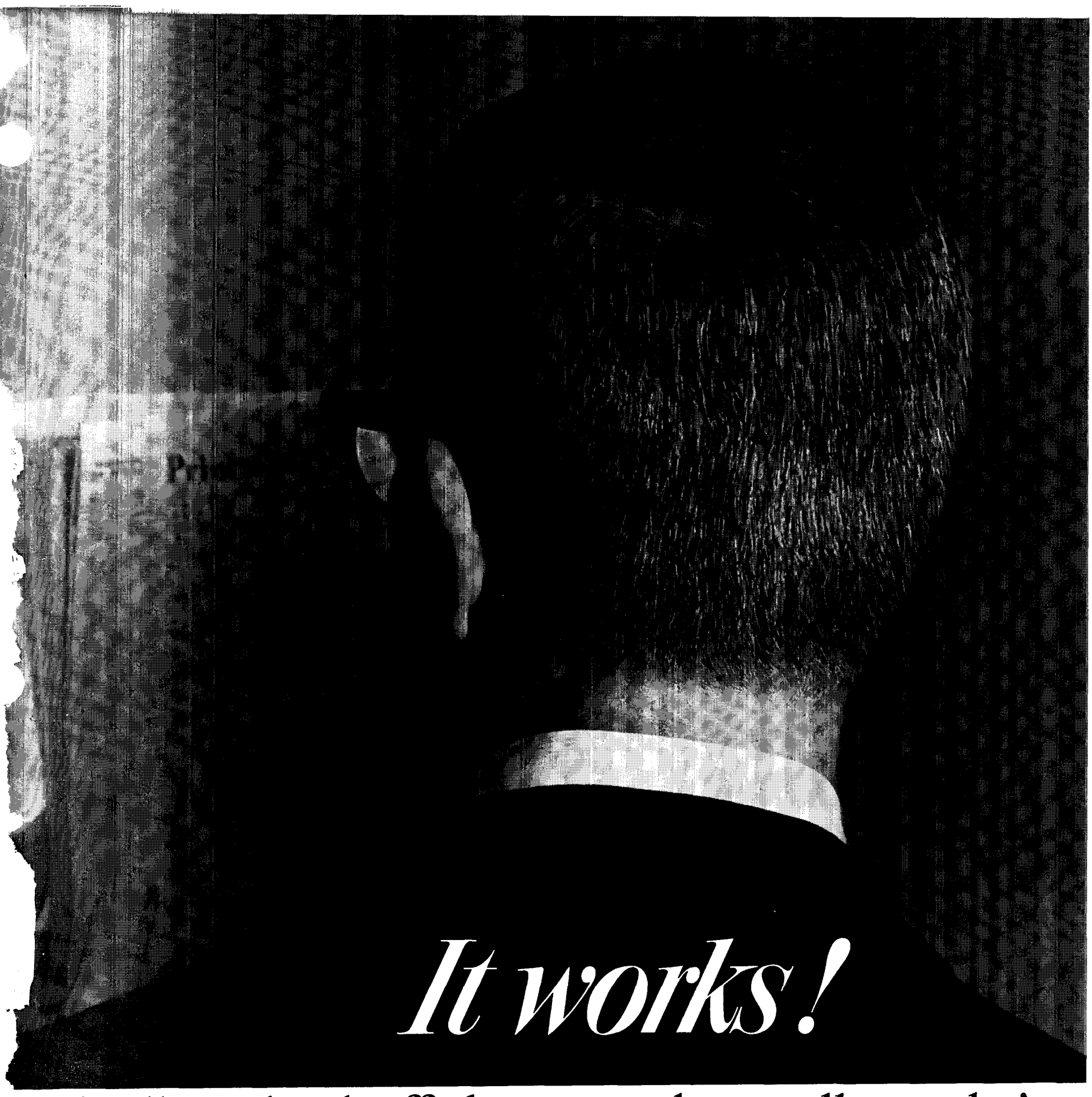

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VILLA FIORITA

"Under duress, which is a kind of blackmail," said Rob, "something you must not apply. That is what you have been using, all of you. In law, a promise made under duress doesn't bind anyone. Fanny hasn't promised. I see your strike is over," said Rob, looking at the tea table, and to Pia, "I hear you are a blackleg. Caddie, you have been very brave and I respect you, but you see, children cannot be allowed to dictate or govern. Someday you will come and visit us again—but when *we* ask you. Have you finished tea, Fanny?"

Fanny did not speak or move; he bent, put his hands under her elbows and, as if she were powerless, lifted her out of her chair and turned her toward the stairs.

"*Tortellini*," said Celestina. "*Cannelloni*." She knew Caddie liked *cannelloni* best. "Feesh. *Pollo arrosto*, roast cheeken. *Patate. Asparagi*."

Celestina meant to be kind, but Caddie was not listening to this recital of delights; her ears were strained to what was happening upstairs. "They are packing; they are really going." That beat in her head. Guilietta had carried all the cases up. "We are defeated."

It was growing dark. If she had not been so shocked and numbed, Caddie would have thought it was early to be so dark, the kitchen clock only said seven o'clock—"It soon much rain," said Celestina glancing out of the window—fitting that even the sky should weep on this dreadful evening. Caddie herself had no more tears. She was limp, cold, defeated. We had won—her eyelids quivered—won, and then it was taken away. She could hear footsteps going backward and forward upstairs; it was evidently a thorough packing.

She could hear Rob's voice, too, still authoritative. It seemed he was guarding Fanny. Perhaps, thought Caddie, I shall never be with Mother again.

Hugh and Pia had disappeared. As far as Caddie was concerned she did not want to see either of them again. It came to her that she had lost everything now: lost Topaz, lost Hugh, lost the battle; in a few minutes she would lose Fanny; everyone, everything she really cared for; she was Caddie alone, with no one to hold on to.

It was then that Caddie made a startling discovery: She was alone, defeated, she had lost everything—and she was still herself, Caddie, still all right. Then it doesn't matter what happens to y thought Caddie. You go on.

As if she were an old, old lady, she seemed to look back down the years. Well, I have grown a lot in these weeks, thought Caddie, more, she guess, than some people do in their lives: "I have known moments," she could have said, "though I'm still not twelve." In this one day she, Caddie, had been rent, hurt, betrayed, yet here she was in the evening, sitting in the kitchen, still me, thought Caddie.

A gust of wind shook the house with a drawn-out whining; the shutters rattled. Next moment a scurry of drops hit the window panes.

"*Il mio bucato, i mie panni, le mie lenzuola!*" Giulietta cried. "My washing!" With Beppino and Gianna she rushed out to the garden. Caddie ran after them, but such a wind met her the terrace that she could hardly stand. Her hair was whipped into her eyes, skirt wrapped round her. The whole l and sky were changed; the mountain blotted out by driving cloud and rain, sky dark.

As Caddie ran to the washing line could see that far over the lake the was rough and white, the wind whip it up into the waves; their spray was flu high above the rocks. A gust came fro the other side as the wind hit the mo tain, a blast that caught Caddie almost spun her round. With it c thunder, and each clap seemed to from mountain to mountain across t lake.

Caddie helped Giulietta to strugg with the billowing sheets, with pillo cases full of wind. Wet towels lash their faces, tablecloths were torn out of their hands. By the time they had gathered up all the washing they were breathless, sweatingly hot, their faces smarting from the driving rain, their hair and clothes wet. As they reached the kitchen doo they saw Mario, his coat over his head running up from the boathouse.

"Listen to the wind," said Fanny and shuddered.

"It's only wind," said Rob. "A storm it will blow itself out—so will this. Let's be sensible. They put up a brave fight. Well, they have lost, that's all. When we are married everything will settle down. Stop thinking," he commanded. "Come I'm going to get you a drink," but there was a clap of thunder, and the windows burst open, letting in a gale of wind and rain, as Celestina wrenched open

"He only drinks when he's thirsty."

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oor. "*Che cosa succede?*" said Rob arply. "*Cosa?*"

Celestina stood against the door panting for breath. Behind, on the landing, was Giacomino, who never came into heir part of the house, and Mario, and ılietta, whose dark eyes were frightened.

"*Signorino* Hugh," Celestina managed to get out, and behind her Giulietta shouted above the wind, "*Hugh! Pia!*"

"Hugh and Pia. What about Hugh and Pia?" Rob had reached behind Fanny, bolted the window shut. "What about Hugh and Pia?"

Mario's deep voice spoke from the landing, and Fanny saw Rob's face change.

"What is it? What *is* it?" Her voice screamed like a sheet tearing. "What is it?" and Rob said, "Hugh and Pia have taken the *Fortuna* and gone sailing."

"They will come back," said Rob.

"In this storm?"

"They may have been carried over to he opposite shore. They are probably in Limone by now. They are all right, nny. I'm sure they are."

"Why didn't Mario stop them? Go er them?"

"He didn't see them go. He had taken outboard motor to the garage. Even he had seen them, even if the outboard had been working, a sail in this wind uld be faster than any motor; but gh would have the sail down," inted Rob. "He would have had that uch sense."

"If he could get it down." Fanny's lips ere stiff. "Listen to the wind."

They had all come down to the drawing om. Celestina, with Giulietta, Giacomino, Mario and the *trattoria* children, stood a little away in a silent group. Celestina and Giulietta were both praying. The *arciprete* had told Caddie to pray, and now she tried to.

Rob was walking up and down. "Damned young fool! When they get back, I will beat the life out of them."

Fanny gave a little moan. Rob came to her, knelt beside her and took her hands down from her face. "They are all right, Fanny. I know they are," but she could feel him trembling. "Give it a few minutes," he said. "If we can't sight them then, I will start the alarm."

"I want Father," said Caddie suddenly. The whispering prayers, Rob's pacing were much too much for Caddie's nerves. Father would not have let them behave like that. "I wish Father were here."

"Hush, Caddie," but Fanny, too, wished there were someone rocklike, somebody English, in command. Darrell would not have trembled, she thought and hated herself for that; she pushed the thought away. Rob was doing all that he could.

"We shall have to wait until it clears. Nothing could put out in this," he said, but after a few minutes he could not wait. He fetched a coat and put it over his head and shoulders.

"But where will you go? Where can you go?"

"At least I can get to Malcesine. Fanny, when the wind drops, go over to the Hotel Lydia and wait. I will ring you in half an hour to see if there's a sign."

Fanny ran to the upstairs windows, Caddie after her. They stood at one window after another, trying to see through the rain, looking at the thrashing sea of olive trees, the cypresses almost bent double. The waves on the rocks sent up clouds of spray.

"You would never find a sail in all that white," said Caddie.

Fanny thought, There wouldn't be a sail by now, but she did not say it.

The wind dropped. Abruptly, as if someone had reached out a giant hand and turned it off, it ceased to blow, the rain to flail. The cypresses stood erect, the olives ceased to thrash, though they quivered and dripped.

The news had run like wildfire through the village.

"On Garda many, many peoples drown," said Celestina with gusto, and she went on in her mixture of broken English and Italian. "Five fishermen, village fishermen, drown fifty meters from the villa. Here in the villa we hear their cries for help, and we can do nothing. All drown."

"I want Father," said Caddie again.

"I'm going over to the hotel," said Fanny. "Caddie, come." She was holding Caddie's hand in a grip that hurt.

Though it was of little use, the local boats had put out. They saw Mario and Giacomino in the rowing boat, other fishermen in theirs. A crowd was standing round the Hotel Lydia. The German manager, Herr Untermeyer, came out himself to meet them.

"They will find them. Certainly they will find them," Herr Untermeyer kept on saying, but he looked appalled. He took Fanny and Caddie into his office, away from the people, and they waited in silence until the telephone rang. Fanny was there before Herr Untermeyer. Rob's voice said, "Any sign?"

Fanny told him there was nothing.

"They probably tried to turn and run before the wind," Rob said. "They may have been blown a long way. You better go back to the house. If you hear anything, come back to the hotel and telephone the police, the *carabinieri*, here at Malcesine. If I hear anything, I'll telephone Herr Untermeyer. We'll have news soon," said Rob. "They are alerting every town and village on the lake."

"Do you think they will find them?" But Rob would not answer that.

It was almost dark now. The water still heaved and rolled, splashed on the rocks, but the lake was the darkening blue of a sapphire, hardly broken by white. Soon the lights of Limone glittered, and now they could see sparks like fireflies on the water, fishing boats putting out with their lamps.

"But the lake is so big." said Fanny.

"Thirty-two miles long, eleven across," said the exact Caddie.

There were scores of fishing boats.

"The signor has offered a reward of a million lire," said Celestina.

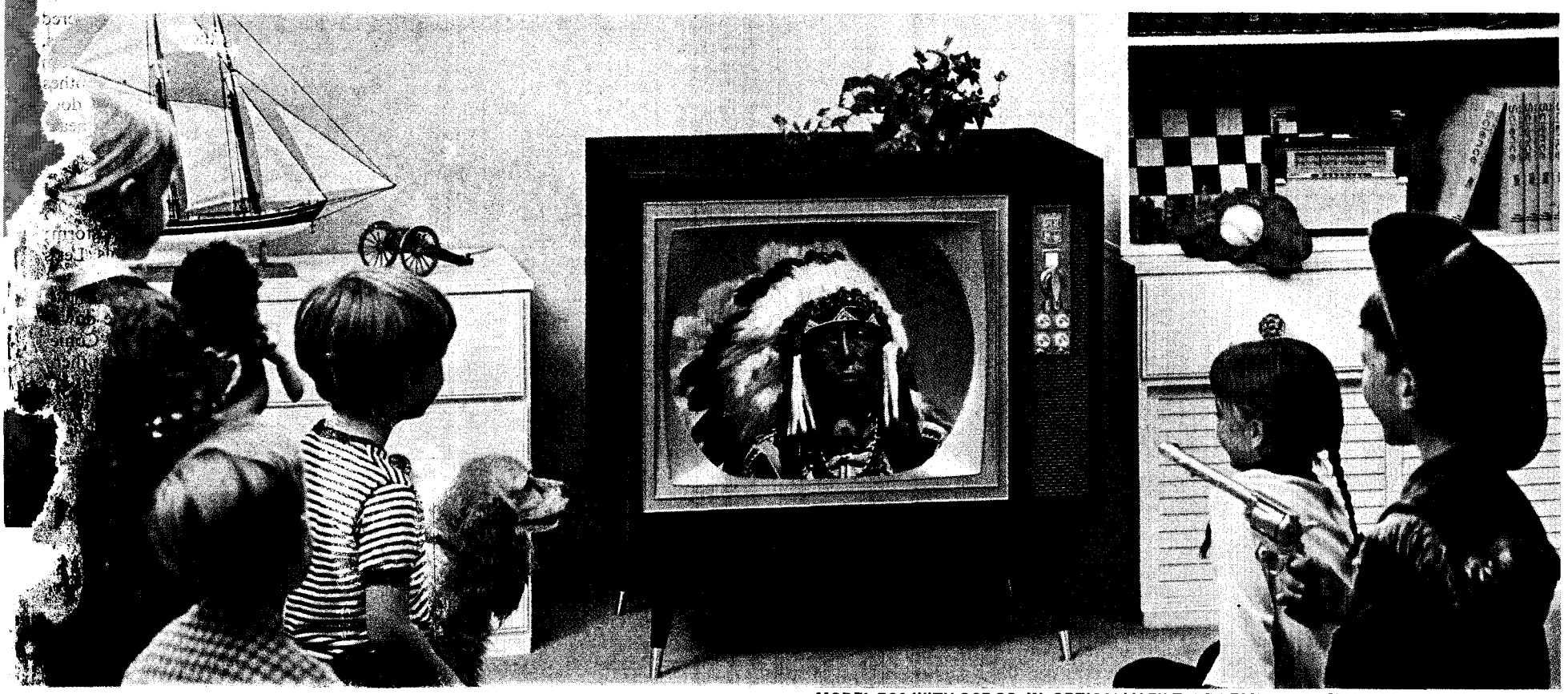
"*A million!*" said Caddie.

Fanny was called once to the hotel. Rob was on the telephone and, with a beating heart, she took the receiver from Herr Untermeyer, but Rob was only saying, "The police want to know what they were wearing."

On the terrace they still strained their eyes to see. "But it's too dark now," said Fanny, and her fingers closed on Caddie's shoulder, holding it so tightly that she bruised. Caddie tried to comfort her.

"Perhaps they are all looking in the wrong places. Hugh and Pia may not be on the lake at all. They may have been washed ashore."

Just before ten o'clock they heard Rob's step. Haggard with tiredness, his



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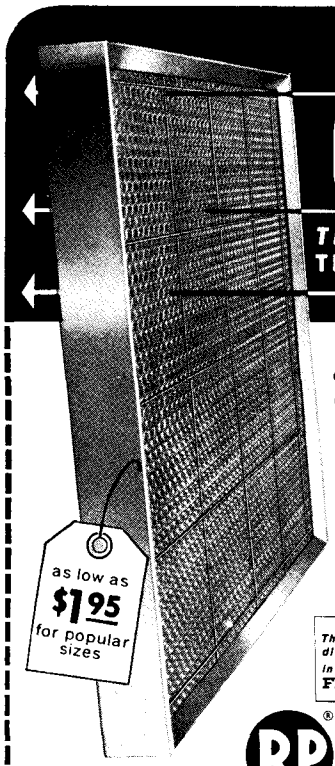

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VILLA FIORITA

shoulders sloped, he appeared in the doorway.

"Yes?" whispered Fanny. "Yes?"

"They have found the *Fortuna*."

Fanny could not speak.

"She was drifting down, just off Campione, the village below Limone. Hugh didn't get the sail down; the mast must have snapped because it was over the side. She was capsized."

"And them?"

"No sign. They may have been picked up. They may have got to shore somehow."

"Hugh could swim." That was Caddie. "He could life-save. He would life-save Pia."

"We can hope," said Rob to Fanny. "We must hope, but I'm afraid, dear, they want you down at the police station. I have come to fetch you."

Children, thought Caddie, are always left out. In any crisis of fear or sorrow they are treated as outsiders, left to wait without news, not told. Celestina came in with a tray of soup, but she did not stay—there was too much talk and excitement in the kitchen. "*Cerca di mangiare qualcosa*," she said encouragingly. "You try eat." Caddie was too tired; this endless day seemed to have worn holes in her. She took two or three spoonfuls of the soup, staggered over to the sofa and lay down.

It was the strangeness that woke Caddie, or perhaps it was the hardness of the sofa. Her skirt was twisted round her waist, its pleats crushed, and instinctively she thought, What will Pia say? Then the fact that she was in the drawing room began to dawn on her; the memories of the night came flooding in. How could I have gone to sleep? What had happened while she slept?

She sat up. There was a wry taste in her mouth that she knew came from not having brushed her teeth. Someone had covered her with a blanket, turned out the light. Caddie swung her legs down, shook her skirt straight and stood listening. There was no sound but the lapping of the lake, gentle now. Caddie tiptoed into the dining room.

The clock here showed twenty to six. The shutters were down, but the terrace door was open and she went out. It was full daylight, though the sun was still behind Monte Baldo, and the sky was pale, the mountains dim. It was easy to imagine Pia dead; her small pale face could easily look shut and wet, the black hair plastered down. But Hugh—to Caddie he remained obstinately himself and alive.

The villa seemed to be wrapped in sleep. Would they sleep when Hugh and Pia . . . ? It seemed odd, but then Caddie herself had fallen asleep on the sofa, and slept all night. Perhaps Fanny and Rob had not come home; perhaps they had found —— Caddie began to shiver. She was cold and still weak, and she thought it would be wise to go into the kitchen and find something to eat.

But when she reached the foot of the staircase, she forgot about going into the kitchen; she seemed to be drawn upstairs, up to her own room. There was nothing to see there. The two beds were empty and smooth as Giulietta had made them in the morning—yesterday morning, thought Caddie, yesterday an aeon ago, twenty-four hours that seemed to stretch into infinity. The sight of Pia's table, the missal, the vase, made Caddie's heart stop again. Will Rob take her body to Rome if they find it? And at that Caddie's head swam dizzily. She ran cold water into the basin and doused her face.

Still feeling as if she were floating, she went out of the bedroom, into the dressing room where Hugh had slept—and stood rooted on the rug. Hugh was lying in the bed.

Dead? thought Caddie. But if he were dead, surely they would not have brought him back to the villa? And then she saw that Hugh was breathing.

The ear nearest her had a grazed edge, rimmed with a dark red crust of dried blood. She could see another graze on his cheek and also a bluish swelling. Tentatively she touched him. Hugh was alive. But how? thought Caddie. How?

Filled with wonder, she gave a loud and unexpected sneeze.

"Caddie?" The door between the dressing room and the bedroom was open. Fanny was sitting by the window, dressed as she had been the night before, for traveling. The bed, like Pia's and Caddie's, had not been slept in.

"Caddie? You . . . woke up?"

"Yes. A little while ago. Hugh's not drowned. Is Pia?"

"No. She has a broken leg."

Fanny spoke as though from a long way off—through veils, thought Caddie. "Pia is in Riva hospital, but Rob is taking her to Milan. Her grandmother is coming. They are both safe."

"But how?" asked Caddie. "How?"

"Hugh knew when he went out that a storm was coming, but he didn't care. That was our fault." Fanny's voice trembled. "Then, when it grew so dark and thundered, he got frightened. He tried to get up to Riva, then to put in to a beach, but the storm broke too quickly. He struggled to get the sail down, but he couldn't."

The words came out slowly as if jerked from a machine. "The mast broke and the *Fortuna* went over. He held Pia and clung to the side. A duckboard floated up. He managed to catch it and push Pia onto it, and he held on above her, trying to swim."

"Then the current did not take them down?"

"They were close inshore. The *Fortuna* was clogged by her sail, but as soon as they left her, they were swept onto the rocks. That's where Pia broke her leg." A little life came into Fanny's voice. "Celestina says it's a miracle. Hugh was brave, Caddie. They say as brave as a man. He pulled Pia up from the waves. Then he said he fainted. When he came to, he found a . . . cleft." Here the voice trailed off and Caddie caught only the words, "climbed up to the road. One of those double lorries . . . two men . . . They got a doctor."

"Is Hugh hurt?"

"Bruised and cut and shocked. Doctor Isella put him to sleep."

Only bruised and shocked. There was a silence, then Caddie asked the question she had to ask.

"Where's Rob?"

"Rob's gone." Fanny put out a hand, groping as if she were blind. "Caddie. Help me. Help me."

It was only toward the afternoon that Hugh had opened his eyes. He opened them wide as if he had not seen the room or the villa before but, as a matter of fact, he had been awake a long time. He had awakened first about ten o'clock

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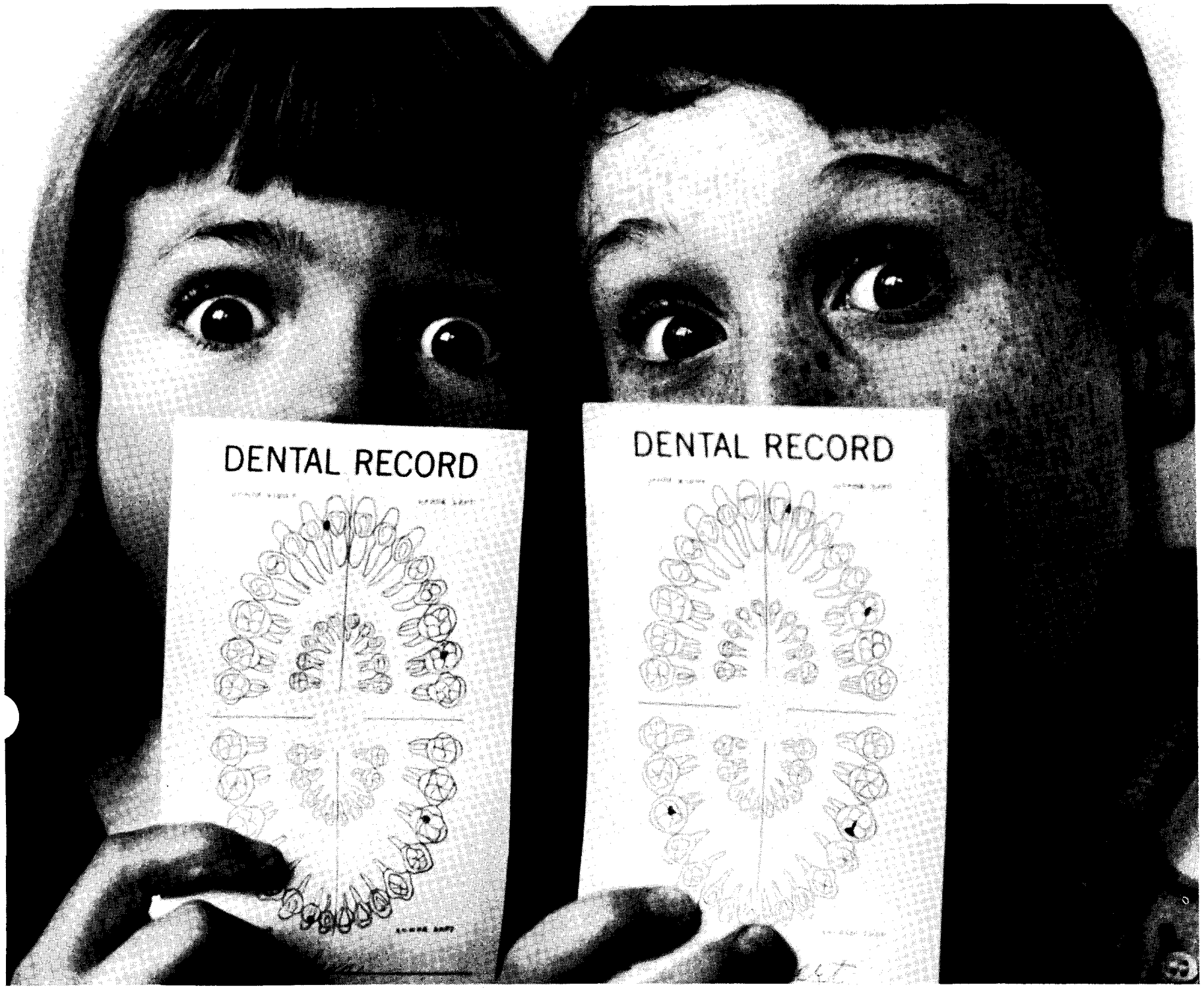

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*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

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VILLA FIORITA

and lain listening to the silence in the house. There was no struggle in him now, no torment. For the rest of his life Hugh would remember the death drag of that water; its coldness was in his bones; but it was something to do with Pia that had changed him. He kept seeing her unconscious face as she lay on the rocks. "I thought that I had killed her."

He had been brave, they told him, and he had said brusquely, "It wasn't brave. It was instinct, and training," but he lied. It was this odd way that Pia had of making him do things better, be stronger than he was, and he knew he could never have let her go, even if he had drowned with her. "I would rather have drowned with her," he said in surprise. Little old Pia! *Funny, I didn't know I really liked her.*

Toward evening Caddie came in to see how he was. "Hugh?"

"I want to see Rob," he said.

"You can't. He has gone."

"Gone?" With Hugh's cut lips and swollen face it was difficult to talk. "Why has he gone?"

"Because we have won after all," said Caddie, and burst into tears.

If Rob had gone, that meant Pia had gone, too, taken out of their lives just when —— Hugh lay very still. Would he ever see Pia again? Perhaps not. Perhaps when they were grown up. He toyed with that a minute and saw himself a young man, Pia a foreign, elegant girl; he could guess how elegant she would be; but that time was far away—years, thought Hugh, and panic set in. "I will go to Rome and find her," he vowed. "There can't be two Pia Quillets."

Then he remembered that she would be living with her grandmother, the Nonna she talked about, and he did not know Nonna's name. Write to Rob? Ask Fanny if she knew Nonna's address? Hugh knew that he could never ask her now.

Renato sent a car to take them to Milan. It brought their air tickets and a note which Caddie read: "Everything is paid. If the boy is not well enough to travel, tell the chauffeur to telephone me, and I will book you on another day."

When Hugh and Caddie brought Fanny through the sunken garden on the way to the car, she stopped by an old olive tree and touched it. "She always does that when she's in trouble," Caddie whispered.

Hugh had not been there that early morning when Caddie had had to stand by, inadequately trying to pat away that terrible grief, but now tinged with it himself, he could not bear those eyes.

"Come, Mother. Mother, come," he said, but even Hugh could not reach Fanny now.

Just before that dawn, "When the stocks smelled so strongly in the garden," whispered Fanny, "and it was so wet and chill," she had been sitting by Hugh's bed, as Rob, she thought, was sitting by Pia's in the hospital—"each of us alone, with our own child, utterly separated. Separated, not only by this division of children but because she, too, in those hours, had echoed Caddie's cry: "I want Father." "I want Darrell." Hugh was Darrell's child.

Perhaps Fanny had dozed in her chair, because she seemed to be awakened suddenly by a sound, a feeling, she did not know what. Light was in the room, dawn light, and with it a coolness that touched her cheeks. She was conscious of her clothes, the tightness of her girdle, an ache in her back, her feet aching, too from wearing shoes all night, and she had a feeling of terror. The terror of the night had not happened—miraculously, as Celestina said—but this terror was a terror to come. It was as if we had traded, Rob and I.

"If that hope had really been the beginning of our baby, Rob's and mine . . ." That brought such a wave of longing that she had almost cried out. We should have been safe, thought Fanny, bound, as children do bind you; but now all the old teachings of Aunt Isabel had awakened in her mind. If you do wrong, you will be punished, terribly punished.

Hugh was asleep. Fanny got up, and when she came out on the landing, Rob's study door was open, and he was at the table with the light still on; he had not noticed the daylight and he was writing.

For one moment Fanny had thought it was *Saladin;* after that night!

"Rob, what are you doing?"

He looked up. "Writing to Darrell."

"That's unpardonable." She seemed to be struggling for breath.

"I know, but you don't want to have to explain."

"Explain? I—I—I must go out into the garden," cried Fanny.

"Fan——" Rob had got up.

"Don't, Rob. Don't call me that." And she had cried, "I can't breathe."

They walked round the house, down the steps, past the geraniums colorless in the half-light, and through the sunken garden to the olive grove where the twisted stems of the old trees loomed and retreated into shadow as they passed. The olive leaves glimmered, the wisteria arch was gray. It is filled with ghosts already, thought Fanny. The flowers were still half hidden in darkness, still wet from the storm. Fanny's shoes and stockings were wet, but her face had cooled and she could breathe.

"We have given in," she said.

"Yes. Given in," said Rob.

"I am calm now," said Fanny, and she lifted her face to Rob. "I won't make you a fuss."

The bell began to ring from Malcesine.

"It must be twelve o'clock," whispered Caddie. The *arciprete* will be pleased when he hears, she thought; at least one person could be wholeheartedly pleased.

Twelve o'clock.

"Mother, you must come," said Hugh. "The car is waiting."

Caddie went to Fanny and took her by the hand. "Come, Mother."

She came obediently and walked with them to the car, one of them on each side of her.

Celestina and Giulietta had broken off their work to see them off. Giacomino had come to the steps, Beppino and Gianna were there. "*Arrivederci,*" they called. "*Arrivederci.*"

As the car drove out of the gates, Caddie noticed that the whitehorn flowers had dropped, their petals scattered in the road. The hedges now did not disguise their pricking thorns and, almost before the car turned up the road, Giulietta ran and shut the gates. The last thing Hugh and Caddie saw were the gilt letters, VILLA FIORITA, as, with Fanny sitting between them, they drove away.

THE END

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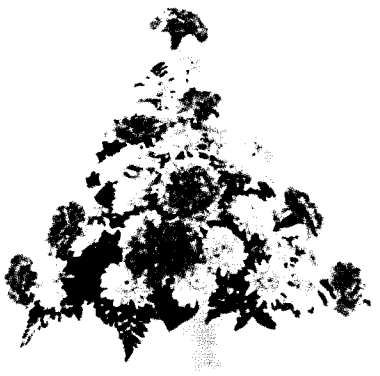
"... H-12, yes. To 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. No, no special reason. I just admire him, that's all...



"... my first leave... haven't seen the folks in months... want to send the C-5 bouquet... let 'em know I'm coming...

"... only a college musical, but she is the lead. For her dressing room... send H-15. Opening night is Thursday...

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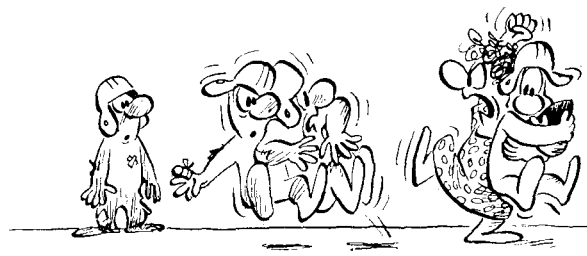

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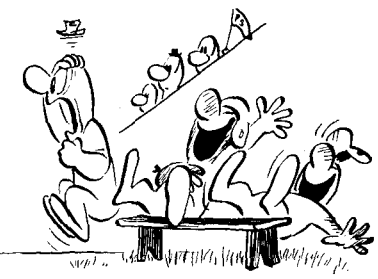

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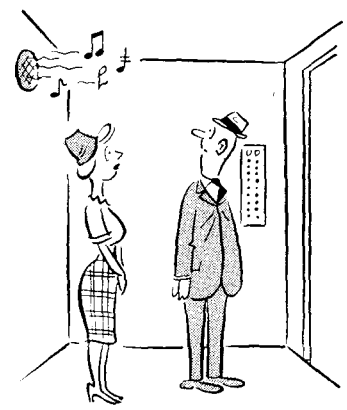

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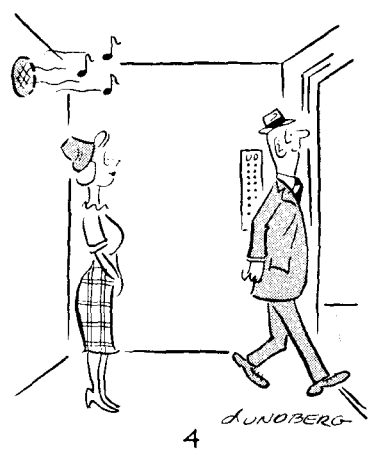
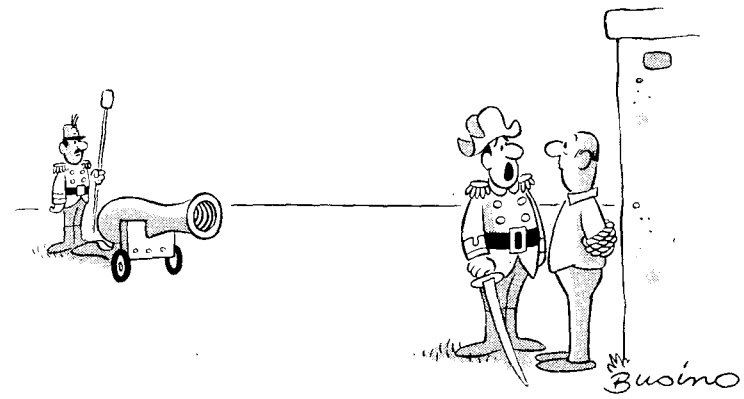


4

"Good news, Mr. Wilson—my mother thinks you're just about ready to wind up your analysis."



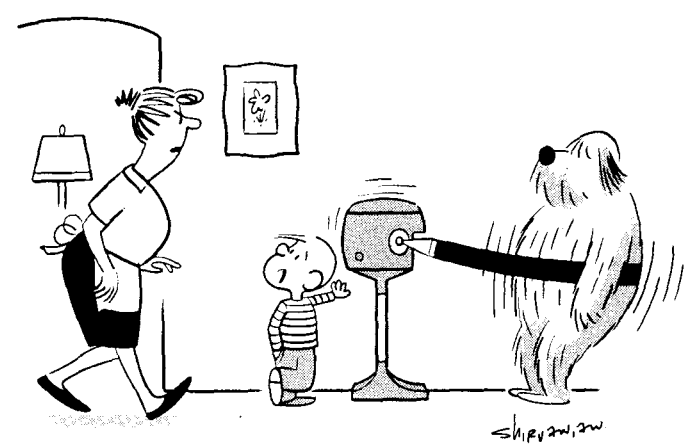
"It's the firing squad's day off."

"I certainly enjoyed the evening, Fred—especially the part where you introduced me to George Crenshaw."

MEDICAL PILGRIMAGE

She consulted Doctor Hagenflug,
  Next tried Doctor Green,
And Doctors Aabt and Yarborough
  And everyone in between,
And was just about to try
  A Doctor Zorn, a handsome foreigner,
When she passed a trailer on a curve
  And went to the county coroner.

ETHEL JACOBSON



"I'm trying to get him in shape for the dog show."

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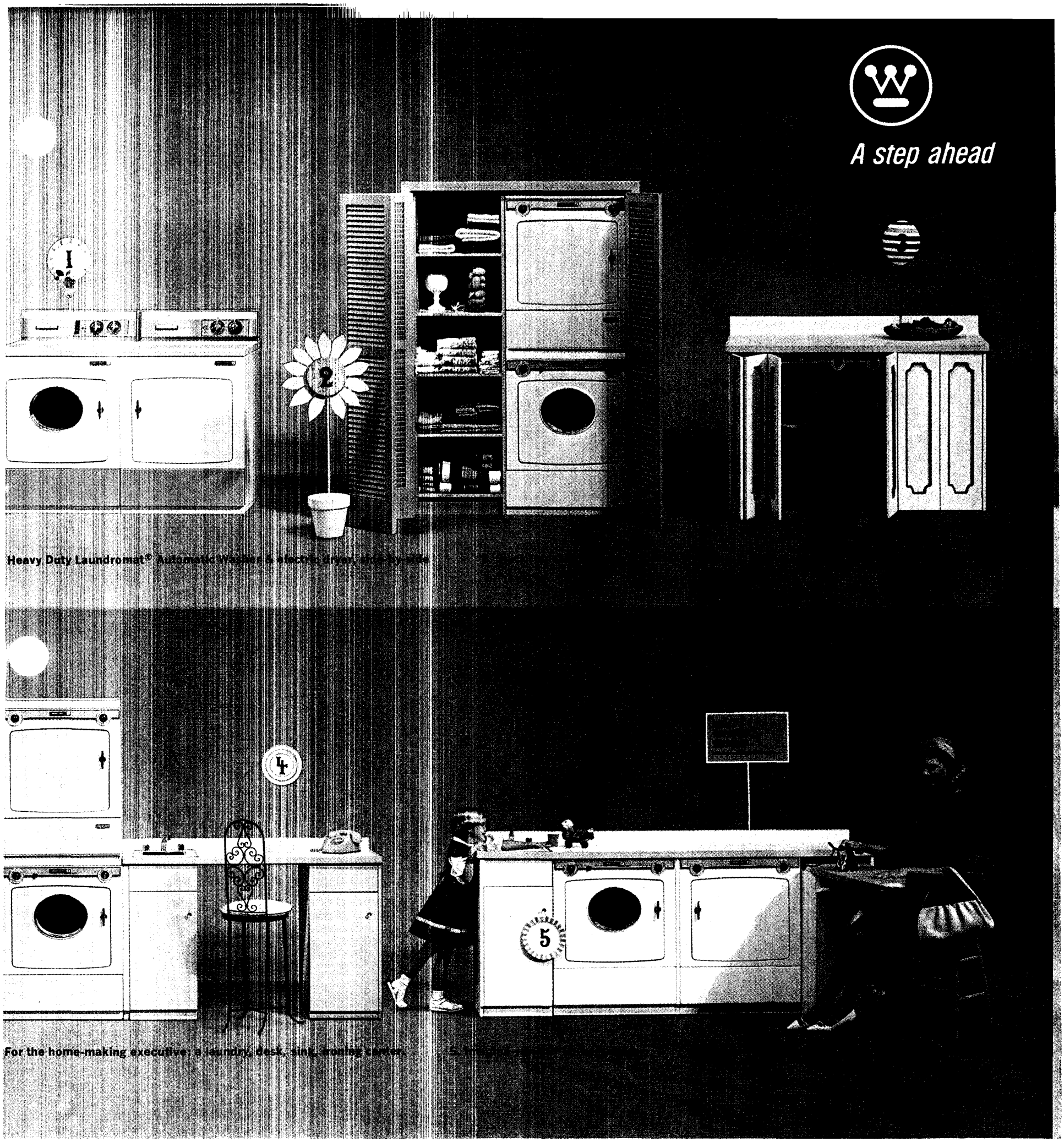
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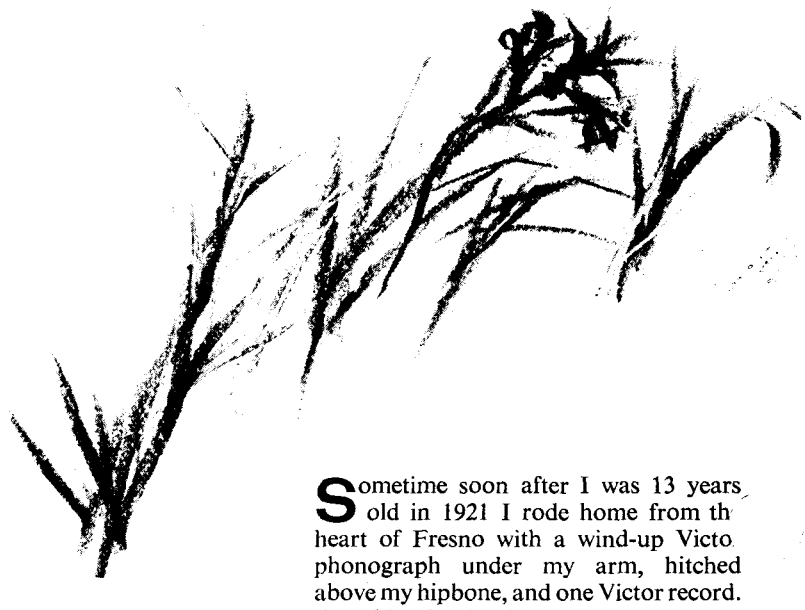
The miraculous phonograph record



He had been extravagant and he deserved a thrashing— but then the music started.

Sometime soon after I was 13 years old in 1921 I rode home from th heart of Fresno with a wind-up Victo phonograph under my arm, hitched above my hipbone, and one Victor record. On a bicycle, that is.

The bicycle went to pieces from the use I gave it as a Postal Telegraph messenger.

The phonograph developed motor trouble soon after my first book was published; and while I was traveling in Europe for the first time, in 1935, it was given to the Salvation Army.

But I still have the record, and I have a special fondness for it.

The reason I have a special fondness for it is that whenever I listen to it, I remember what happened when I reached home with the phonograph and the record.

The phonograph had cost $10, the record 75 cents, both brand new. I had earned the money as a messenger in my first week of work, plus $4.25, which I had in my pocket.

My mother had just got home from Guggenheim's, where, judging from the expression on her face, she had been packing figs in eight-ounce packs, which I knew was the weight and size that was least desired by the packers, because a full day of hard work doing eight-ounce packs, at so much per pack, meant only about a dollar and a half, or at the most two dollars, whereas, if they were packing four-ounce packs, they could earn three and sometimes even four dollars. which in those days was good money, and welcome, especially as the work at Guggenheim's, or at any of the other dried-fruit packinghouses such as Rosenberg's or Inderrieden's, was seasonal, and the season was never long.

When I walked into the house, all excited, with the phonograph hitched to my hip, my mother gave me a look that

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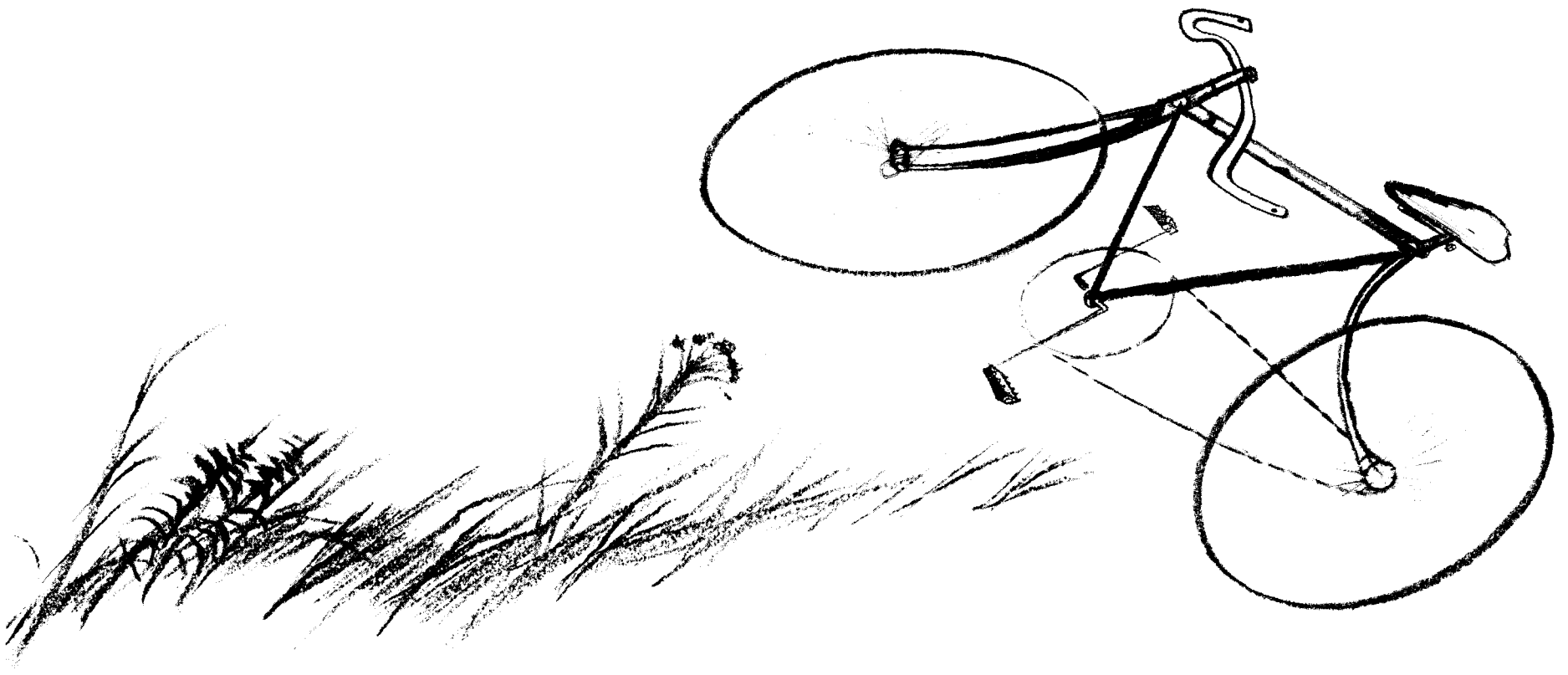

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

suggested an eight-ounce day. She said ›thing, however, and I said nothing, as placed the phonograph on the round table in the parlor, checked it for any accidents to exposed parts that might have happened in transit, found none, lifted the record from the turntable where the girl in the store had fixed it with two big rubber bands, examined both sides of it, and noticed that my mother was watching. While I was still cranking the machine, she spoke at last, softly and politely, which I knew meant she didn't like the looks of what was going on. She spoke in Armenian.

"Willie, what is that you have there?"

"This is called a phonograph."

"Where did you get this phonograph?"

"I got it from Sherman, Clay, on Broadway."

"The people at Sherman, Clay—did they *give* you this phonograph?"

"No, I paid for it."

"How much did you pay, Willie?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars is a lot of money in this family. Did you *find* the ten dollars in the street perhaps?"

"No, I got the ten dollars from my first week's pay as a messenger. And seventy-five cents for the record."

"And how much money have you brought home for the whole family—for rent and food and clothing—out of your first week's pay?"

"Four dollars and twenty-five cents. My pay is fifteen dollars a week."

Now, the record is on the machine, and I am about to put the needle to the revolving disc when I suddenly notice that I had better forget it and get out of there, which I do, and just in time too. The screen door of the back porch slams ›ce for me, and then once for my ›other.

As I race around the house, I become aware of two things: (1) that it's a beautiful evening, and (2) that Levon Kemalyan's father, who is a very dignified man, is standing in front of his house across the street with his mouth a little open, watching. Well, he's an elder at the First Armenian Presbyterian Church; he isn't from Bitlis, as we are; he's not a Saroyan, and this sort of thing comes as a surprise to him. Surely Takoohi Saroyan and her son are not racing around their house for exercise, or in an athletic contest of some kind, so why are they running?

In a spirit of neighborliness I salute Mr. Kemalyan as I race to the front porch and back into the parlor, where I quickly put needle to disc, and hurry to the dining room, from whence I can both witness the effect of the music on my mother, and, if necessary, escape to the back porch, and out into the yard again.

The music of the record begins to come from the machine just as my mother gets back into the parlor.

For a moment it looks as if she is going to ignore the music and continue the chase, and then suddenly it happens, the thing that makes the record something to cherish forever.

My mother comes to a halt, perhaps only to catch her breath, perhaps to listen to the music; there's still no way of telling for sure.

As the music moves along, I can't help noticing that my mother either is too tired to run anymore or is actually listening. And then I notice that she is *very definitely* listening. I watch her turn from the chase to the machine. I watch her take one of the six cane chairs that have remained in the family from the time of my father, from 1911, and move it to the round table. I watch her sit down. I notice now that her expression no longer suggests that she is tired and angry. I remember the man in the Bible who was mad and was comforted by somebody playing a harp. I stand in the doorway to the parlor, and when the record ends I go to the machine, lift the needle from the disc and stop the motor.

Without looking at me, my mother says, this time in English, "All right, we keep this." And then in softly spoken Armenian, "Play it again, I beg of you."

I quickly give the crank a few spins and put needle to disc again.

This time when the needle comes to the end of the record my mother says, "Show me how it's done." I show her, and she starts the record a third time for herself.

Well, of course the music *is* beautiful, but only a moment ago she had been awfully mad at me for what she had felt had been the throwing-away of most of my week's wages for some kind of ridiculous piece of junk. And then she had heard the music; she had got the message, and the message had informed her that not only had the money *not* been thrown-away, it had been wisely invested.

She played the record six times while I sat at the table in the dining room looking through a small catalogue of records given to me free of charge by the girl at Sherman, Clay, and then she said, "You have brought home only the one record?"

"Well, there's another song on the other side."

I went back to the machine, turned the record over, and put it in place.

"What is this other one?"

"Well, it's called *Song of India*. I've never heard it. At the store I listened only to the first one, which is called *Cho-Cho-San*."

"What is the meaning of *that—Cho-Cho-San?*"

"It's just the name of the song, I guess. Would you like to hear the other one, *Song of India?*"

"I beg of you."

Now, as the other members of the family came home, they heard music coming from the parlor, and when they went in they saw the brand-new phonograph, and my mother sitting on the cane chair, directly in front of it, listening.

Why wouldn't that record be something I would want to keep as long as possible, and something I deeply cherish? Almost instantly it had won over my mother to art, and for all I know marked the point at which she began to suspect that her son rightfully valued some things higher than he valued money, and possibly even higher than he valued food, drink, shelter and clothing.

A week later she remarked to everybody during supper that the time had come to put some of the family money into a second record, and she wanted to know what was available. I got out the catalogue and went over the names, but they meant nothing to her, so she told me to just go to the store and pick out something *hrashali*, the Armenian word for miraculous, which I was happy to do.

Now, as I listen to the record again, 42 years later, and try to guess what happened, I think it was the banjo beat that got my mother, that spoke directly to her as if to one long known, deeply understood, and totally loved; the banjo chords just back of the clarinet that remembered everything gone, accepted everything present, and waited for anything more still to come, echoing in and out of the story of the Japanese girl betrayed by the American sailor, the oboe saying words and the saxophone choking on swallowed emotion: "Fox Trot (On Melodies by G. Puccini, arranged by Hugo Frey) Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 18777-A."

After that, whenever other members of the family attacked me for some seeming eccentricity, my mother always patiently defended me until she lost her temper, whereupon she shouted, "He is not a businessman, thank God." THE END

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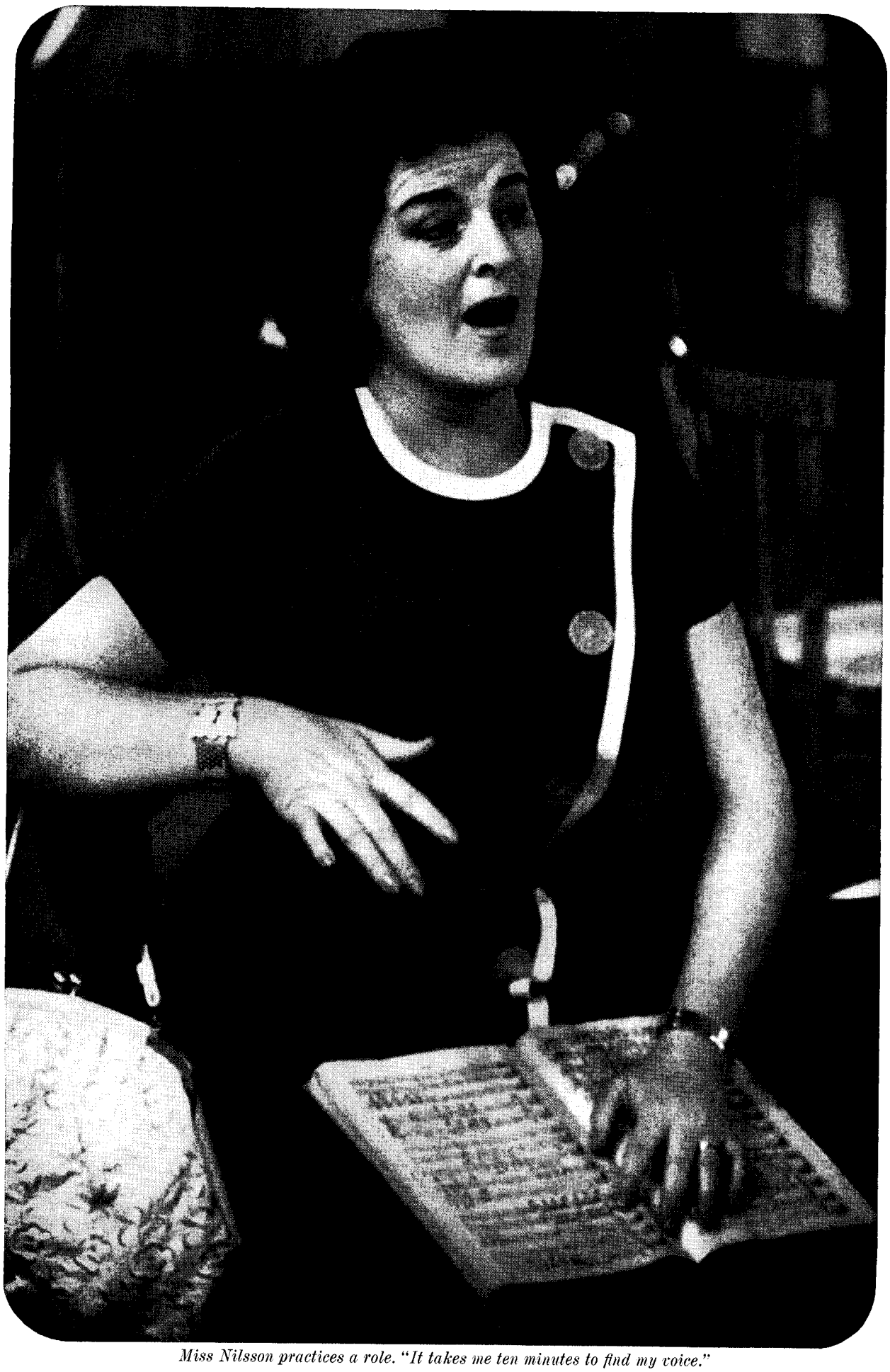
"...and then I had to sing like an Indian."

A great soprano tells her frank story of tribulations and triumphs.



Miss Nilsson practices a role. "It takes me ten minutes to find my voice."

By
Birgit Nilsson
with
Martin Mayer

Birgit Nilsson, chosen by the New York Metropolitan Opera to star in the Aïda that opens its new season, is unquestionably one of the world's greatest opera stars. She is also a Swedish farm girl who insists on managing her own career—to the tune of $300,000 a year. Miss Nilsson has come a long way, and among her many gifts is a talent for telling what it all looks like from where she is now. —THE EDITORS

Always the telephone wakes me in the morning. The room is dark, and I feel panic. Is the telephone in this room? On which side of the bed is it? What am I doing here? What am I supposed to do tonight? Then I pick up the telephone and I hear the operator's voice, and I know what country I'm in.

I sleep until 10 o'clock at least, if I can. And for an hour after I wake up I am not fit to live with—I do not want to see anybody or do anything. In London or Milan this is all right, but not in New York. New York is a crazy city, where everyone must do things in the morning. There are press interviews, television people who wish to plan something, managers from out of town to make arrangements for a concert, record-company people, lawyers, tax accountants, investment advisers, hairdresser, dressmaker, someone from the Met with an idea—always appointments. In America everything is business—you sing in your free time. The telephone always rings, and I cannot keep myself from answering.

In New York there even are rehearsals in the morning. I get a note—Miss Nilsson is wanted from eleven in the morning until two in the afternoon. Many people complain about the schedule at the Met, but I am glad to know everything is well arranged. It is better than in Vienna, where usually you just jump in and sing without a rehearsal.

Of course, there can be too much planning at the Met. One day I was there from the morning until late in the afternoon, to rehearse three different operas—*The Masked Ball*, *Aida* and *Tristan*—and the next night I was singing a fourth opera, *Fidelio*. But it can be done. You have different rooms in your head, and you can move from room to room.

On the day of a performance I know the Met will not call me for a rehearsal, so I make a dentist's appointment. My first year at the Metropolitan I had the wrong dentist, and when Mr. Bing [general manager of the Metropolitan] visited me before a *Tristan*, I told him I did not know how well I could sing, because I had screamed at the dentist's. Mr. Bing laughed

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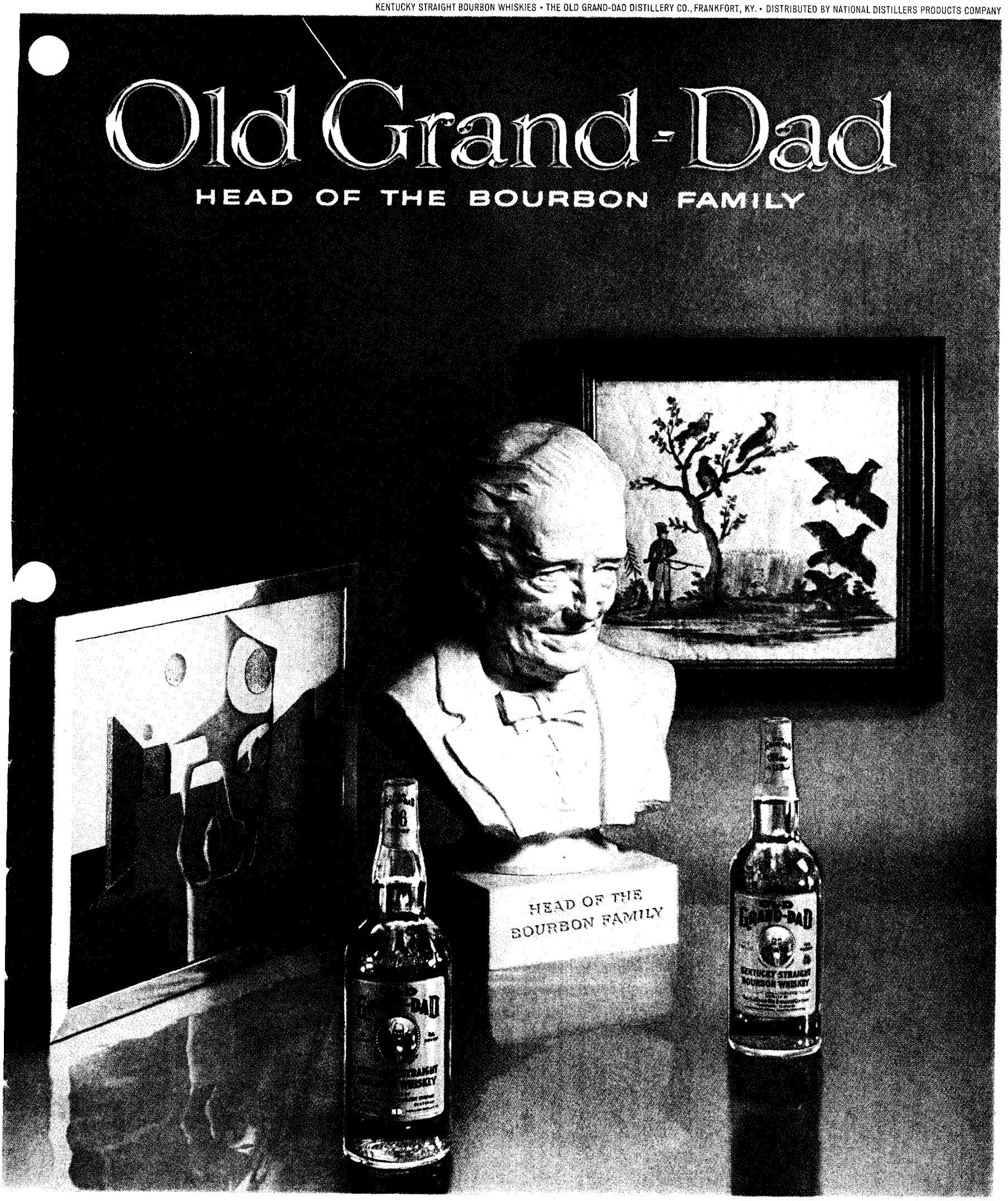

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On fame: "You could make a hit in Heaven, but it wouldn't count in America"

Miss Nilsson as Turandot. "I refused to wear Cecil Beaton's makeup, because he made me look so hideous. He screamed, 'You are going to ruin my Turandot.'"

Miss Nilsson receives an accolade from the Met's Rudolf Bing. "I told him I had screamed at the dentist's. He laughed and said he always screams at the dentist's."

SOPRANO

and said he always screams at the dentist's. He did not think I should go to the dentist the day of a performance. But now I have the right dentist, and it is an advantage to go that day—I say, "It's not to hurt, remember, I have to sing tonight!"

If I am lucky, I have time for some shopping, too, on the day of a performance. Then, at three o'clock, I eat, and I go to bed and rest. This is a new custom for me, which I have learned from my colleagues. I have been lucky with my health, and I have almost never canceled a performance. Once I sang with 102 degrees of fever, and it was very good. But all my colleagues say one should rest, so now I do it.

I don't sleep. I do the crossword puzzles in the Swedish magazines. I read horoscopes too. I am Taurus, which is very interesting, because all the horoscope books say that Taurus makes the good singers. It is because you have to be built like a bull, with a large frame and a short neck. Since I have been reading horoscopes, I have a mascot I take with me to my dressing room—a little cloth bull with a red tail and yellow hoofs and curly hair. It is named "Curlyhead," a name that children used to call me when I was very small; and because I didn't understand the meaning of the word I thought they were insulting me, so I screamed like mad.

In my dressing room I first read all my mail and look at the names of the people who want to come in that evening and see what I look like after a performance. Then I fix my makeup, the wigmaker comes, and finally I dress. In Europe I take this concentrated grape sugar that gives you quick energy; but you cannot buy it in the United States, and I seem to be successful without it. Then I warm up, I find my voice. It takes me ten minutes, and the way I do it is my personal secret. I am like the tenor who sang a beautiful performance but held his hand in front of his mouth all the time. Somebody asked him why, and he said, "I don't want to give away my technique."

I check the stage and make sure they wet it down. The Met stage is unbelievably dusty. You wear these long dresses, and after the performance your feet and legs are black with the dust the dress kicks up. I will never forget the dust in the first act of my *Tristan* at the Met, my debut. I could hardly see the Tristan. I felt as though I had half the dust in the world in my throat—and then I had to sing like an Indian. But somehow, though it is very dirty and you feel very dirty, the air is exhilarating. That is what old singers mean when they say fresh air is no good—you need theater air.

On stage at the Met you must be very careful that everything goes just right, because people are always looking for mistakes. If you do not come right out for the curtain call, people write you asking you if it is true you had a fight with the tenor at the end of the act. At Bayreuth there is a bat that is sometimes flying around the stage, but the audience doesn't let itself be distracted. If there was a bat at the Metropolitan, not many people would pay attention to the singers. Some nights I work harder than others. Isolde is very hard—there are 1,750 bars to sing, and I am on stage 78 minutes in the first act alone. To play Isolde you must have comfortable shoes.

After the performance, sometimes I go out with friends, and I have many friends now in New York, because I am here almost four months a year, always in the same hotel suite with my own things. Sometimes I go home alone. I have a beer and an aquavit and a herring—I must have a beer. Sometimes I only think. I am seldom in bed before two o'clock, and sometimes it is even later.

The next morning I read what the newspapers have said. In New York especially, the newspapers are very important. After my debut in New York they said I was an "overnight sensation," and I received contracts to sing on Perry Como, Ed Sullivan, the Firestone Hour, to give many recitals. I wrote my husband, "You could make a hit in Heaven, but it wouldn't count in America. Here you must be a success in New York."

Next year, to Moscow

The languages are hard. Every year I have to live with at least five different languages—Swedish, German, Italian, English and Spanish. In 1964 there will be still more languages, because I have promised La Scala that I will sing *Turandot* in Moscow with them, and some Japanese people have asked that I sing in Tokyo.

I have learned all my roles in Swedish first, because that is my language, and many roles in Italian opera I know in three languages—Swedish, Italian and German. When I return to Stockholm, I always sing in Swedish, though I have been playing the same part in the original language elsewhere. Otherwise the Swedish people would think I am stuck-up. But it is not only the languages that change when you travel: The music itself changes. I have an absolute ear, and I can sing anything exactly on pitch from the notes, without hearing an accompaniment. Internationally this absolute ear does not help me at all, because the pitch of the instruments changes from place to place. In London, for example, the pitch of the instruments is lower than in Vienna, so it is harder to sing a high C in Vienna. Of course, there are different traditions too, and conductors who are brought up in different traditions. In only one way are all the conductors the same—they are not interested in how you want to sing it; they want you to sing their way.

Sometimes it is important to know a language simply so you can find out what is happening. I was in Buenos Aires to make my debut at the Teatro Colón when there was the revolution that overthrew Peron. There were bombs dropping in the street, and I sat on my suitcase in the basement of the opera house, which was—though I did not know it—an arsenal for the Peronists. I did not believe I would ever get out, and I could not even ask questions.

Then the revolution was over, and they asked me to stay and sing Tristan. The performance was at three o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday, because there was still a curfew and people were not allowed out at night. The new president and all the people who had made the revolution

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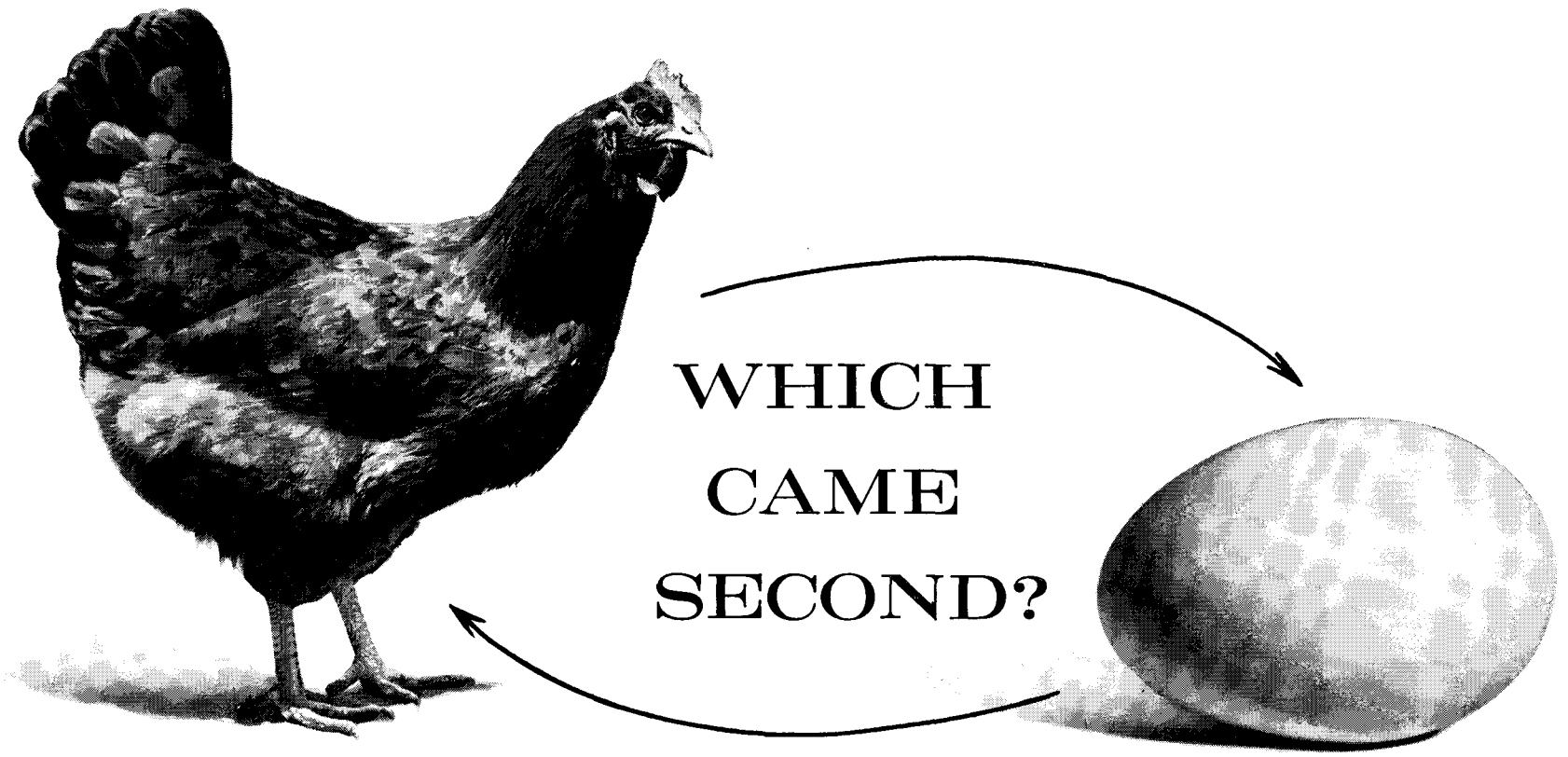

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came to the opera house to celebrate. At the beginning they cheered for freedom, and then they cheered for Wagner—and finally they cheered for Nilsson.

People think I have changed my name, because my father is Nils Svensson and I am Birgit Nilsson. But in the part of Sweden where I come from, people still follow the old-farmer style of naming the child for the father's first name. My name, I suppose, should be Nilsdotter. But I am my parents' only child, and my father wanted a boy who would grow up to take our farm, which had been in his family for seven generations. They tell me that when I was being born, my father offered the midwife 500 kronor—$165—if I should be a boy. But this did not help, and to make up for it my father named me Nilsson anyway.

I have always been a singer—I sang before I could walk. My mother had a beautiful voice, and she showed me when she was 60 how to take the high C. When I was four years old, one of the farmhands bought a player piano, with one octave, and in two hours I had picked out all the songs I sang—including a naughty song another farmhand had taught me, that I once sang for my father's guests, not knowing what it meant, and making a great scandal.

When I was a child, I would sing for eight to ten hours a day, and whenever my parents had a party I would sing for the guests. I went to school to learn to be a teacher. When my teacher there said I should educate my voice, I decided. My father did not want me to go to Stockholm. He said he had a friend who had sent his daughter to Stockholm and spent $20,000 on her education, and now she made her living as a woman of the streets. "Singing at home is one thing," he said. "But to make a competition with all the singers in Sweden—it's crazy, and it's expensive, you will ruin me."

But my mother had a little inheritance in her own name, $400, and she gave it to me so I could go to the Stockholm Music Academy. First I had to pass the audition, and that audition in 1941 is still the strongest of my memories.

There were 47 of us, trying for two places in the academy. I stood in the hall and heard the others singing on the stage, and they sounded so beautiful. Everyone who was waiting with me was so well dressed, and they asked each other, "Where have you studied?" One had been in Florence, and one in Berlin, and one in Paris. I had never been inside an opera house in my life.

I sang for the judges Elisabeth's prayer from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and left immediately. I did not think I could win the audition, but I knew I was not going home for people to make fun of their "opera singer," as they were already calling me. I would stay in Stockholm and get a job. I knew I was a good cook; I could be somebody's maid. I was a block away from the theater, when I heard two men yelling at me from behind. I stopped, and they came up. One of them said, "Who is this girl who sings Elisabeth's prayer so one gets tears in the eyes?" They told me I had won.

I did not really think in those days that I would be an opera singer. I wanted to succeed as a church singer. All the time while I was at the academy, I made money to pay my bills by singing in church choirs and at funerals. The pay was three dollars for singing on Sunday with the choir, and one dollar for singing at a funeral. There were many of us who made money singing at funerals—we were known at the academy as the "*sarkofaghen*," or "coffin girls."

I was singing a recital in Malmo when a telephone call came from Stockholm. Three nights later there was to be a performance of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and the soprano who was to sing Agatha was sick. Did I know the part? Could I sing it that night? I knew only Agatha's two arias, but I thought I might not have another chance, and I said I would do it. At the performance I was so frightened, when I looked out the lights from the audience's opera glasses seemed like nailheads that would be shot into me if I made a mistake. And I did make a mistake, a bad one. The newspapers were kind, but the conductor would not forgive me, and I got a bad reputation at the opera house for not being clever. A whole year had to pass before I got another chance. Fritz Busch chose me to sing Verdi's Lady Macbeth in 1947.

After *Macbeth* I was given a contract at the Royal Swedish Opera. My mother lived to see my success but died in 1949. She was always worried about me. She said, "Stay close to the earth—then when you fall down it will not hurt so much." My father felt worse—even today, he would rather I had stayed home and married a farmer and taken over his farm. Yet we have stayed very close, and what vacation I can take, my husband and I still spend at his farm. After I was a success, he came to hear me sometimes at the Opera in Stockholm. He was there for my first *Tosca*. He just sat in his seat, in the fourth row, while everyone around him was applauding and cheering. One of the men behind him grew angry and said, "Why don't you applaud that wonderful Swedish singer?"

My father turned around and said, "Why should I applaud? It is only my *grebba* [my girl] who is singing."

I was home for Christmas of 1947, after my Lady Macbeth, but I had to leave before New Year's because I had a concert in Stockholm. I was on the train in my country clothes and my country shoes, and I went to get something to eat. When I came back, I found a man asleep on the seat next to mine, and sprawled over onto my chair. I woke him up, and he apologized; and I saw he was a very attractive man and I was sorry I was wearing my country clothes. Everyone must meet her man somehow.

I took out my music for the concert, and I was reading it—I read musical notes the way I read a book, and I have a horse memory. The man said to me, "Is that difficult?"—not a very intelligent question. I said, "No." He was reading a thick medical book, and I asked him if *that* was difficult, and he said, "No." We talked, and he took my telephone number in Stockholm and told me he would call when he finished his book.

Either it was really a difficult book or he was a slow reader, because he did not call me for six weeks—but he did not lose the number. We were married in 1948, on September 10, and he has never yet remembered the day.

My husband took his degree as a veterinarian, but neither of us wanted to live in the country, so he went into the food-and-restaurant business. He is the one who said to me, "Stockholm is not a big-enough house for you, you must go abroad," but now he thinks it is a little too much. Sometimes he travels with me, which is a great pleasure, also because he does not take much luggage and I can use the extra weight allowance.

My husband is not a musician, but the compliment I cherish most came from him. A new record of mine had arrived the house, and I put it on the phonogr without saying what it was. My husbanu was reading a newspaper, but he put it down and listened. He said, "Now, that is something. There, Birgit, you have someone who will be a real rival to you."

A woman negotiating business with men is in a special position. Sometimes it can be funny. In Vienna, I was sitting at a table with the directors of the Staatsoper, to negotiate about the next contract. They do not like to pay singers much in Vienna. Suddenly my pearls broke and scattered all over the floor. It was very embarrassing. All these important men got down on the floor to pick up my pearls—even Herbert von Karajan, the general manager of the opera house, got down on the floor and became a "pearl fisher." But I noticed he was not just picking up pearls. He was looking for the big ones. He found the biggest, and handed it to me. He said, "Real, Madame Nilsson—from your fabulous La Scala fees?"

I replied, "No—only imitation, from my Vienna fees." A few minutes later we signed the contract.

Sometimes you must simply put your foot down. It is not very helpful to have a manager—he tells you not to make a fuss, and then collects his 10 percent. Often the trouble is something to do with the costume or the makeup. At the Metropolitan, in *Turandot*, I refused to wear Cecil Beaton's makeup, because he made m look so hideous. He came backstage b fore the second act and screamed at me: "You are going to ruin *my* Turandot." I told him, "*Your Turandot?* I didn't know you had ever composed one. I know only Puccini's *Turandot*, and I have been quite successful with it long before I have met you." But the trouble can also be money.

At the Teatro Lirico in Barcelona I found once that the management did not wish to live up to its contract. They had said they would pay my travel expense, but when I came they did not pay it. Before my first performance, I asked for the travel money, and they said they would get it, I should be patient. There were four pairs of performances, and before each one I asked for my travel money, and they said they would have it later. The last performance on my contract was a *Walküre*, on a Saturday night. I stayed in my hotel, in bed.

Ten minutes before the curtain, they called. "Where *are* you, Miss Nilsson?"

I said, "I am in bed, eating an orange and doing crossword puzzles."

"But you have a performance tonight!"

"No, you did not pay me for my travel."

"But, Miss Nilsson, where are we to get the money? The banks are closed. It is Saturday night."

I said, "That is your concern. I am tired, I have been singing enough. I am very pleased to have a night's rest."

They became very upset. They called everyone—they even called Stockholm, to talk with my husband. He said, "What can I do? You know how women are."

In *Walküre*, I do not sing until the second act. During the first act they found the money, they called, they told me to hurry to the opera house. It took me te minutes to get into my costume, find m voice and walk on the stage.

I sang Brünnhilde's "*Ho-jo-to-ho!*" *That* was a battle cry, I can tell you—so full of victory! THE END

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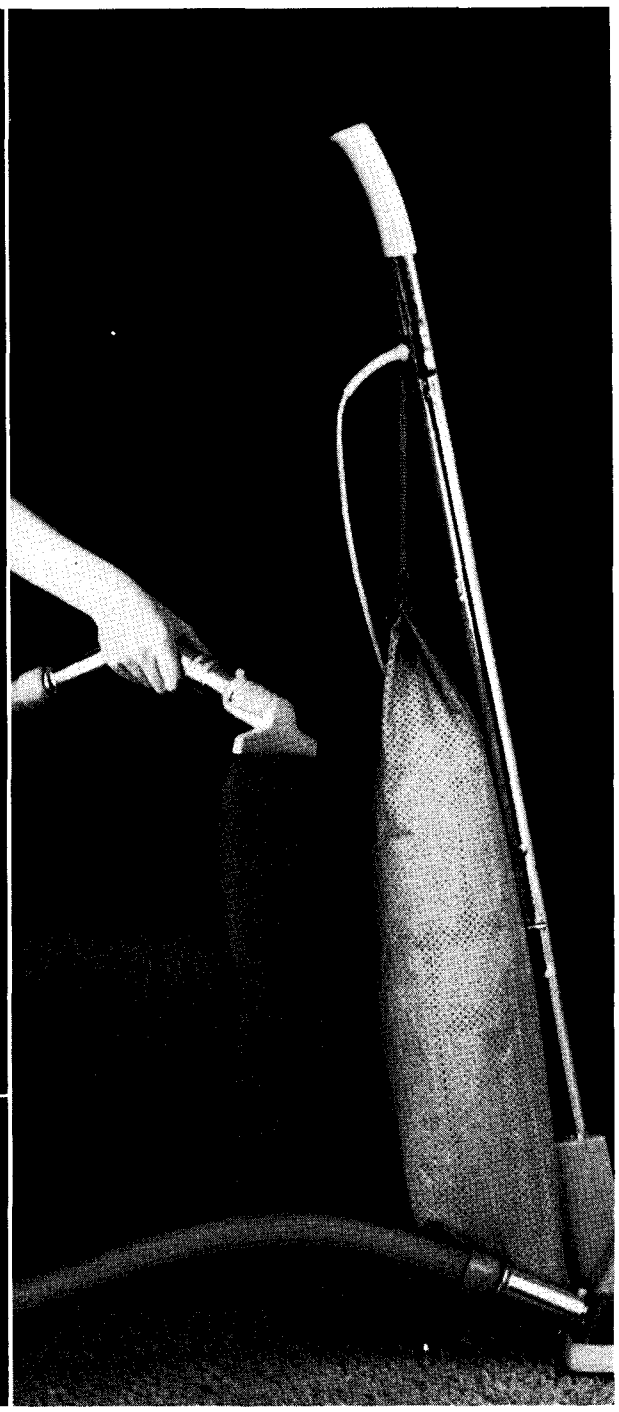

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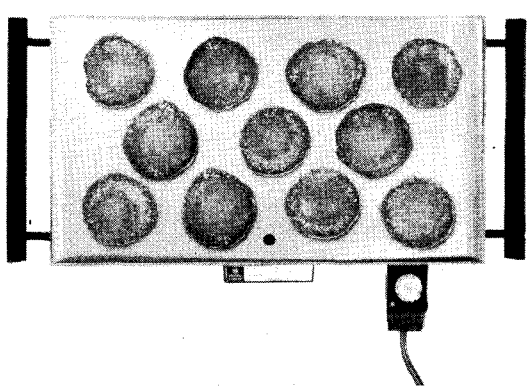

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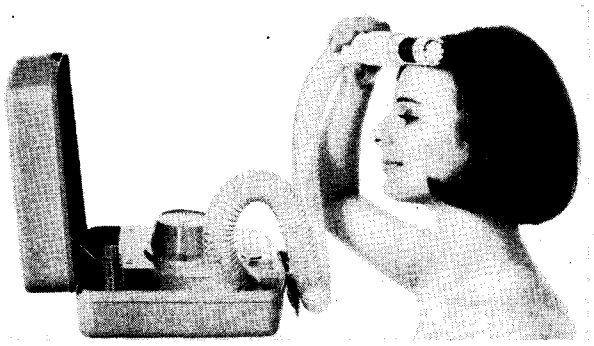

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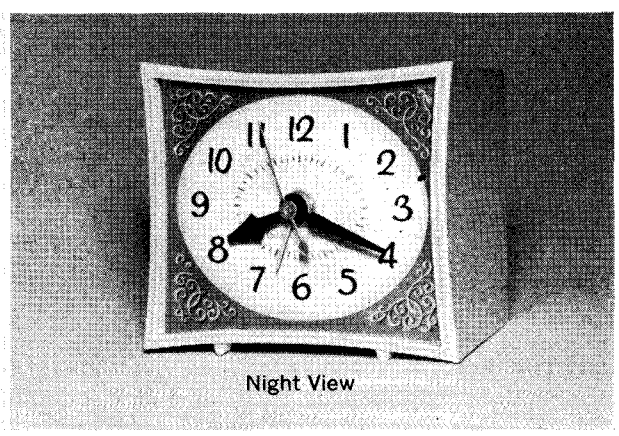

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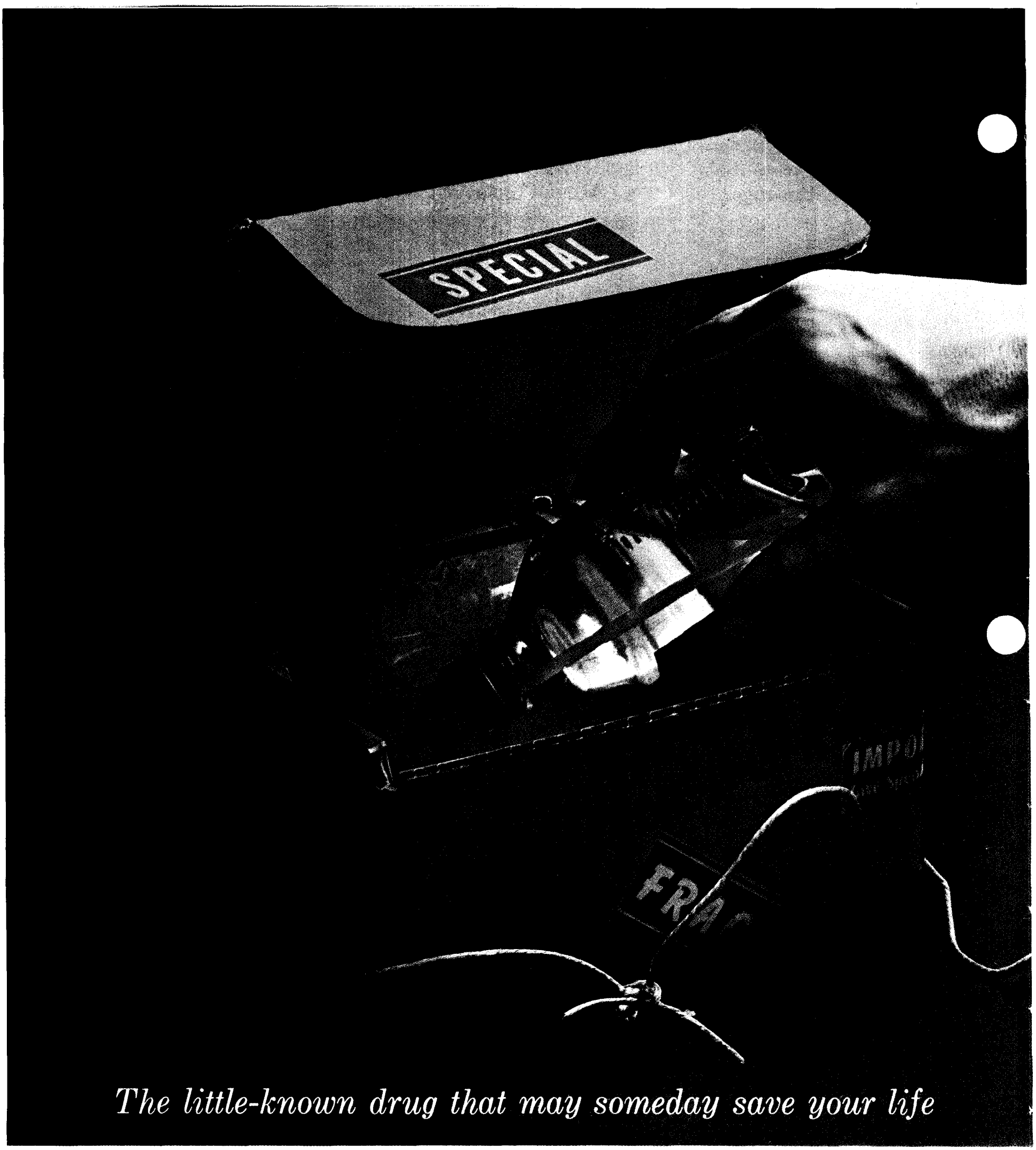

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Ludwig Erhard

A NEW RULER FOR GERMANY

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

As the 14-year Adenauer era ends, a cherubic professor of economics takes over the reins of a resurgent nation.

Defying doctors, Erhard lights one of his fifteen daily cigars.

Andrea: Unhappy the land that has no heroes.
Galileo: Unhappy the land that needs heroes.

—Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*

British artillery is not normally an instrument for spotting future German chancellors. Yet during the autumn of 1918, on the battlefield of Ypres, British barrages wounded two obscure enlisted men in the Kaiser's beaten army.

One was Adolf Hitler. He records his angry emotions in a searing, terrifying passage of *Mein Kampf*, the book which showed that the peace after World War I would be only an armistice.

A second random shell blasted a blond young Bavarian, son of a textile merchant, Gunnery Sgt. Ludwig Erhard of the 22nd Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment. It took seven bone operations before he could walk again—or sit at the piano in his hometown of Fürth, playing his favorite musician, Brahms.

At 66 there is still something very Brahmsian in the serene and sunny character of Ludwig Erhard, who is finally taking over from 87-year-old Konrad Adenauer as German chancellor. The contrast in personalities is striking. But it is the contrast between Erhard and Hitler, men of the same generation, which is the measure of change in Germany.

World War I damaged Ludwig Erhard's body, but it did not shrivel his innate optimism or warp a mind which mirrors clarity. Today he has a shortened left arm, wears a hip brace and high-buttoned orthopedic shoes. He is, however, in exuberant good health and spirit. Corpulent in girth and with florid baby-pink cheeks, his smiling little blue eyes peering out of an open oval face, Erhard moves about majestically in the incense of his own blue cigar smoke. To the mild exasperation of his doctors, he smokes 15 panatelas a day, ready loaded in paper holders, crammed into his pockets. To the exasperation of his political opponents, the cigars complete the picture of Mr. Prosperity. To open fire on Erhard is like shooting at Santa Claus.

This is the slightly corny public image, beaming down from millions of election posters, putting across the message of piety and plenty. It is not false, but it is superficial. Behind the Falstaffian bulk—he will weigh in as chancellor at about 200 pounds—is the lean, objective mind of an economics professor.

Erhard believes that capitalism can thrive only on real competition at home and abroad, and that it must knock down the trade barriers of Europe. In Bonn, in his 14 years as minister of economics, he has brought West Germany seven fat years followed by seven fatter ones, all the while compiling a solid case against planned economy. "Looking back," he says, "it was surely a tragic error of the Socialists to deprecate competition, thereby playing into the hands of the cartels and other economic monsters, instead of realizing that competition was the very giant-killer they were looking for."

Until he was fired from his job by the Nazis in 1942, Erhard had spent his life at the University of Frankfurt and the Nuremberg Institute of Economic Studies. Liberal economists were almost as rare in the Third Reich as Eskimos in Egypt. They began with a basic suspicion of state intervention in the economic process. But since the time of Bismarck, Germany had created a Prussian mixture of cartels and other restrictive devices designed to lock the economy into the false protective armor of the state. Capitalism, in short, had never really been tried in Germany. The theory of liberal free enterprise might have remained on the shelf forever had not Ludwig Erhard seized a rare moment in history—June 20, 1948—to convert it into policy.

The Western occupation powers had just announced a drastic currency reform in a desperate effort to stimulate Germany's stagnant economy. Twenty-four hours later, a Sunday—"When I knew no bureaucrats would be working"—Erhard went on the radio and announced an even more drastic decision of his own. As the theoretically powerless economics minister under the allied military government, he abolished all ration cards and controls—"From now on money is the only ration card."

Erhard was in trouble, for he had been ordered not to "alter or change" either rations or price controls. Summoned be-

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"When you have to chop off a cat's tail," Erhard remarked, "why do it in little piece.

fore outraged officials, he blandly pleaded innocence. "I didn't alter or change the controls—I abolished them."

Gen. Lucius D. Clay, U.S. military governor in Germany, had a secret sympathy for Erhard's capitalist evangelism and his guts in taking decisive action.

"Tell me, Doctor Erhard, did you have to do it all in one day?"

"General, when you have to chop off a cat's tail, why do it in little pieces?"

This was the same momentous weekend that Clay was mounting the Berlin airlift, and the two events changed the course of history. Clay backed Erhard. A mountain of paper controls designed to plan and share the poverty collapsed, and the dream of a free economy was born. *Quod Erhard demonstrandum.*

Next year came the founding of the Bonn Republic, and Erhard was a natural as first economics minister. Politically, this era was soon dominated by Konrad Adenauer, but the man who built the economic foundations of the new Germany was Ludwig Erhard. Since then the guileless Erhard has risen above the power-hungry politicians in Bonn. In the aquarium of the Bundestag he swims like a friendly dolphin among the sharks.

Erhard lacks utterly some of Adenauer's masterful skills—how to varnish the truth, how to bang heads together, how to sense the moment when one must hit an opponent just below the belt. He will bring an utterly new style to one of the most powerful offices in the world.

The Bonn succession drama began four long years ago when Adenauer, then 83, announced his plan to resign as chancellor and step up into the honorary office of president. But Adenauer soon reneged, and many felt he had fallen victim to that same *hubris*, overweening pride in power, for which he had so long and so eloquently lectured the Germans.

To cover his own clinging to power, the old eagle of the Rhine now began plucking out his own tail feathers and shafting them at Erhard, the Christian Democratic party's popular choice as his successor. Adenauer mocked Erhard both as a politician and as a person. His most persistent charge was that Erhard had "little knowledge of foreign affairs."

This was unfair, but it revealed the real and rankling difference between the two men. Erhard has always advocated a large, free-trade Europe, including, above all, England. He therefore had a very healthy suspicion of the Indian-summer political love affair between Adenauer and France's General de Gaulle. But Adenauer still held the power of his office. Erhard's hesitations, his girding for showdowns that fizzled out, his alternating moods of mumbling and attentive patience, chagrined his admirers. A chorus of critics began to dub him a *Gummilöwe*, a rubber lion. This wavering showed that Erhard lacked ruthlessness, the jugular instinct for power.

A naughty anecdote began circulating in Bonn. The story begins with a sudden Red Army sweep to the Rhine. Both Adenauer and Erhard are locked up together in a castle. Toward midnight the old chancellor lets himself down from the tower with a rope, dislodging a brick just as he reaches the ground.

"Halt! Who goes there?" comes the challenge from the Red Army sentinel.

"Mee—owww," replies the old man, disappearing safely into the hills.

Ten minutes later the chubby minister of economics slides down the same rope, dislodges another brick, provokes the same challenge. He answers, "It's me, Professor Erhard. I'm a cat too."

There is a severe law in Germany against the mutilation of public monuments, and Ludwig Erhard, cat or no cat, wanted no part of the destruction of the Adenauer image. His instinct for power may have been bland, but his sixth sense for the mood of the German people was rather keen. Public opinion wanted an orderly, decorous transition, not a tribal immolation of the old chief.

Moreover—and here, too, Erhard's feel for national psychology did not let him down—there was an unexploded bomb in the old man's policy that had to be quietly defused. From 1961 on, Adenauer had developed a morose suspicion of Washington. He felt American negotiation with Moscow would be conducted at the expense of Germany, and this led him to embrace many of de Gaulle's ideas for an "independent" Europe.

When de Gaulle blocked Britain's entry into the Common Market, and thus shattered the Anglo-American concept of the Atlantic alliance, Adenauer was his silent partner. Erhard was outraged, for he realized this was not only an affront to Britain but also to the United States. As chancellor, Erhard is bound to restore the Atlantic partnership, to try to expand the Common Market to include Britain and Scandinavia, to prevent its perversion into a Franco-German continental cartel.

In Bonn, Father Rhine flows quietly, serenely again. The flood of doubts, so violent just six months ago in the struggle for succession, has washed downstream. There is a certain autumnal melancholy as the old man cleans out his office, packs his books and archives, watches the time-servers and yes-men melt away. Yellow-leaf sadness, but few regrets. Missing was the grand gesture.

The almost universal mood is quizzical expectancy, a nation in the doubtful hands of hope. Not long ago Erhard went into vacation retreat on Lake Tegernsee, deep in Bavaria, to plan his cabinet—alone. The "lonely decisions" have begun. Erhard will surely have more of a "team" cabinet than Adenauer, but the constitution makes the chancellor a virtual kin Moreover, some of the old team have reason to be a bit nervous. Neither the foreign minister, Gerhard Schröder, nor the defense minister, Kai Uwe von Hassel, gave Erhard any help in succeeding to the throne.

On vacation in Bavaria, Erhard and his wife Luisa chat playfully with one of their granddaughters, Sabina.

Professor to the public

On his way to the top, Erhard realized one supreme thing: without vision a nation perishes. The pros smiled when he so often deserted the power struggle in Bonn to give more than 1,200 speeches up and down the land, and in 20 different countries. But out where the people are—in Hamburg and Munich, in Frankfurt and Berlin—Professor Erhard was performing in the classroom of the nation.

He never talked down to people but he often gave academic polish to bread-and-butter issues. "The conserving and driving force at work in the market economy is and always will be competition, but what is still needed is that the workers themselves should come to recognize in competition a force for good and not for evil." He attacked not people or even parties, but special-interest groups—cartels, trade groups, high-pressure trade unions, subsidy-craving farm blocs, the industry lobby. In his free-market economy there was only one hero—the consumer.

And even to consumers, many of whom had begun to bask in a kind of neon-nihilism, suffering from convenient amnesia about the past, came the warning that materialism is not the end but only the means to a good life. "If there is no spiritual purpose, if we do not revive moral values, then we have built our prosperity on sand." The cynics laughed at these "soul massages," but Erhard came across as what he is—an old-

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fashioned German idealist. And a democrat, a man who likes people and whom people like.

I first met Ludwig Erhard in the dreary postwar Munich of 1946. He was sponsoring a rather pathetic "World Trade Fair" in a bombed-out exhibition hall. The products consisted mainly of garden dwarfs, music boxes and hand-assembled bicycles. The professor was about the only optimist one could locate in all Bavaria—beating his little drum for trade among nations. For my most recent interview I had to follow him from an election tour in Lower Saxony, on to Bonn, and finally to Berlin before catching him with a spare hour. The first question I asked was, "Did you ever really sell those cigarette-economy bikes?"

Erhard roared with laughter. It was a period of his life he had not forgotten. "*Jawohl*, we sold them. And lately we haven't been doing badly with automobiles." (West Germany has just recently passed the U.S.A. to become the world's No. 1 exporter of autos—the statistic to end all statistics.)

The man who has done so much to change Germany has changed little himself. He is plumper, grayer, but he has always sailed by his own fixed stars. Though he is becoming chancellor, he ·l checks in at a rather ordinary hotel r the Berlin Zoo. Erhard has always ived modestly—"I lack what it takes to be a capitalist—money."

Relaxing now for a few hours between two major speeches, he had on a dress shirt with the tie loosened, shoes unbuttoned. He was comfortable and casual in his suspenders. Somehow the loose tie betrayed how impossible Erhard finds it to be a stuffed shirt.

At one point I asked a question which has been on many people's minds as they have watched the resurgence of Germany. "Was it impossible to stop Hitler?"

Erhard bit deeply into his cigar, then made a curious gesture. He began tapping his temples with his wrists, murmuring a statistic: "Six million unemployed, six million unemployed . . ."

I thought this was the full answer, but he continued. "No, in this world nothing is inevitable. People and what they think, their reason and emotions, shape the world. The tragedy was that our grasp of world economic forces was not profound enough or practical enough to help the statesmen. Knowledge and imagination were missing from our mental world, and this enabled criminal elements to let loose an inferno of terror."

It is too soon to predict an Erhard Era—the professor will have to win an election on his own by defeating the popular socialist Willy Brandt in 1965—and Erhard's tenure will surely be shorter than the 14-year rule of Adenauer. But it was time for a change. Adenauer, in his great days, was a man of grand simplicities. A Rhineland Catholic with an almost Calvinist suspicion of the old Adam in mankind, he was the right man follow Hitler. Erhard, a Protestant a wholesome belief in salvation through good works, seems the right man to follow Adenauer. THE END

Unperturbed by Sabina's antics, Erhard strides along with the same single-mindedness that brought him to the top.

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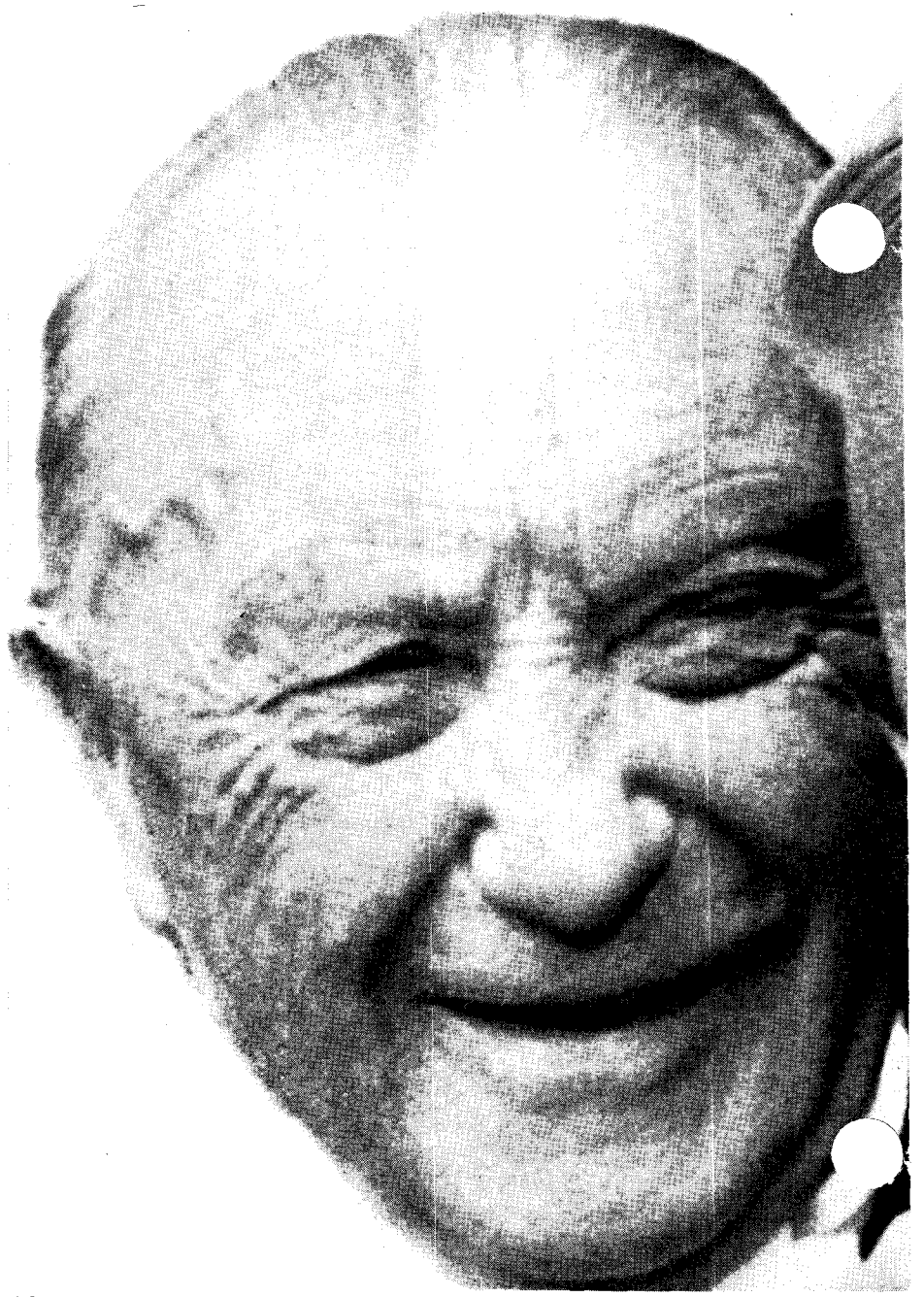
By DANIEL SCHORR

AN OLD WARRIOR LOOKS BACK

Germany's retiring Chancellor Adenauer tells his unique story of a lifetime in politics.



Adenauer shares a moment of rare camaraderie with Ludwig Erhard, his highly popula

I have kept no diary," said Konrad Adenauer as he sat down to review his 87 years. "The lack of personal notes was not neglect, but intent. I do not trust the impressions formed in the heat of the day's events. But I have a good memory and can reconstruct much."

Konrad Adenauer's 87 years have spanned much of Germany's history, and virtually all of the history of our times. It was just five years before his birth that Bismarck combined 25 states and principalities into a united Germany. Adenauer was already old enough for college when Eisenhower was born. Roosevelt, Stalin, Hitler—he has outlived all these younger men. And in over 20 hours of conversation, he provided me with an unprecedented account of his long, crowded life.

Adenauer himself divides his life into three parts. The final third, which made him a world statesman, and enabled him to transform Germany from a hated outcast into a confident ally, is not necessarily the most rewarding. Instead, he looks back on the first of his three lives, when he was the mayor of Cologne.

"Cologne was my native city, and there one could quickly see the fruits of one's work. These were also years of tranquillity such as I have not known since. National responsibility is fine, but not always satisfying. As chancellor I would go to bed with worries and awake with the same worries. It was not that way in the old days in Cologne."

Adenauer was one of three boys, children of a secretary in the Cologne District Court. They lived crowded into half of the lower floor of a small house. Until Konrad was 17, he shared a bed with one of his brothers. His parents, devoutly Catholic, reared their children with great care. "Fulfillment of duty was the first commandment, and my father was inexorable about that," he recalls. Once, when his brother abandoned his homework to go to look at a fire, their father said angrily, "Even if they shoot at you, you must stay at your work." (Three times in later life, Adenauer had to be forced to abandon his work—by the Nazis, by the British and, most recently, by his own party.)

Because of limited means, the young Adenauer had to go to work in a bank on his graduation from high school—a kind of work that neither suited nor pleased him. He dropped it when he got a scholarship to study law. At 28, having married the daughter of a politically influential Cologne patrician, he accepted his father-in-law's admonition and went into municipal government. And, at 30, he was elected to a minor municipal post—his first election. From then on it was slowly up the ladder until, in 1917, he was elected mayor for a 12-year term.

"I count as my greatest accomplishment as mayor," he says, "the establishment of the Green Belt—a strip of parks and woods around Cologne. I forced the project through over strong opposition. I wanted to give the citizens something better than the streets for their strolls."

Adenauer was reelected mayor in 1929, but his term was cut short. "When Hitler came to power in 1933," he recalls, "the Nazis wanted to get rid of me. They came to me and asked me to resign voluntarily. I told them, 'I won't consider it. Here I stand and here I'll fall.'

"One Sunday Hitler came to Cologne. The Nazis put up swastika flags on the Rhine bridge over which Hitler would drive from the airport. I ordered the police to haul down the flags, saying that the Nazis could raise their swastikas over their own tents, but not on a municipal structure. And I declined to go to the airport to meet Hitler. I wasn't interested."

The Nazis had Adenauer impeached on a charge of misappropriating municipal funds. There were even rumors of a plot by the Storm Troopers to kill him. "But I have never suffered from fear. Some are afraid; others are not. I think it is a gift if one is not easily scared, and I happen to have that gift."

Looking back on those days, Adenauer reflects, "I don't think that Hitler was particularly intelligent, but he was a man with obvious fascination for the masses. And, whether it was his own idea or an image fashioned by advisers like Goebbels, he projected himself as a man of character, a man of will, a great leader."

To understand why Hitler's play-acting had such appeal for the German people, says Adenauer, one must recall the German state of mind at the time.

"There was, first of all, the First World War—a war caused by everybody's foolishness. It not only caused great material losses in Germany but swept away all constituted authority. During the Weimar Republic came the first great inflation, which hit hardest at the middle class, the backbone of the state. And national socialism gained a foothold because the Germans were confused by their defeat in 1918, because the new authority had not gained sufficient prestige and because the middle class had been wiped out. . . . Hitler was unemployed. Goebbels had no job. Göring had no work. But all of them had demands, hopes and ambitions. National socialism brought into power all these irresponsible and unrestrained elements. The decisive year for Hitler's megalomania was 1936, when two events convinced me that he could attain all his aims by force. The first was the occupation of the Rhineland. I knew for a fact that Hitler gave his troops orders not to shoot if the French intervened. I said to myself, 'If no French soldiers appear on the left bank of the Rhine by four or five o'clock this afternoon, then war is inevitable.' And no French soldiers came.... The second event was the Olympic Games in Berlin three months later. Although Hitler had torn up his treaties, the nations of the world came to pay homage to him as though he were a conquering hero. And thus, already inclined to megalomania, Hitler turned into a comp megalomaniac."

Barred from public life, Adenauer watched all this from the sidelines. He turned to an old schoolmate, the abbot

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uccessor. Still forceful at 87, the chancellor was reluctant to hand over power to Erhard. *On a visit to de Gaulle, Adenauer renewed a relationship of "great mutual confidence."*

of the Benedictine monastery of Maria Laach in the Eifel Mountains of the Rhineland, and asked him for sanctuary.

"I wanted to be alone. I wanted to forget. Can you imagine how a person feels who is suddenly cut off from his life's work and, more than that, feels that his nation has gone mad? I spent a year at Maria Laach. It was a year of contemplation, of looking inward, that clarified and deepened my convictions."

But he missed his family—his second wife, whom he married in 1919, their four children, and the three children of his first wife, who had died in 1916. Reunited at Christmas, 1934, they finally settled down inconspicuously in the village of Rhöndorf, near Bonn. In 1937 Adenauer bought a plot of land on a steep hill overlooking the Rhine and built a simple two-story house with terraced gardens. It has been his home ever since—and will be in retirement.

Most of the war years were relatively undisturbed for Adenauer, who had already reached the normal retirement age. He tended his roses, studying art, history and geology. In 1943 he was approached by a member of a conspiracy to overthrow Hitler, but declined to join, saying that he had no faith in the undertaking. On July 20, 1944, the plot failed, leading to a roundup of suspected anti-Nazis.

The next Sunday morning," Adenauer recalls, "one of my children said to me, 'A lot of people are coming up the hill!' And there they were—six Gestapo agents. They locked my family in a room and spent most of the day searching the house. A month later I was arrested."

He was taken to a concentration camp set up on the grounds of the Cologne Trade Fair. A trustee warned Adenauer that he was on a list for deportation to Buchenwald, but a friendly camp physician had him transferred to the hospital. Not long afterward an air-force major who was a friend of the family simply drove up to the hospital, said Adenauer was wanted for questioning in Berlin, and drove off with him. Adenauer hid out at a mill in the woods southeast of Cologne. "But this lasted only a few weeks. The Gestapo went to Rhöndorf. When my family refused to disclose my whereabouts, the Gestapo arrested my wife.

"In prison my wife told them where I was—thank God! I say 'thank God' because the Gestapo had prepared some terrible things for my young daughters, who were 19 and 16. They threatened to have them arrested and put in prison with prostitutes. And in the long run I would have been found anyway. One cannot hide forever.

"I was put in Brauweiler Prison, near Cologne, in solitary confinement, which, by the way, I found most pleasant, because I like solitude. The prison was run by older officials, some of whom I had appointed. One Sunday, I asked if I could borrow the radio to hear a concert. Then I tuned in to the BBC in London and heard all about how the war was going. It was clear that Hitler could not hold out much longer. In fact, the Gestapo showed us the place where we would be shot when the Americans got closer."

But, again, rescue came in time. Adenauer's son Max, an army lieutenant—now city manager of Cologne—got leave and went to Gestapo headquarters on Albrecht Street in Berlin. "They looked into the matter and discovered that my file had been stored in a safe in the basement during an air raid and that my case had been forgotten. A Gestapo official told my son he would bring the matter to the attention of his chief, and he believed there would be a quick disposition of my case because the chief liked to clear his desk of all pending business at the end of each day. So, I went to the prison commissar and asked, 'Why haven't I been released yet? You know that the Albrecht Street authorities have arranged for my release.'

"Because it was Sunday and the storage depot was closed, the commissar asked if I would wait until next morning so that my suspenders, collar and tie could be returned. I said, 'You can keep the suspenders! I just want to leave as quickly as possible.' With the help of a friendly warden, I got a bicycle. And finally there I was, at Rhöndorf. My wife and family were already in bed, and there I was back—alive!"

This was the end of November, 1944. Adenauer recalls the next four months as "strangely long days" as he waited for the Allies to reach the Rhine.

"The Americans had found the bridge intact at Remagen, not far from Rhöndorf. The Germans had dug in in the Seven Hills behind me. So, for eight days, we were caught between two fronts. I had built an air-raid shelter in the hills when I put up my house, because I was convinced there would be a war. For a week we stayed in the shelter—18 of us, including five French war prisoners whom we had taken in after their escape from a prison camp. One of my grandchildren hung in a basket from the ceiling.

"During that week I made one almost fatal mistake. I came out of the shelter and climbed the hill to survey the situation. The Americans, across the Rhine, saw me and fired at me. I realized the shell was coming toward me and threw myself flat on the ground. I knew that the Americans always put three shells on a target, so I stayed flat until the third burst. One hit a tree ten feet from me."

On March 15, 1945, the firing stopped. Next morning a jeep ground up the steep road to Adenauer's house, bringing a colonel from Texas with the mission of reappointing him mayor of Cologne. And so, after 12 years, Adenauer returned to his native city, now in ruins, to start governing without a telephone, without writing paper, without pencils.

He got along well with the Americans, but when Cologne was transferred to British jurisdiction, he immediately started having trouble. Adenauer rejected the British demand that he cut down the trees in his beloved Green Belt to provide fuel. He vexed the British by a newspaper interview that praised General de Gaulle

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One almost fatal mistake: "I climbed the hill . . . the Americans saw me and fired at me."

for speaking of the need for French-German cooperation. On October 6, 1945, Mayor Adenauer was called to the office of Brigadier John Barraclough, head of British Military Government for the province, and accused of having "failed in your duty to the people of Cologne." Years later, meeting Barraclough at a dinner, Adenauer says, "I thanked him, for becoming the father of the Christian Democratic Union. For, until my dismissal, I had no thought of going into national politics."

And so, near the biblical age of 70, the twice-fired mayor began to organize the Christian Democratic Union. In the first West German election in August, 1949, Adenauer's C.D.U. won a surprise victory over the Social Democrats. Adenauer has won three elections since, and he looks forward to campaigning for his party again in 1965 when he will be 89. "I find an election campaign most invigorating," he says crisply.

If one looks for the keys to Adenauer as a political personality, the first is his intense partisanship. There is no conflict within him between national and party interest, for in his mind the C.D.U., founded on Christian and conservative precepts, is wholly right. "I would regard it as a catastrophe if my successor were somebody from another party," he once told me. And his conception of bipartisan foreign policy is simply a me-too support of his own. "I think it would be foolish to tell my opponents: Your foreign policy is absolutely stupid, so let's do it."

The second key to Adenauer is his pragmatism. The famous image of unbending stubbornness actually conceals a record of great flexibility. He did not want West Germany rearmed, except in an integrated European Defense Community, for example, but when that project was torpedoed in Paris, he moved quickly to rearm his country within the North Atlantic alliance. "I know that every plan, sooner or later, will go overboard—*must* be thrown overboard. So I have never considered it wise to stand and fall on any single program."

The third key to Adenauer is his love of power, which he describes as a conviction that the effective functioning of democracy depends on the determined use of power. He is aware that Germany suffered from an abuse of power under Hitler, but notes that Hitler's rise was helped by the hesitancy of President von Hindenburg, "an utter failure," to act against the Nazis. "If those who had power in their hands had used it, there would have been no Hitler regime."

Adenauer's admiration goes to those who know the uses of power—De Gaulle, in the first place; Truman, among the three American Presidents he has known; and, to some extent, even Khrushchev. For the vacillating, inside and outside his country, he has only contempt.

Adenauer has had no compunction about banning the Communist Party and he sees no danger from right-wing extremists in the conceivable future. What would happen in the event of a new economic crisis is something he would rather not discuss. "Many Germans would be offended if I were to speculate about this." But he detects hopeful signs among the young Germans. "I do think that a better kind of German is emerging."

It was Adenauer's policy to give amnesty to all except major Nazi war criminals, and he appears unconcerned about the number of ex-Nazis who turn up in the police and civil service today. What does worry him is that the German image in the world remains tarnished. This he attributes not so much to what is happening in Germany as to the idea of collective German guilt for the mass murders under Hitler.

"One really knew very little in Germany about the mass murders," he says. "I was somewhat informed because I listened to foreign broadcasts. But when I told people in whose good judgment I believed, I was astonished at their ignorance. I would say, 'You mean, you don't know that? You don't *know?*' And they would shake their heads."

Yet the retiring chancellor is willing to admit that there is something wrong with the Germans. "They have been through too many sudden changes, and they have not regained their spiritual health. When a person who has been poor suddenly becomes rich, it is not good for him. The present boom in Germany, after the collapse, has been too steep. The greatest task still before us is to educate our people to moderation. I would like to see our economy settle down to the rate of expansion in other countries, and I would like to see our people calm down."

To some extent Adenauer blames himself for West Germany's rampant materialism. Vying with the Socialists for popular support, he says, the government would ask the voter, "Do you want a nice sofa or would you rather have a couple of good books?" And when the voter chose the sofa, he got it. Today, Adenauer thinks, there are enough sofas, but not enough classrooms or teachers.

Yet he looks on the postwar reconstruction of Germany as his greatest accomplishment. ("I did not do it alone, but I did contribute much.") Internationally, he considers his greatest achievement to have been the reconciliation with France, Germany's ancient enemy. This reconciliation is part of an Adenauer-eye view of the history of the 20th century—the decline of Britain, the emergence of America and Russia, the reemergence of France and West Germany after World War II. He considers it absolutely essential to join West Germany and France in a solid barrier against Soviet encroachment. Adenauer shares this basic conception with French President Charles de Gaulle, with whom he finds other things in common, including long years of solitude. "Such a rupturing of one's career is a shock which can have decisive effects, and it has had for him, as for me."

They did not meet until 1958, when De Gaulle invited Adenauer to his country home at Colombey-les-Deux Églises. "I did not know what to expect," Adenauer recalls. "But the first thing he did was to send his foreign minister—and I, mine—to stay overnight in a town twenty miles away so that we could talk alone. It was a Sunday, and we talked late into the evening and the next morning before the others joined us. There was no agenda or pattern to our conversation. We spoke to each other quite easily and freely, and I found him to be a most intelligent and farsighted man.

"His beautiful library made a great impression on me. We strolled through the village and walked in his garden. He took me to a certain spot and said, 'As far as you can look from here you will not see a building.' And this touched me deeply, for it was clear that solitude meant much to him, as it does to me.

"And through this talk, of which no notes were taken, we drew closer to each other, and continued to do so in our subsequent meetings. I got the impression that he likes frankness. We have never had any important difference of opinion. There developed the great mutual confidence that has persisted until this day."

It made life difficult for Adenauer when De Gaulle, the week before the signing of the Franco-German Treaty last January, gave a press conference opposing any British or American influence in Europe. Adenauer, coming to Paris, sought to stave off the collapse of the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market. He feels he persuaded De Gaulle to relent, but, to save the general's face, there would be a cooling-off period. When the foreign ministers met in Brussels the next week, the British insisted on continuing the negotiations, which promptly collapsed. Adenauer, still furious, says he would have locked up the ministers on a diet of bread and water until they reached agreement.

A limit to stupidity?

This is typical of the old man's understanding of power. Adenauer, whose admiration for cabinet ministers has never been high, likes to recall an after-dinner chat he had 10 years ago with Winston Churchill. They were discussing how God might improve the world if He could create it anew. Churchill suggested that it might be well to put every nation on an island surrounded by a channel. The chancellor countered, "Sir Winston, that is a very British thought. For me, I would ask God not to limit human intelligence without also limiting human stupidity." To which Churchill replied, "No, that wouldn't do, for it would deprive us of some of our ministers."

As Adenauer discusses America, it is clear that of the three Presidents he has known, the one who won his greatest respect was Truman, who "will rank in history as one of your greatest Presidents." The outgoing chancellor talks with more affection than admiration of President Eisenhower, whose greatest asset, as far as Adenauer is concerned, was Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. At every important turn in world events, says Adenauer, Eisenhower would ask Dulles, "What does Adenauer think?"

It is that sense of a close link with U.S. policy-making that Adenauer has missed since Kennedy's election. There is an obvious gulf of years between the two men, an instinctive distrust of the conservative for the man of the New Frontier, a suspicion that Kennedy harbors anti-German feelings and would sacrifice German interests for an accommodation with Russia.

The chancellor as much as admits early hostility when he says, "My relations with Kennedy have been good since my second visit to him, in November, 1961. We met for several hours during two days for discussions of so personal a nature that he suggested our interpreters tear up notes. The same thing happened when I met him the following summer."

There have been serious misunderstandings between Bonn and Washington since, which Adenauer prefers to attribute to the President's "advisers," adding that "when these differences became great enough for the President to take an active hand, they soon diminished."

Still, Adenauer considers Kennedy too sensitive to the pressures of public opinion. Part of what is wrong with the American system, the chancellor believes, is too frequent elections. He told Kennedy last summer that a four-year term was too short, that a President spends his first year getting broken into his job and, by the time of his fourth year, he is worried about reelection. Adenauer, who has had to face election every five years, suggested a constitutional amendment providing for an eight-year term. What Kennedy replied, we have not been told.

But Adenauer has more-fundamental reservations about America. He feels that, as a young country, it tends to be self-centered. He is convinced that the United States ignored German interests by signing a nuclear-test-ban treaty, with terms not previously communicated to Bonn, which tended to upgrade the status of Communist East Germany. This issue became such a great crisis to him that he told his cabinet he would resign two months before his scheduled retirement—unless additional reassurances were received on the nonrecognition of East Germany. This was the crisis that brought Secretary of State Dean Rusk to Bonn on his way home from Moscow.

Adenauer himself has a sneaking respect for Nikita Khrushchev, whom he met only once, in September, 1955, when the chancellor visited Moscow to trade diplomatic recognition for the return of German war prisoners. He recalls how "Khrushchev jumped up from the table, I jumped up, and we said the kind of things that a Russian and a German have to say to each other."

The chancellor sees Khrushchev as an intelligent, skillful man. ("After all, he has accomplished something, and it couldn't have been easy for him.") He feels that the Soviet premier has made life better for the Russians. He has long known—for Khrushchev told him in 1955—that Moscow had a serious problem with Red China.

But that, to Adenauer's mind, does not mean that the West should come running to his help. It would be better if we allowed things to get still worse for Russia until Khrushchev learned that he has overextended himself; that he cannot cope with the problem of China, *and* the problem of the Soviet economy in the face of bad harvests, *and* the problem of holding his satellites. When you see a competitor in trouble, that is not the time to bail him out.

Adenauer does not retire gladly, for, even at 87, he feels that his strong hand is still needed. He implicitly doubted that Ludwig Erhard had that strong hand. Or, as he might have said, there was one who loved power and knew its so well as Konrad Adenauer. THE END

At the end of an era, Adenauer views Germany's recovery: "I did contribute much."

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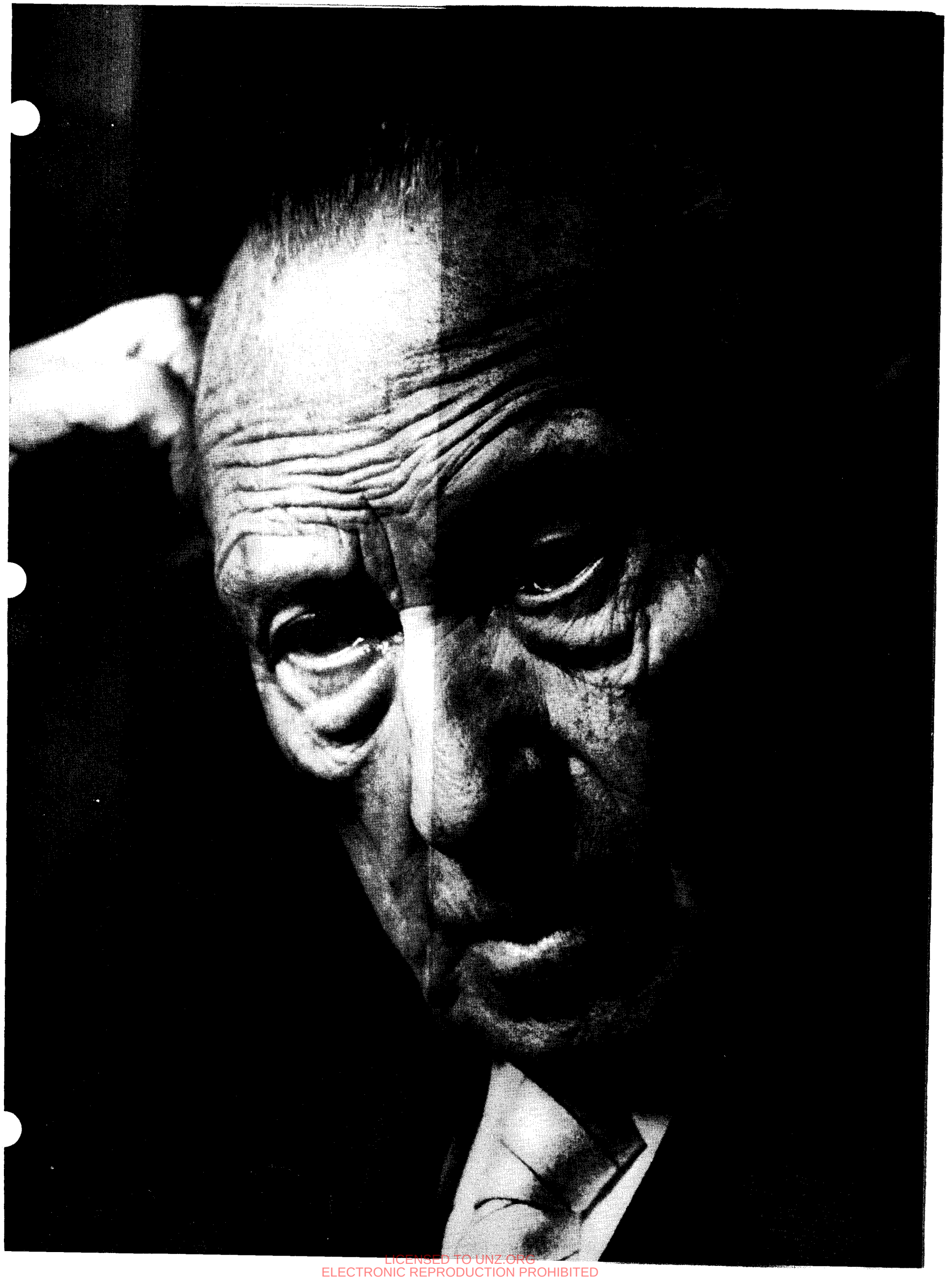

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EDITORIALS

THE GERMANENESS OF THE U. S. CONGRESS

Last month, believe it or not, Congress passed a piece of domestic social legislation. The bill was modest, we will admit—nothing so "radical" as medical care for the aged, federal aid for our children's education or civil rights. It was simply a medical training bill that authorizes federal grants for construction of medical and dental schools and establishes grants for medical and dental students. Even so, the bill was a milestone—the first social legislation enacted this year. Congress has been trying to pass a similar bill since 1949.

The medical training bill illustrates a crucial problem of our society. It is practically impossible to goad Congress into passing meaningful social legislation. The White House is partly to blame for not exerting stronger leadership and developing clearer legislative priorities, but the real fault lies with that immobile, anachronistic institution, the Congress of the United States.

A few months ago Sen. John Pastore of Rhode Island offered a resolution calling for a rule of germaneness in the Senate. The resolution would require simply that a senator who has the floor would have to stick to the business of the Senate for four hours a day.

When Minority Leader Everett Dirksen heard about the Pastore resolution, it nearly broke him up. "A germaneness rule in this body!" he exclaimed. "Ha, ha, ha and, I might add, ho, ho, ho."

Senator Dirksen's skepticism is warranted. As the first session of the 88th Congress has dragged through the summer into the fall, the question of the germaneness of Congress to our country's needs becomes more pointed every hour. A civil-rights revolution crackles all around us, and "the greatest deliberative body in the world" answers with a filibuster. Massive problems in education, medical care and mass transportation regularly are shoved under the rug.

Some time ago a bipartisan group in the House and Senate proposed a complete overhaul of Congress. Otherwise, they said, the legislative branch would suffer "a total eclipse" in the affairs of the nation.

Senators Clifford Case of New Jersey and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania introduced a bill calling for an intensive reorganization study. Last month the Senate Rules Committee reported out the bill. We hope the Senate and the House will act on it. We hope also that the Congress will demonstrate its capacity to cope with the nation's most urgent business by passing a meaningful civil-rights bill as soon as possible.

THE ONE WHO REALLY LOVED MUSIC

The present occupants of the White House have taken a more lively interest in the lively arts than any other first family in memory. But for all the concerts, ballet performances and appearances by Pablo Casals at the White House nowadays, which President in recent history do you suppose was the greatest music lover? The answer, according to Dr. Howard Mitchell, conductor of Washington's National Symphony Orchestra, is that celebrated piano player from Missouri, Harry S Truman.

Doctor Mitchell recently discussed Presidents he has known and their tastes in music with a reporter from the Washington *Star*. President Kennedy, Doctor Mitchell said, is the only chief executive who would arrive late for a concert and would depart before a program ended.

Ike "liked tuneful music, especially Tschaikovsky." He asked many questions about the symphony, particularly when the program was supposed to start and when it was supposed to end.

Mr. Truman came to two or three concerts a season and obviously enjoyed them all. Being a piano player, he preferred Mozart and Chopin. But he surprised Doctor Mitchell once by turning up for a program of modern music, mostly Stravinsky and Bartok. Doctor Mitchell later expressed his surprise to Mr. Truman, but Harry liked the moderns as well as the masters. "I love Bartok," he explained.

The best concert ever held in Washington, as far as Mr. Truman was concerned, was his daughter Margaret's singing debut. He was so excited after the concert, Doctor Mitchell recalls, "that he almost tore up two programs." Later, as we recall, he was so excited he almost tore up a music critic who gave Margaret an unfavorable review.

SAY NEIGH, SENATOR, SAY NEIGH

Way out West, where men used to be men, a sad, sad thing has happened. Not a man on the old frontier can bust a bronc. At least that's what Sen. Lee Metcalf of Montana reported to his colleagues recently.

A rancher near Helena, in need of hired help recently, was unable, it seems, to hire a competent horsebreaker or trainer. The rancher finally found a horsebreaker in Australia who agreed to come to Montana. But before the Australian could enter this country, the Department of Labor had to certify that qualified horsebreakers were unavailable in the United States.

Alas, the Labor Department did so certify. No broncobusters were available. The global implications of such an admission were recognized by Senator Metcalf. "Mr. President," he said in the Senate, "what will the American image be abroad if it becomes known that the nation of cowboys and Indians, which exports hundreds of Western movies, where even former Presidents read Western novels, has to import a horse wrangler from the other side of the world?"

What, indeed? We share the senator's sorrow. Of course, as he explained, Montana is not to blame. Montana horsebreakers, as the senator noted, "are busy picking up top money in rodeos in other states."

But this is a national problem, bigger than any state. American manhood has been sullied. The national pride has suffered a grievous wound. It shows what can happen to a nation while it sits around watching Westerns on TV.

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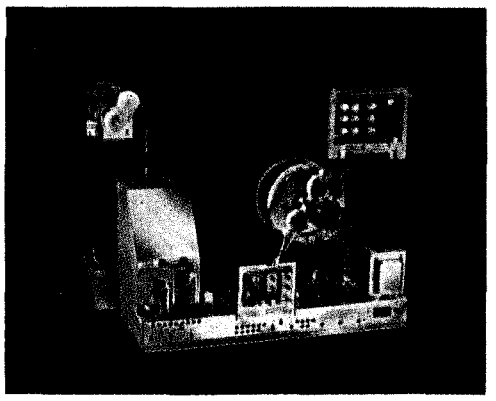

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